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3 1761 00996772 0

1 - Business

I - author fell "like Caesar"

II - "assures the fair / He grieves that he with them  
made war"

- prob. - Sewall - "She wears her country in her breast"





11

147

182



57

THE

# WORKS

OF THE CELEBRATED

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING,  
LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE.

BUSY BODY.

MARLOT IN LISBON.

PLATONIC LADY.

PERPLEXED LOVERS.

CRUEL GIFT.



LONDON:

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M DCC LX.

W O R L D

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LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE:

O R,

*Le Medecin malgre Lui.*

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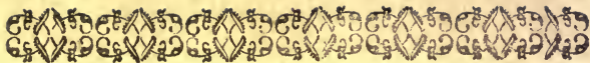
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

*D R U R Y - L A N E.*



T H E

P R E F A C E.

*W*riting is a kind of Lottery in this fickle Age, and Dependence on the Stage as precarious as the Cast of a Die; the Chance may turn up, and a Man may write to please the Town, but 'tis uncertain, since we see our best Authors sometimes fail. The Criticks cavil most about Decorums, and cry up Aristotle's Rules as the most essential part of the Play. I own they are in the right of it; yet I dare venture a Wager they'll never persuade the Town to be of their Opinion, which relishes nothing so well as Humour lightly tost up with Wit, and drest with Modesty and Air. And I believe Mr. Rich will own, he got more by the Trip to the Jubilee, with all its Irregularities, than by the most uniform Piece the Stage cou'd boast of e'er since. I do not say this by way of condemning the Unity of Time, Place, and Action; quite contrary, for I think them the greatest Beauties of a Dramatick Poem; but since the other way of writing pleases full as well, and gives the Poet a larger Scope of Fancy, and with less Trouble, Care, and Pains, serves his and the Player's End, why should a Man torture, and wrack his Brain for what will be no Advantage to him. This I dare engage, that the Town will ne'er be entertained with Plays according to the Method of the Ancients, till they exclude this Innovation of Wit and Humour, which yet I see no likelihood of doing. The following Poem I think has nothing can disoblige the nicest Ear; and tho' I did not observe the Rules of Drama, I took peculiar Care to drest my Thoughts in such a modest Stile, that it might not give Offence to any. Some Scenes  
I confess

## The P R E F A C E.

*I confess are partly taken from Moliere, and I dare be bold to say it has not suffered in the Translation: I thought 'em pretty in the French, and cou'd not help believing they might divert in an English Dress. The French have that light Airiness in their Temper, that the least Glimpse of Wit sets them a laughing, when 'twou'd not make us so much as smile; so that where I found the stile too poor, I endeavoured to give it a Turn; for whoever borrows from them, must take care to touch the Colours with an English Pencil, and form the Piece according to our Manners. When first I took those Scenes of Moliere's, I designed but three Acts; for that Reason I chose such as suited best with Farce, which indeed are all of that sort you'll find in it; for what I added to 'em, I believe my Reader will allow to be of a different Stile, at least some very good Judges thought so, and in spite of me divided it into five Acts, believing it might pass amongst the Comedies of these Times. And indeed I have no reason to complain, for I confess it met a Reception beyond my Expectation. I must own myself infinitely obliged to the Players, and in a great Measure the Success was owing to them, especially Mr. Wilks, who extended his Faculties to such a Pitch, that one may almost say he out-play'd himself; and the Town must confess they never saw three different Characters by one Man acted so well before, and I think myself extremely indebted to him, likewise to Mr. Johnson, who in his way I think the best Comedian of the Age.*





# PROLOGUE.

*P*Oets like Mushrooms rise and fall of late,  
Or as th' uncertain Favourites of State,  
Inventions rack'd to please both Eye and Ear,  
But no Scene takes without the moving Player :  
Daily we see Plays, Pamphlets, Libels, Rhimes,  
Become the Falling-Sickness of the Times ;  
So feverish is the Humour of the Town,  
It surfeits of a Play ere three Days run.  
At Locket's, Brown's, and at Pontack's enquire,  
What modish Kick-sharws the nice Beaus desire,  
What sam'd Ragouts, what new-invented Sallad  
Has best Pretensions to regale the Palate.  
If we present you with a Medley here,  
A hodge podge Dish serv'd up in China Ware,  
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your Bills of Fare.  
To please you all we shou'd attempt in vain,  
In diff'rent Persons diff'rent Humours reign.  
The Soldier's for the rattl'ng Scenes of War,  
The peaceful Beau hates shedding Blood so near.  
Courtiers in Com'dy place their chief Delight,  
'Cause Love's the proper Bus'ness of the Night.  
The Clown for Pastoral his half Crown bestows,  
But t'other House by sad Experience knows,  
This polish'd Town produces few of those.  
The Merchant is for Traffick ev'ry where,  
And values not the best, but cheapest Ware :  
Since various Humours are pleas'd various ways,  
A Critick's but a Fool to judge of Plays.  
Fool did I say ? 'Tis difficult to know  
Who'tis that's so indeed, or is not so :  
If that be then a Point so hard to gain,  
Wit's sure a most profound unfathom'd Main.  
He that sits Judge, the Trident ought to sway,  
To know who's greatest Fool or Wit to-day,  
The Audience, or the Author of the Play.

# EPILOGUE.

*WHAT, if to end this Fortune-telling Play,  
 I tell you all your Fortunes here to-day;  
 And, faith, to judge by here and there a Face,  
 Fortune has Fav'rites scatter'd in this Place:  
 The Beaus, whose Garb of late such Lustre darts,  
 To draw fair Ladies Eyes, and break poor Tradesmen's Hearts,  
 Their Fortune is what still attends the Great,  
 Still borrowing, still dunn'd, and still in Debt.  
 Pit-masks this Season are grown mighty bare.  
 They scarce got Pattens to ply round May-Fair.  
 But when the Term, and Winter comes again,  
 Bawds, Brims, and Lawyers flourish bravely then:  
 Vintners and Taylors thro' such knowish Lives,  
 With honest Cits, and virtuous City Wives;  
 I fear (tho' wishing it might be uncivil)  
 Like Pawn-Brokers, they'll all go to the Devil:  
 The City 'Prentices, those upstart Beaus,  
 In short spruce Puffs, and Vigo-Colour Cloaths,  
 Who with a Brace of Trulls stole here to-day,  
 And muster'd up a Crown to see this Play;  
 Lewdness and Gaming will run them aground,  
 And Masters Cash fall short a hundred Pound.  
 Our upper Friends, whose Height Respect denotes,  
 Since Liv'ries too are not unlike lac'd Coats,  
 By coming will such Criticks grow at last,  
 Nothing but Standard-Wit will please their Taste,  
 Till learning here how well the Town's harangu'd,  
 They'll make ingenious Speeches when they're hang'd.  
 Our Fidlers will be scraping as before,  
 Spend ev'ry Groat they get upon a Whore,  
 Lead merry Lives, damn'd shabby, and damn'd poor:  
 But where at last they'll go, is hard to tell,  
 For really they're too impudent for Hell.  
 The Ladies by their melting Looks, I see,  
 Will die for Love, perhaps for Love of me;  
 My Pity flows apace to save their Life,  
 I cou'd be kind, but must not wrong my Wife:  
 But lastly for the Fortune of this Play,  
 Humour's a Hazard, yet thus much I'll say,  
 The Author purely for your Mirth design'd it,  
 And whether good or bad, 'tis —— As you find it.*

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

<i>Selfwill</i> , Father to <i>Lucinda</i> ,	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Sir Toby Doubtful</i> , an old City Knight in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> ,	} Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Bellmie</i> , a Gentleman in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> ,	
<i>Otaivo</i> , his Friend, newly arrived from Travelling,	} Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Martin</i> , formerly a Servant to <i>Bellmie</i> ; but being poor is turn'd Faggot-maker,	
	} Mr. <i>Norris</i> .

## W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda</i> , Daughter to <i>Selfwill</i> , in Love with <i>Bellmie</i> ,	} Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Belliza</i> , her Cousin,	
<i>Martin's</i> Wife,	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
	Mrs. <i>Norris</i> .

Servants.

SCENE, LONDON.



# LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE:

O R,

*Le Medecin malgre Lui.*

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## A C T I. S C E N E. I.

*Enter Selfwill and Lucinda.*

*Self.* **W**HY! what Objection can you make, I say?

*Luc.* Objection, Sir!

*Self.* Ay, what Objection?

*Luc.* What Objection may one not make, Sir? He's old.

*Self.* He'll die the sooner, and leave you a rich Widow; then you may marry whom you please.

*Luc.* I can't love him.

*Self.* Oh——that's not essential to a Wife; you can bear the Sight of him, I suppose.

*Luc.* So I can of a Death's-Head, but I shou'd not care to have it bed with me. In short, Sir, if you won't consider my Body, have some Pity for my Soul, for I am certain I shall——

*Self.* Cuckold him, ha——let him look to that? whoever marries is a Merchant Adventurer, and Hope is his best Friend; 'tis all but Chance, and I suppose Sir *Toby* han't traffick'd these thirty Years, but he has met with some leaky Vessels in his Life-time; therefore, Daughter of mine, this is no Excuse.

*Luc.* Oh Heav'n what shall I do! [*Aside.*] No Excuse, Sir! I hope you won't be so barbarous as to force my Inclinations: I have ever been a dutiful Child to you, never thought of Marriage till you yourself persuaded me.

10 LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE: Or,

You bad me encourage *Bellmie's* Suit, as a Man you design'd for my Husband: In Obedience to you I strove to love him, and by Degrees he gain'd my Heart, which now is unalterably his; I ne'er can love but him.

*Self.* You can't ——— with all my Heart, love him on, I don't bid you hate him, nor love Sir *Toby*: You say Duty to me gave the first Impression of your Love to *Bellmie*, then let your Duty give the second, at my Command, to Sir *Toby*; for d'ye see, I am resolv'd you shall ne'er see *Bellmie*, till you are his Wife, and so consider can't; d'ye hear, to-morrow's the Day. [Exit.

*Luc.* What shall I do?

*Enter Belliza.*

*Bell.* What! in Tears, *Lucinda*? What's the matter? Is my Uncle obstinate?

*Luc.* As obstinately bent to my undoing, as the Romish Church to Heresy; and much, I fear, 'tis not in my Power to stem the Tide of his Resolutions, for he has no Consideration but Riches.

*Bell.* Well, were it my Case I know what I wou'd do.

*Luc.* There is no room left to do any thing; we are pent up to so narrow a point of time, that I can turn no way for help.

*Bell.* And so you lie down and take what comes; a very pretty Resolution in Extremity truly!

*Luc.* What wou'd you have me to do? My Father's immoveable, all my Tears and Entreaties are thrown away upon him, he's fix'd in his Design: Besides, I have not heard a Word from *Bellmie* these two Days, nor know I the Reason on't.

*Bell.* These two Days! there's a Lover indeed, he deserves to lose his Mistress; does he consider what inconstant Things we Women are? Had he been my Servant, o'my Conscience, I shou'd have forgot him the first Day, and got a new one the second.

*Luc.* Indeed I shou'd be angry with him myself, did I think him guilty of Indifference; but I'm persuad'd 'tis not his Fault: Which way to give him Notice of my Father's Proceedings, I know not; for I have been so strictly watch'd these two Days, that I cannot so much as come at Pen, Ink, or Paper.

*Bell.*



*Bell.* Well, Girl, to shew you that I am a Well-wisher to your Designs, I'll undertake the Embassy myself, if you'll give me your Instructions.

*Luc.* You shew yourself a Friend in every thing ; come into the next Room and I'll give you 'em immediately.

[*Excunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

*Enter Sir Toby Doubtful and Servants.*

*Sir Toby.* Do you hear, if any body brings me any Money, send for me to Mr. *Selfwill's* House immediately ; but if any wants Money, tell 'em I am not at home, nor shan't be all Day.

[*Exit Servants.*]

*Enter Octavio.*

*Oct.* A very prudent Order, faith, ——— *Sir Toby,* your Servant.

*Sir Toby.* Mr. *Octavio,* I am heartily glad to see you ; pray how long have you been in *England* ?

*Oct.* These six Months, but not one in Town ; the last Bills you transmitted me to *Cales* brought me over. I was several times upon Change, but cou'd not have the good Fortune to meet with you : Come, shall we take a Bottle together.

*Sir Toby.* Another time, Sir, I shall be glad to crack a Bottle with you, but at present I have a little pressing Business ; and yet I cou'd wish to stay now, for I have a little pressing Business upon my Hands, wherein I shou'd be glad of a Friend's Advice——Now I know you are a Man of Sense, and your Father was my particular Friend, and I have a very great Respect for you as his Son, and wou'd rather take your Advice than any Man's I know again ; therefore we'll step into this House, and I'll tell you what 'tis.

*Oct.* Oh ! *Sir Toby,* you do me too much Honour ; I'll promise to give you the best Advice I'm capable of. Allons ; so ho the House here !

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* You are welcome, Gentlemen ; will you be pleas'd to walk into a Room ?

[*Excunt, and enter again in a Room with a Table and Wine.*]

*Sir Toby.*

Sir *Toby*. Well, Mr. *Octavio*, before I tell you what it is, I conjure you not to flatter me, but deal freely, and give your just Thoughts of the Matter.

*Oct.* You may be certain I will.

Sir *Toby*. I think there can be nothing worse in a Friend, than not to speak his Mind freely.

*Oct.* You are in the right.

Sir *Toby*. In this Age one finds but few Friends sincere.

*Oct.* That's true.

Sir *Toby*. Promise me then.

*Oct.* I promise you.

Sir *Toby*. Swear by your Faith you will.

*Oct.* Upon the Faith of a Friend I will ; therefore pray tell me your Business——What the Devil can all this mean ?

[*Aside.*

Sir *Toby*. Why then 'tis this ; shall I do well to marry ?

*Oct.* By the Injunction, I thought it was either Hanging or Marrying. [*Aside.*] Who you ! Sir *Toby* ?

Sir *Toby*. Yes, myself in proper Person ; what is your Advice upon that ?

*Oct.* I pray before I give you my Opinion, tell me one thing.

Sir *Toby*. What's that ?

*Oct.* What Age are you ?

Sir *Toby*. What Age ?

*Oct.* Ay.

Sir *Toby*. Faith I don't know ; but I'm very well.

*Oct.* Can you guess near what Age ?

Sir *Toby*. No, I never think of that.

*Oct.* Hark ye, Sir, how old were you when my Father as first acquainted with you ?

Sir *Toby*. Ha—how old?—why about twenty.

*Oct.* Very good ; and how long were you together at Rome ?

Sir *Toby*. Eight Years.

*Oct.* How long did you live in France ?

Sir *Toby*. Seven Years.

*Oct.* You were some time in Holland too.

Sir *Toby*. Five Years and a half.

*Oct.* And when did you come over again ?

Sir *Toby*. I came over in eighty.

*Oct.* So, from eighty to seven hundred and one is 21 Years,

Years, I think ; and five Years in *Holland*, and seven Years in *France*, that is thirty-three, and eight Years at *Rome*, that is forty-one, and twenty Years you own at your first Acquaintance with my Father, which is just three-score and one, by your own Confession, and it may be a Year or two older,

*Sir Toby*. Who I, Mr. *Osavio* ? No, no, it can't be, you have reckon'd wrong.

*Os.* Nay, I have calculated just I'll assure you ; where-upon I shall speak freely like a Friend ; and as you made me swear to do ——— Marriage won't do your Work, that's a thing we young Men ought to think seriously on before we do it, but Men of your Age should never think on't at all : If one would give the greatest Ill a Name 'tis Marriage, I know nothing worse, especially to an old Man ; therefore if you'll take my Advice, don't think on't : I shou'd think that Man ridiculous that wou'd keep open House for all Strollers, and yet is incapable of sharing the Diversion himself. No, no, my Friend, grey Hairs and a bridal Bed are ridiculous Companions.

*Sir Toby*. Look ye, Sir, I ask'd your Advize as a Friend, and not to be affronted.

*Os.* And I gave it you as a Friend, Sir ; I'm sure I design'd no Affront, *Sir Toby*.

*Sir Toby*. Sir, I say my Hair is not grey with Age ; for I was as grey as I am now at twenty, and so was my Father before me.

*Os.* Nay, *Sir Toby*, that may be, I protest I did not think any harm when I spoke ; you bid me speak my Mind freely, you know.

*Sir Toby*. I did so, but did not think you had been of this Opinion ; for I can assure you I shall marry, and the very Woman I design, and I warrant she'll like me ne'er the worse for my grey Hairs, as you call 'em.

*Os.* Perhaps the Lady may suit your Years, *Sir Toby* ; if so, you'll do well to marry.

*Sir Toby*. My Years ——— What do you mean, Mr. *Osavio* ? I think any Lady suits my Years ——— The Lady I design to marry is about twenty, and I love her.

*Os.* You love her !

*Sir Toby*. And I have her Father's Consent.

*Os.* You have her Father's Consent !

Sir *Toby*. Yes; and the Match is concluded on, and is to be to-morrow.

*Os.* Nay then marry a' God's Name; I shan't speak one Word more.

Sir *Toby*. Why, wou'd you have me fancy myself old; Sir, so long as I have the Vigour of a Man of thirty: Don't I walk upright? [*Walks.*] Nay, can dance a Minuet with e'er a young Fellow of you all, la, la, la, lara, lera, la. [*Skips and dances.*] My Legs don't fail me, thank God: I have no need of a Coach nor Chair to carry me to my Mistrefs.——And look you here, I have as good a Set of Teeth as e'er a Beau in Christendom. [*Shews his Teeth.*] I have a very good Appetite too, I can digest four Meals a Day, and am as sound as a Roach, Boy. Hem, hem, hem. [*Coughs.*] Ha! what say you to these Symptoms, Friend? Mayn't I venture to marry, think ye?

*Os.* By all means, I was mistaken.

Sir *Toby*. Sometimes I am of another Mind; but when I think what a Pleasure it will be to possess a young beautiful Creature that will carefs, and stroak, and fondle me when I am weary, and out of Humour.

*Os.* That will cuckold you when she is in Humour.

[*Aside.*]

Sir *Toby*. Besides, when I die the Name of the *Doubtfulls* is extinct in the Male Line; therefore I'm resolv'd to beget a Boy, that shall beget another Boy, and so bear up my Name to Posterity. Ah! what Pleasure it will be to see the little Creatures playing about one's Knees, and to hear one tell me the Boy has my Nose, another my Eyes, the third my Mouth, and Smile; ha, ha.

*Os.* While the Mother smiles, to think you had the least hand in the getting it.

[*Aside.*]

Sir *Toby*. And then when I come from Change, to have 'em run and meet me, and call Papa; 'tis surely the most agreeable Pleasure in the World, and I hope to get half a dozen of 'em ere I die yet, Boy.

*Os.* Father half a dozen, you mean, old Gentleman.

[*Aside.*]

Sir *Toby*. What say'st thou then, ha —— Boy?

*Os.* Oh! Sir, I wou'd counsel you to marry with a' the haste you can.

Sir *Toby*. Good —— you counsel me.

*Os.*

*Oſ.* You can't do better.

*Sir Toby.* I'm overjoy'd to think that your Opinion jumps with mine. I ever took you to be a Man of Sense ——— and you give this Counſel out of pure Friendſhip?

*Oſ.* I do upon my Word; for when a Man refuses to follow my Counſel, I think the beſt thing I can do, is to adviſe him to follow his own. But pray, *Sir Toby*, who is this Lady?

*Sir Toby.* *Lucinda.*

*Oſ.* What, the great Beauty?

*Sir Toby.* Yes, Sir.

*Oſ.* Daughter to Mr. *Selfwill.*

*Sir Toby.* The ſame.

*Oſ.* What do I hear?

[*Aſide.*]

*Sir Toby.* What do you ſay?

*Oſ.* A very noble Match.

*Sir Toby.* Had I not Reaſon in my Choice?

*Oſ.* Oh! without doubt. ——— But I'm miſtaken if you have her, old Gentleman.

[*Aſide.*]

*Sir Toby.* Well, I invite you to the throwing of the Stocking, Mr. *Oſawio.* Ha—you'll wiſh yourſelf in my Place, Boy.

*Oſ.* I have a Friend will put you out of your Place, perchance, if I come time enough to give him notice on't.

[*Aſide.*] I'll not fail; Sir, your humble Servant.

*Sir Toby.* Sir, your very humble Servant.

[*Exit Sir Toby.*]

*Oſ.* He to marry *Lucinda* to-morrow, and by her Father's Conſent! Ah! poor *Bellmie!* But I muſt inſtantly go ſeek him, and let him know; his Affairs are in an ill poſture at preſent.

[*Exit.*]

*The SCENE changes to the Street.*

*Enter Martin and his Wife.*

*Mar.* I ſay I won't work to-day; and if I ſay I won't I won't; and ſo you had as good hold your Tongue.

*Wife.* 'Tis very fine indeed, a Woman muſt not ſpeak.

*Mart.* I ſay 'tis my Buſineſs to ſpeak; and act too; pray who am I? am not I your Lord and Maſter?

*Wife.* And who am I, if you go to that? am not I the Wife of your Boſom? What did I marry you for? to bear with all your mad Freaks? No, no, I'd have you to know, I ſhall make you turn over a new Leaf.

*Mart.*

*Mart.* Oh! the Plague of an ill Wife, as *Aristotle* has well observ'd, when he says, a bad Woman is worse than the Devil.

*Wife.* Pray observe this learned Man, with his musty Airs, that Man of Parts.

*Mart.* Yes, Huffy, I am a Man of Parts; shew me e'er a ——— in Town knows what I do; tho' I am forced to follow such a mechanick Employment, I was brought up better. I lived six Years with Mr. *Bellmie*, the most ingenious Gentleman about Town, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*: I read all his Books, and tho' I say it, had a very good smattering of Philosophy, which Science my Master was an Admirer of; and I say again, *Aristotle* condemn'd you.

*Wife.* The Man's mad.

*Mart.* The Woman's mad, I think, or she'd never cross such a Husband.

*Wife.* Curs'd be the Hour I made you so, and double curs'd the Minute I said yes. [Cries.]

*Mart.* Curs'd be the ——— that made me sign my Ruin.

*Wife.* Your Ruin! you have ruin'd me indeed, and almost brought me upon the Parish; you have eat up all I brought, tho' 'twas more than you cou'd have expected with a Wife.

*Mart.* That's a Lie, for I have drank the greatest part of it.

*Wife.* You have e'en stript me of the Bed I lay upon.

*Mart.* You'll rise the earlier.

*Wife.* Nay, you han't left so much as one Moveable in the whole House.

*Mart.* That's another Lie, for I have left your Tongue; and as for Goods, the fewer we have, the easier we shall remove.

*Wife.* And from Morning to Night do nothing but drink and play.

*Mart.* That's because I wou'd not wear myself out too soon with Labour; for Labour overcomes every thing, you know.

*Wife.* And what do you think I shall do in the meantime with the Family?

*Mar.* E'en what you please.

Wife. And, you Sot, must things always go thus ?

Mart. Softly, good Wife, softly, if you please, good Words, I beseech you.

Wife. Must I eternally be plagued with your Debauchery and Laziness ?

Mart. You know, Wife, I am sometimes cholerick, and given to Passion, and have a pair of very good Fists.

Wife. I scorn your Threats.

Mart. My good Wife, your Hide itches for a Dressing.

Wife. I'd have you to know I don't fear that.

[Stripping her Fingers.]

Mart. Thou dear half of me, thou hast a mind to have something at my Hands.

Wife. Do you think to fright me with your Words ?

Mart. Sweet Object of my Eyes, I shall warm your Cheeks.

Wife. You Sot, who are you ?

Mart. I shall beat you.

Wife. Drunkard.

Mart. Don't provoke me.

Wife. Infamous Fellow.

Mart. I shall curry your Jacket.

Wife. You curry my Jacket! Traytor, Cheat, Coward, Rascal, Thief, Knave, Varlet, Informer!

Mart. Nay then——

[Beats her.]

Wife. Ah! Murder, Murder, ah!——

Enter Octavio with his Sword, and slaps Martin o'er the Shoulders.

Oct. How now! what Insolence is this? Are you not ashamed to beat a Woman? ha!

Wife. May be I have a mind to be beaten, what's that to you? [Coming up to him.]

Oct. Nay, if you have a mind to it, with all my Heart.

[Putting up his Sword.]

Wife. Pray why do you trouble yourself?

Oct. Good Woman, be patient, I have done.

Wife. Is it your Business?

Oct. No, truly.

Wife. Go, you are an impertinent Fellow,

Oct. I shall not speak one Word more, but heartily wish he had drub'd her ten times as much.

[Aside.]

Wife.

18. LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE: Or,

*Wife.* Suppose I am pleas'd he shou'd beat me, I say, what's that to you?

*Oct.* [*Nods only.*]

*Wife.* You are a Fool to trouble yourself with other Folks Business.

*Oct.* [*Nods again, then turns to Martin.*] Friend, I am sorry I disturb'd your Diverfion, but hope you know how to begin again.

*Mart.* May be I do, may be I do not, what's that to you, whether I do or no?

*Oct.* That's true, as you say, neither do I care.

*Mart.* If I have a mind to beat her, I will beat her, and if I have not a mind, I won't.

*Oct.* With all my Heart.

*Mart.* She's my Wife, not yours.

*Oct.* Thank Heaven.

*Mart.* You have nothing to do with me, nor do I want your help.

*Oct.* Nor shall I trouble myself to give it you. Ha!

*Enter Bellmie.*

*Bellmie,* luckily met, I was just going to your Lodgings; but hearing the Cry of Murder here, put a stop to my Haste.

*Mart.* Nobody desired your stay, Sir; you might have march'd as soon as you came for that Matter.

*Bellm.* Prithee what's the matter with the Fellow?

*Oct.* Why when I came I found 'em fighting, the Woman cry'd out Murder; but I no sooner took her part, but they both fell upon me Pellmell, and have rung such a Peal in my Ears, I shan't have the right Use of them this Month.

*Bellm.* Sure I shou'd know that Face ——— D'ye hear, Friend, is not your Name *Martin*?

*Mart.* Master *Bellmie*!

*Bellm.* Where have you led your Life, Sirrah?

*Mart.* Why truly, Master, I can't tell.

*Wife.* But I know who can ——— e'en from one Ale-house to another, Sir.

*Mart.* Your Tongue won't lie still.

[*Aside to her.*]

*Bellm.* I told you what your Drunkenness would bring you



you to, but you ne'er believ'd me; here, there's a Guinea for you, be Friends with your Wife, d'ye hear?

*Mart.* Ah! Sir, we never bear Malice, as you shall see, Sir; ——— Wife, come and kifs me, Wife.

*Wife.* I kifs you! I'll see you hang'd first; d'ye think I'll be us'd at this rate?

*Mart.* Look'e Wife, I love you the better for beating you, faith 'tis all out of pure Love, 'tis indeed Wife; and such little Quarrels as these do but cement the Passion of Love: Faith, Wife, if I did not beat thee, I shou'd cuckold thee.

*Wife.* Say you so—nay, if I thought that—[*Aside.*] You shou'd beat me as oft as you please.

[*Runs to him and kiffes him.*]

*Mart.* Faith and troth 'tis true.

*Bellm.* Why now 'tis as it shou'd be. ——— D'ye hear, Sirrah, come to my Lodgings at the Golden Ball at the end of the Street, perhaps I may have Occasion to use you, you used to be a lucky Rogue upon a Pinch.

*Mart.* Ay, Master, and I have not forgot it yet.

*Bellm.* [*To Octavio.*] I'm now at Leisure to hear your Story, but I think my Lodging the most proper Place.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Wife.* Hark'e, Husband, where are you a going?

*Mart.* To the Ale-house to drink my Master's Health.

*Wife.* And spend all the Money, ha!

*Mart.* Why what if I do? ha! it was given to me.

*Wife.* Given to you! I'm sure my Bones have paid for it.

*Mart.* But it was my Friend gave the Money tho'.

*Wife.* But if had not cry'd out, your Friend might not have come this way tho'.

*Mart.* That's right——well Wife, I won't stand with you for little Matters, you shall beat me now, and I'll cry out, if you think that will get you a Guinea; if not, if you'll come to the Ale-house, I'll make you drunk; and so good b'w'ye.

*Wife.* And am I always to be be used thus? ——— well, if I am not revenged, I am no Woman.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

## SCENE Bellmie's Lodgings.

*Enter Bellmie and Octavio.*

*Bellm.* **T**O be married to-morrow, say you? — impossible.

*Oct.* So he told me, and there is nothing impossible that has any relation to Falsehood; especially where a Woman is concern'd.

*Bellm.* Falsehood! by Heaven I'm certain she never gave Consent, 'tis her Father's Doings all; for as I told you, he forbid me his House two Days ago, upon what Grounds I know not, but I suspected his Treachery.

*Oct.* After countenancing your Pretensions, what Excuse cou'd he have for altering his Mind?

*Bellm.* Why a very lame one; he said he had consider'd better, and did not think me a proper Match for his Daughter; telling me he shou'd be very glad to see me any where but at his own House, and so left me. I have ever since been so perplex'd to know the Cause, I scarce have suffered Sleep to close my Eyes: I have endeavour'd all means possible to see *Lucinda*, but in vain.

*Oct.* Write to her.

*Bellm.* Ha! a lucky Thought comes into my Head; I'll to *Martin*, he us'd to be the wittiest Rogue at these Contrivances living; I'll be with you again presently.

[*Exit.*]

*Oct.* This 'tis to be an honourable Lover now, leave a Friend for a Mistress——Well, but let me see, what shall I do here alone? ho!——What Books are these?

[*Turns over two or three Books.*]

*Enter Belliza, and slaps him on the Back with a Fan.*

*Bell.* What! studying *Bellmie*? —— Oh Lord! — I beg your pardon, Sir; I am mistaken, I find.

*Oct.* Only in the Name, Madam, for I am a Man, and at your Service. A charming Woman this—who the Devil is she?

[*Aside.*]

*Bell.* This is Mr. *Bellmie*'s Lodging, is it not, Sir?

*Oct.* It is, Madam.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Is he within, pray ?

*Oſ.* I expect him every Minute, Madam,——but can nobody do your Buſineſs but Mr. *Bellmie*, Child ?

*Bell.* Not at preſent, Sir.——A genteel handſome Fellow this——who is he, I wonder ? I don't remember ever to have ſeen him before. [*Aſide.*

*Oſ.* My Friend's a happy Man to have pretty Ladies viſit him alone.

*Bell.* You ſeldom think Happineſs depends upon our Sex.

*Oſ.* He that does I am ſure is a Fool. [*Aſide.*] No, Madam ! why you are the only Bleſſing of our Lives ; are not all our Troubles, Cares, and Toils ſoftned by the endearing Embraces of a Woman ? Have they not Power to ſmooth the rougheſt of our Tempers, and make us calmly ſink into their Boſoms ? In ſhort, Madam, Women rule as they pleaſe.

*Bell.* But like true Engliſhmen, you are never pleas'd long with one Government.

*Oſ.* Not if they affect arbitrary Sway ; Liberty of Conſcience, you know, Madam.

*Bell.* Ay, and Men's Conſciences are very large.

*Oſ.* And Women have no Conſcience at all.

*Bell.* You are very free, methinks.

*Oſ.* You are very handſome, faith.

*Bell.* I'll not believe you think ſo.

*Oſ.* Egad, Madam, ſtay but till my Friend comes, and he will vouch for me.

*Bell.* Is *Bellmie* your Friend, Sir ?

*Oſ.* I think ſo, Madam —— I'm ſure we have fought for each other, been drunk, whored and ſlept together, which are the common Symptoms of Friendſhip. —— Thus far your Query is answer'd.

*Bell.* Very virtuous Symptoms truly, and concifely expreſs'd. Well, Sir, and I may preſume you partake of his Secrets to ; for that is one part of Friendſhip, as I take it.

*Oſ.* So——now has ſhe a mind to diſcover ſomething ; poor Rogue, he has us'd her unkindly, I warrant. [*Aſide.* Yes, faith, Madam, I think we are pretty free in thoſe Matters ; I don't believe he has any Secrets but what I know —— except his Intrigue with you, which I cou'd find in my Heart to cuckold him for, for concealing it from me.

[*Aſide.*

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Pray, Sir, tell me, I hear he is mightily in Love with one *Lucinda* ——— will he marry her, think you?

*Os.* Ha! she's jealous, I must not discover the Truth, lest the Consequence be prejudicial to my Friend. [*Aside.* I know there was some such talk once, Madam, but to my certain Knowledge it was never design'd by him.

*Bell.* How! never design'd by him! you mistake sure?

*Os.* Not at all, I won't say he did not like her, because I believe he wou'd have done her the Favour, but she wou'd not consent upon any Terms; but that ever he had any Design of marrying her, I absolutely deny. ——— I hope she'll believe me. [*Aside.*

*Bell.* Impossible! ——— yet it may be true, for the Earth produces not more Variety of Colours, than the Breast of Man Tricks to deceive: I am glad I know this, that *Lucinda* may not deceive herself with vain Hopes. [*Aside.*] And are you certain of this, Sir?

*Os.* As certain as that I live, Child; and as a Proof of what I say, she's to be married to-morrow to Sir *Toby Doubtful*, and *Bellmie* designs to meet them at the Church-door with *Musick*, to congratulate her Marriage.

*Bell.* A generous Rival truly!

*Os.* Ah! Madam, he's the most generous Man in the World; his Mistress and his Pocket are still at his Friend's Service.

*Bell.* Let his Friends share his Mistress! I'm afraid if his Friends applaud his Generosity, they condemn his Sense.

*Os.* Quite to the contrary, Madam, they admire his Morals; he's a Well-wisher to his Country, and knows that the engrossing any Commodity ruins Trade.

*Bell.* And is this his private Opinion, say you?

*Os.* Directly ——— Ay, 'tis so, this is some Woman he keeps; and poor Soul, she's afraid when he has bought a Seat of his own, he'll not continue the Lease of her frail Tenement. [*Aside.*] But prithee Child, why are you so inquisitive?

*Bell.* I had some Reasons, Sir, but my Scruples are much clearer, by the Discovery you have made, for I depend upon what you say for Truth.

*Os.* That you may in every thing, Madam, as certainly as that I envy my Friend the Share he holds in your Esteem: He's my Friend, 'tis true, and as such, I ought to

to have conceal'd his Failing. — But Beauty, bewitching Beauty, has Power at any time to unlock the Closet of my Breast; your Charms are irresistibly engaging; hi, ho. [*Sighs.*] Faith, Madam, I'm in Love. [*Looking languisbingly.*

*Bell.* For how long, pray Sir?

*Os.* Faith, Madam, that I can't tell; but if it holds on as it begins, I believe to my Life's end.

*Bell.* And how many Friends have you to share, pray?

*Os.* Faith, Madam, none at all. I fancy I should play the Monopolist, were you once at my Disposal.

*Bell.* But that would be a Ruin to Trade, you know; you would be reckon'd an Enemy to your Country.

*Os.* Od so, that's true, as you say; but no matter, I am no Member of Parliament, I have nobody's Affairs but my own upon my Hands.

*Bell.* So consequently fear no Petitions.

*Os.* No, faith, Madam, I fear nothing but your Eyes.

*Bell.* I can assure you there is no Malignity in 'em; you'll be never the worse for looking at 'em.

*Os.* I positively deny that; for I find I am strangely disorder'd, and nothing but the knowing of your Name, and Lodgings, and Leave to wait on you, can prolong my Life a Moment.

*Bell.* O Lord! if you are so near Death, I'll be gone, lest I am indited for your Murder: you'd do well to pray, Sir; shall I send a Parson to you? Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs.*

*Os.* No, you dear charming Devil you. [*Catching her.* I can offer up my Devotions at no Altar but yours, you must not leave me, by Heaven you shall not, till I know your Name.

*Bell.* Well, that you may'nt be forsworn, my Name is *Belliza.*

*Os.* Your Lodging too. —

*Bell.* I must know you better first.

*Os.* Why, 'tis in order to be better acquainted I ask it, Child; come, dear, dear, Madam, don't torture me with Expectation, I won't tell *Bellmie*, faith.

*Bell.* Then you'll not know, Sir, and so adieu. [*Exit.*

*Os.* So, she's gone. — did ever any body know so cross a Jade; now has she an itching to pursue the Custom of her Sex, to be talked of, and enquired after; a Pox! I have a good mind not to ask *Bellmie* about her, and yet I

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don't know what's the matter with me, I have a devilish mind to a Night's Lodging with her; but then she's my Friend's Mistress: why, what then, she's not his Wife——Egad, I am resolv'd to sound his Inclination, he can't be in Love in two Places at once, I am certain he is really so with *Lucinda*—Ay, but that's honourable Love, he may keep a Mistress for all that—But perhaps he may be weary of her, and glad to consign her over to me; Beauty's a falling Commodity, yet if the Perquisites ben't damaged, I'll accept 'em: So upon mature Consideration, I'll ask him who she is——ho, here he comes.

*Enter Bellmie.*

*Bellm.* I was afraid I had tired you Patience, did you not think me long?

*Ost.* No, faith, I have been very well diverted in your Absence.

*Bellm.* With what, prithee?

*Ost.* Why with the best Diversion in the World, a pretty Woman.

*Bellm.* A Woman!

*Ost.* Yes, faith, so she seem'd I; wish I cou'd give you a more evident Proof of it; for she's very handsome.

*Bellm.* How came she here?

*Ost.* Upon her Legs I presume.

*Bellm.* But upon what Business?

*Ost.* The main Business, I suppose, Love, Love, Friend; she wanted you, *Bellmie*; and I can assure you I have done you no inconsiderable Piece of Service, if you knew all.

*Bellm.* Prithee, what is't?

*Ost.* Nay, hold there; like a politick Warrior, while the Power's in my own Hands, I'll make my own Conditions; if I tell you one thing, you must grant me another.

*Bellm.* You know you may command any thing that is in my Power; prithee what is't?

*Ost.* A very inconsiderable thing to a Man in your Circumstances; only a Night's Lodging with your Mistress, that's all.

*Bellm.* What mean you, *Ostavio*?

*Ost.* Why here has been a very pretty Lady to see you, and

and by all Appearance she's a Mistress of yours, tho' you was never so honest as to tell your Friend your Happiness; faith *Bellmie*, 'twas not like a Friend to conceal an Intrigue of this nature; what! keep a Mistress and let nobody know it! I'm sure I never serv'd you so.

*Bellm.* What! do you mean to banter me? — I keep a Mistress!

*Os.* Yes, yes, don't deny it with that grave Face; that philosophical Air won't do, Man, her Jealousy discover'd, all; she wou'd fain have pump'd me out of something about *Lucinda*, whether you loved her or not, or did design to marry her—but thanks to this projecting Brain of mine, that furnish'd me with Lies quick as my Tongue cou'd utter 'em, she remains in Ignorance; I told her you design'd no such thing.

*Bellm.* How! ods life, do you know what you have done? This must be somebody from *Lucinda*. I have no Mistress, nor do I know any Woman breathing so intimately as to expect a Visit from her, except my Relations, who are all known to you, therefore it must be from her.

*Os.* Ay, ay, don't think I'll let that pass upon me, I expect for the Service I have done you to know where the Lady lives; yet faith and troth, *Bellmie*, if you will really confess you love her, the Devil take me if I attempt making you a Cuckold, tho' I have, by the way, a violent Inclination; but Friendship has always had the Ascendant over my Desires yet.

*Bellm.* I tell you, *Osavio*, what I have said is true, upon my Honour it is; and farther, I here promise to renounce all Claim whatsoever to the whole Sex, except *Lucinda*; will that satisfy you?

*Os.* I take you at your Word, the Lady told me her Name was *Belliza*, — What say you now, Friend? ha! — How beats your Heart? ha! ha!

*Bellm.* As I suspected, 'tis *Lucinda's* Cousin, you have ruin'd me.

*Os.* Ha! how! what's that? *Lucinda's* Cousin!

*Bellm.* Ay, positively; Oh! unfortunate Man that I am, to miss the luckiest Minute Fate had in store for me.

[*Raves.*

*Ost.* What then! is my charming delicious Harlot dwindled into a virtuous Woman at last! a Pox of all Minutes, I say, since there's none lucky to me—Prithee, *Bellmie*, forgive me, for faith I design'd well: ——— But who the Devil can divine; for my part I was never more mistaken in all my Life, the Devil take me if I cou'd see honest Woman writ in their Forehead; but hark'e, if you'll tell me where the Lady lives, I'll go and unsay all I have said.

*Bellm.* 'Twill be to no purpose; did she leave no Message?

*Ost.* None at all.

*Bellm.* Were you not my Friend, *Octavio*, I cou'd not forgive what you have done; for ought I know I have lost *Lucinda*, 'tis owing to your Conduct.

*Ost.* Pox on't, I was ne'er more vext in my Life; prithee what's to be done? what says *Martin*?

*Bellm.* I know not what's to be done now,—he has promis'd to deliver me a Letter, if possible; all I can do is patiently to expect the Event: prithee do you go find out Sir *Toby*, and try what Discovery you can make; but be sure you don't let him know that you are acquainted with me, perhaps he may introduce you as a Friend of his, and so you may speak to *Lucinda* or her Cousin; which if you do, remember what you owe your Friend: But be sure you make particular Enquiry about the time, for I am resolv'd he shall not marry her whilst I can hold this—

[Points to his Sword.]

*Ost.* I'll do't——when I parted with him he told me he was going thither; egad I'll impudently go and ask for him.

*Bellm.* But what Pretencé can you have?

*Ost.* Oh! let me alone for that, I never want Pretence, when I can either serve my Friend, or see a pretty Woman; and egad this *Bellieza* runs plaguily in my Head.

*Bellm.* I hope you are caught, *Octavio*, I shou'd be glad to see you quit this roving Temper, and think of living honestly, and marry.

*Ost.* That's as much as to say, you'd be glad to see me hand-cuff'd and fetter'd, just ready to be shipp'd for a *Virginia* Slave; thank you heartily, *Bellmie*, you wish your Friends very well.



*Bellm.* Only as well as I do myself; come, come, I hope to see you of another mind, and I can assure you, nothing would be to me more welcome, next the enjoying my *Lucinda*, than your Company at Church upon the same Design.

*Os.* Why this 'tis now; on my Conscience some Men love their Friends so well, that if they were to be hang'd themselves, rather than part from them, they'd have them hang'd for Company. Ha, ha!

*Bellm.* You are of a happy Temper, always gay.

*Os.* And whilst I enjoy my dear, dear Liberty, I shall always be so. Adieu. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Selfwill's House.*

*Enter Lucinda and Belliza.*

*Luc.* FALSE! impossible!

*Bell.* He's a Man, Cousin, pray consider that.

*Luc.* He's a Man, but not like common Men; I never found him false even in the smallest Matter, nor will I believe it now: No, his Friend belies him, or——

*Bell.* Or I belie the Friend, ha! I wish you find it so. [*Snappishly.*] His Friend belies him! — Methinks now cou'd I quarrel with her for her slight Opinion of his Friend; and yet I don't know what's the Matter neither, but methinks I have a very great Respect for his Friend.

[*Aside.*]

*Luc.* What makes you so angry, Cousin?

*Bell.* What makes you so incredulous?

*Luc.* Love; now if you give the same Reason, I have done.

*Bell.* On my Conscience I shall let the World know I like this Fellow before I know it myself. [*Aside.*] No, truly, Cousin, I can't be so complaisant; but I am concern'd, me thinks, that you shou'd say his Friend belies him; for truly I think I never saw a prettier Gentleman in my Life, or one that look'd more like a Man of Honour, and I dare say he is so.

*Luc.* But he's a Man, Cousin, pray consider that.

*Bell.* And must he needs be false, because he's a Man?

*Luc.* Your own Argument, Cousin.

*Bell.* Dewce on't, I shall discover myself. [*Aside.*  
That's true too; well, perhaps he did belie him—tho' I  
dare swear he did not. [*Aside.*

*Luc.* Yet may be he did not; for what should be the Reason of his Absence these two Days? If I was certain on't, he shou'd not be before-hand with me, at least in the Opinion of the World; I'd marry this old Fellow, tho' I hate him; but that wou'd be to be reveng'd on myself, he wou'd be pleas'd at my Misfortune; therefore I'm resolv'd if he's false never to marry.

*Bell.* Have a care, Cousin, make no Resolutions; for here comes one will endeavour to break them.

*Enter Selfwill and Sir Toby Doubtful.*

*Self.* How now! what, in Tears, you stubborn Baggage you? Be pleasant you had best, and entertain Sir *Toby*, as you ought to do, a Man that to-morrow is to command you.

*Bell.* Then if he don't rule till to-morrow, she may rule to-day, may she not?

*Self.* Ay, 'tis your Sex's Privilege before Marriage.

*Bell.* Is it so? Why then if I was in her place, I wou'd command Sir *Toby* never to see my Face again.

*Self.* How how Huffy. [*Holds up his Cane.*] 'Tis from your Counsel proceeds her Disobedience; but I'll part you, I'll warrant you.

*Sir Toby.* Ladies your humble Servant; Madam, I am extremely troubled that you are so indisposed, but I hope 'twill off again.

*Self.* Ay, ay, Sir *Toby*, they are only Maiden's Tears; tho' their Hearts leap for Joy, yet they'd think it an unpardonable Fault, if they did not weep for four or five Days before they were married.

*Sir Toby.* Nay, if that be all, I'm satisfy'd; I can assure you, Mr. *Selfwill*, she shall have no Occasion to weep after Marriage, and that's the best, I take it—To-morrow, Madam, your Father has appointed to make me happy; I hope you have no Objection to the Day.

[*To Lucinda.*

*Luc.* To-morrow! Oh Heavens! what shall I say to prevent this curst Marriage? [*Aside.*

*Self.* No, no, Sir *Toby*, she has no disliking to the Day;

Day; why don't you speak you stubborn Baggage you, ha! speak, and to the purpose too, you had best.

*Bell.* To the purpose do you say, Uncle? then—

*Self.* Hold your Tongue, you Slut you, hold your Tongue.

*Martin without.* Four a Penny *China* Oranges, four a Penny.

*Self.* You won't speak then?

*Luc.* What shou'd I say, Sir? you may force me to what you please, but my Heart will not let my Tongue speak ought to please you in this Affair; therefore I think 'tis better not to speak at all.

*Self.* Say you so, Mistress? but your Tongue shall pronounce some few Words to-morrow, Gentlewoman, that will please me; to Love, Cherish, and Obey, d'ye hear?

*Martin.* Four a Penny *China* Oranges, four a Penny.

*Sir Toby.* Four a Penny, that's cheap, call in that Fellow.

*Self.* Hang 'em *Sir Toby*, they are too cheap to be good.

*Sir Toby.* We'll see 'em.

*Enter Martin with Oranges.*

*Sir Toby.* Hark ye, Friend, are your Oranges good?

*Mart.* As good as any's in *England*, Master; cut one, Sir, if you please; if you don't like it, you shan't pay for it.

*Sir Toby.* Thou speakest like an honest Fellow, I'll try a penny-worth of e'm *[He chuses 'em.]*

*Mart.* This Lady shall judge. *[Taking out his Knife, and making as if he cut an Orange, then offers it to Lucinda.]*  
Pray taste this Orange, Madam.

*Luc.* Don't trouble me with your Oranges. *[Strikes it down and discovers a Letter that was conceal'd in it.]* I don't care whether they are good or bad.

*Mart.* Ah, Madam! *[Eudeavouring to take up the Letter, but is prevented by Selfwill.]*

*Self.* What's this? a Letter in an Orange?—This is a new Way of pimping. *[Looking upon it.]*

*Sir Toby.* Ha! how's that! a Letter in an Orange, Mr. *Selfwill*? Bless me, that must be Conjuraton.

*Luc.* A Letter! Oh unfortunate! it must be from *Bellmie*; and if I am not mistaken, this Fellow serv'd him once.

*Bell.* See what comes of Impatience now: had you had Philosophy enough to have borne all your Ills patiently, you had perhaps found a Cure for them in this Orange.

*Mart.* 'Tis my best Way to steal out, ere he has done reading, or perhaps I shall be shew'd the next Way to the Horse Pond. [Exit Martin.]

*Self.* What! is the Dog gone? If I catch him with his four a Penny Oranges again, I'll make an Italian Singer of him. Lord! Lord! what will the World come to?

*Sir Toby.* Truly I shou'd never have suspected this Fellow for a Bawd, pray let me see the Letter, Mr. *Selfwill*.  
[Puts on his Spectacles and reads.]

*'Tis impossible to express what I have suffer'd since your Father forbid me his House, not being able to let you know I die if e'er you consent to his unjust Proposals; therefore if you still love me, as once I flatter'd myself you did, be ready at you Window this Night at twelve, and I'll bring you a Conveyance shall safely help you to the Arms of*

Your faithful

*Bellmie.*

*Self.* There's a Piece of Treachery for you, *Sir Toby*!

*Sir Toby.* Treachery indeed, and I'll instantly go tell Mr. *Bellmie* he's a Rascal.

*Self.* No, you shall first prevent his Designs, then let him do his worst, you shall be married presently.—Here *Robin*, go tell Mr. *Tickletext* the Parson; I wou'd speak with him immediately.

*Luc.* The Parson, Sir!

*Self.* Yes, forsooth, the Parson; I'll prevent your running away with *Bellmie*.

*Luc.* Running away with *Bellmie*, Sir?

*Self.* Ay, running away with *Bellmie*; what a Pox do ye echo me for; ha! if you are so fond of speaking after one, I hope the Sight of the Parson won't displease you.

*Luc.* But I'll ne'er say after him with any in this Company, I'll assure you. [Aside.]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* *Sir Toby*, here's a Gentleman inquires for you, he says his Name is *Octavio*.

*Sir Toby.* Ods so, a very honest Gentleman.

*Self.*

*Self.* Desire him to walk up, if he's your Friend, he's welcome.

*Sir Toby.* His Father was my particular Friend.

*Enter Octavio.*

*Sir Toby.* Mr. *Octavio*, I'm your most humble Servant.

*Oct.* *Sir Toby*, your humble Servant. [*To Selfwill.*] Sir, your Servant.

*Self.* Sir, you are welcome.

*Oct.* Pray, *Sir Toby*, which is the Lady is to make you happy.

*Bell.* As I live, *Bellmie's* Friend—Hi, ho!——blefs me, what ails my Heart? [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* *Octavio* here! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Toby.* This is she, Mr. *Octavio*; and you come opportunely to give her to me, for the Parson is just coming.

*Oct.* Heaven forbid. [*Aside.*] Say you so, *Sir Toby*?—Madam your humble Servant. [*Saluting her.*] By Heaven, Madam, *Bellmie* will break his Heart. [*Aside to her.*] [*Goes to Belliza and salutes her.*] Faith, Madam, I ly'd in every Syllable I said to you at *Bellmie's* Chamber, except when I told you I lov'd you. [*Aside to her.*]

*Bell.* I wish that be not the greatest. [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* Poor *Bellmie*! which Way shall I prevent both our Misfortunes: I have it. [*Aside.*] Oh! Oh!

[*She counterfeits a Fit.*]

*Oct.* Oh Heavens! look to the Lady.

*Sir Toby.* Good lack-a-day, what's the matter! Is she subject to these Fits, Mr. *Selfwill*?

*Self.* Truly, I never knew her have but one, and that was at the Sight of a Cat. ——— Poor Girl.

*Bell.* A lucky Hint, I'll take it. [*Aside.*] And that is the Reason now, for I saw a Cat at that Door this Minute, ———'Tis rather to avoid the old Cat's scratching her, by the by tho'. [*Aside.*]

*Self.* She's a coming to herself; *Lucinda*, speak to me, Child, how dost thou do?

*Luc.* Oh! Oh!—Oh!

*Oct.* How do you do, Madam?

*Luc.* [*Shakes her Head, but answers nobody.*]

*Sir Toby.* How does my Chicken? ha!

*Luc.* [*Shakes her Head again.*]

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*Bell.* Speak to us, Cousin, how do you do? Oh! dear Uncle, I fear she can't speak.

*Self.* Not speak! I'd rather she shou'd lose all the rest of her Senses. Speak to me, Child.

*Luc.* [*Shakes her Head, and points to her Mouth.*]

*Sir Toby.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! dumb, why she can't say after the Parson; what an Inundation of Mischief's here?

*Enter Mr. Tickletext.*

*Tickle.* What's the matter, Mr. *Selfwill*, is not your Daughter well?

*Self.* Not very well, Mr. *Tickletext*, she has an Antipathy against a Cat, and it seems one look'd into the Room just now and made her faint away.

*Tickle.* Why truly one may observe a great deal from Sympathy and Antipathy; but pray what did you send for me for, Mr. *Selfwill*?

*Oct.* Only to say Grace, that the Lady and Sir *Toby* might fall too; but you have staid so long, Mr. Parson, that the Lady's Stomach is gone.

*Sir Toby.* You are very satyrical upon your Friends, Mr. *Octavio*; but I hope her Stomach will come again, as you call it tho'.

*Self.* Or I'll make her eat against her Stomach, I can tell her that.

*Bell.* Ay, but Uncle, that seldom digests well, and what don't digest will throw the Body into a Fever.

*Self.* Does it so, Mrs. Quack.—Do ye hear, I suspect a Trick. [*Aside to Belliza.*]

*Tickle.* If the Lady be not well you had best defer it till to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

*Self.* No, Sir, there's a Necessity of having it done to-night.

*Bell.* What, tho' my Cousin can't speak, Uncle?

*Self.* Hold your Tongue, you Jade you; if she can't speak she shall make Signs.

*Tickle.* What! can't the Lady speak? Nay, then I'll have no hand in the Business; I do not think I can justify it, when I don't know if the Parties are willing.

*Self.* The Parties are willing.—Sir *Toby*, are you not willing to marry my Daughter?

*Sir Toby.* 'Tis what I design.

*Self.*

*Self.* And is she not my Child, have not I a right to dispose of her as I please?—I say she shall have him; and if she can't speak, I'll answer for her myself.

*Tickle.* Truly, Mr *Selfwill*, I must beg your Pardon, I'll not do it.

*Self.* Then, Sir, [*Taking off his Hat*] you may let it alone, I'll have those that will; and, Sir, if you won't do my Business, I have no Business with you, there lies the Door.——The Obstinacy of Women and Priests would confound the Patience of any Man,

*Tickle.* With all my Heart, Gentlemen your Servant. [*Exit.*]

*Bell.* Lord, Lord, Uncle, why should you affront the Gentleman, because he has more Conscience than you?

*Self.* Huffy, hold your Tongue. [*Holds up his Cane.*] Was ever Man thus plagued?

*Sir Toby.* Truly, Mr. *Selfwill*, I think 'tis better to defer it till to-morrow, as Mr. *Tickletext* says.

*Self.* But do you think what may be the Consequences of it, *Sir Toby*?

*Sir Toby.* That's true, but no matter, I'll fit up with her, and then let him come if he dares.——How do you, my dear? [*They stand about Lucinda.*]

*Os.* Madam, shall I never see you at *Bellmie's* Lodgings again? [*Aside to Belliza.*]

*Bell.* I believe not, Sir.

*Os.* Why then I know what I know.

*Bell.* Pray what's that, Sir?

*Os.* You'll see me very often at yours, that's all; for I find by the beating of my Pulse, the Motion of my Brain, and the heaving of my Heart, I am very far gone in that dangerous Distemper called Love, and you are the only Physician can save my Life.

*Bell.* You had best not trust to my Skill, for I am but a Quack, as my Uncle says; but I suppose your Condition is not desperate.

*Os.* I shan't die this Minute, Madam, I hope Heaven will let me serve my Friendere I make my Exit, and then the Parson shall truss me up as soon as you please: I must straight to *Bellmie*, and let him know how Affairs stand. I hope *Lucinda* does but counterfeit this Silence.

*Bell*, I hope so too ; I believe 'tis in *Bellmie's* Power to make her speak again ; hush, we are observed.

*Sir Toby*. Ah ! Mr. *Octavio*, you know a pretty Woman, I find.

*Oct*. Ay, I thank Heaven, I have all my Senses, *Sir Toby*, and he that has, must own this Lady claims that Title ; but how does your Mistress, *Sir Toby* ?

*Sir Toby*. Faith, dumb, dumb still, I wou'd give five hundred pounds that she cou'd speak.

*Self*. And I five hundred more.

*Oct*. You had best put it in the Courant, by that Means you'll have the Assistance of the most able Men in the Kingdom.

*Self*. I'll do it this Minute.——Here, carry her to her Chamber : Sir, I am your humble Servant.

*Oct*. Sir, your humble Servant ; *Sir Toby* I am yours, I hope the Lady will recover. [Exeunt severally.]

The S C E N E changes to the Street.

Enter *Martin's Wife*.

*Wife*. Which Way shall I be reveng'd on my Husband, a Woman always has it in her Power to be revenged one Way ; but I wou'd pay him in his own Coin.

Enter one of *Selfwill's Footmen* going to the Printer's.

*Servant*. Pray, good Woman, whereabouts lives the Printer that prints the Courant ?

*Wife*. At the Post-house at *Temple-Bar* ; pray, Sir, what News are you going to put into the Courant, any Robberies or Murders committed ?

*Serv*. No, good Woman, I am going to put a Reward of five hundred Pounds, for any Man that can restore my young Mistress to her Speech again.

*Wife*. A good Hint. [Aside.] —Pray, Sir, who do you belong to ?

*Serv*. Mr. *Selfwill*.

*Wife*. Good lack-a-day, is his Daughter taken dumb, do you say ?

*Serv*. 'Tis too true indeed.

*Wife*. I know a Man can cure him if he will, but you'll have much ado to persuade him to it ; he has prodigious Skill,



and to my Knowledge has done wonderful Cures, even to the raising the Dead ; but there is but one Way to make him own his Knowledge, for to look at him you wou'd not think he knew a Pig from a Dog, as we may say.

*Serv.* Say you so ; what is he, pray ?

*Wife.* Nay, but a poor Man neither, he's a Faggot-maker, but a seventh Son, and as I tell you, he can do it if he will.

*Serv.* Why sure five hundred Pounds will tempt him then.

*Wife.* No, nothing will tempt him, for he never takes any Money for what he does ; but I can tell you how you shall make him own himself a Doctor.

*Serv.* How is it pray ? — Egad I shall be a rich Man, for I'll keep the Money to myself. [*Afide.*]

*Wife.* Why you must beat him foundly, or he'll not own any thing of the Matter ; try first with good Words, but I know that will be to no purpose ; but you may try however, you'll find him in the Wood-yard binding of Faggots. I'd advise you to make what haste you can, for I can assure you he is a Man of wondrous Skill, but be sure don't spare his Bones till he confesses it.

*Serv.* I'll warrant you I'll make him confess it with a Devil to him, if beating will do it. [*Exit.*]

*Wife.* So now shall I have sufficient Revenge ;  
The old Law says give Eye for Eye,  
And Tooth for Tooth restore ;  
Then beat him well for beating me,  
And I desire no more. [*Exit.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE a Wood-yard, Martin singing, binding of Faggots, with his Bag and Bottle by him.

*Enter two Servants.*

*1st Serv.* THIS must be he.

*2d Serv.* He looks more like a Gold-finder than a Doctor—— Come, let's speak to him.

*1st Serv.* Speed your Work, honest Man.

*Mart*

*Mart.* Thank you, thank ye, Friend [Sings on.]  
 [Martin seeing them come near him, removes his Bag  
 and Bottle on t'other Side.]

*2d Serv.* We are come upon earnest Business to you, Sir.  
 [They go on the other Side, he moves his Bag and  
 Bottle again.]

*Mart.* I don't like your Business, you look as if you  
 were sharp set. [Aside.] From who, pray?  
 [One goes on one Side, and the t'other on the other; he  
 moves his Bag and Bottle between his Legs.]

*1st Serv.* From Mr. Self-will.

*Mart.* Ha, about Faggots, I suppose; I promise you  
 there is not better in *England*, than what I sell.

*2d Serv.* No, Sir, he has heard of your wondrous  
 Skill.

*Mart.* Ay, Master, I defy any Man in *England* to make  
 better.

*2d Serv.* He has heard, I say——

*Mart.* Ay, Master, he has heard, I suppose, that mine  
 are two Shillings better in an hundred, than any he can  
 buy.

*2d Serv.* That you have great Skill——

*Mart.* In Faggot-making; why truly not to praise my-  
 self too much, I'll bind a Faggot with any Man in the  
 Queen's Dominions, be he what he will.

*2d Serv.* In Physick, Sir.

*Mart.* Ha! what a Pox does he mean?——Egad I'll  
 not understand him. [Aside.]

*1st Serv.* And desires you'd let him have——

*Mart.* Them as cheap as I can——that I will I pro-  
 mise you.

*1st Serv.* Give him your best——

*Mart.* That I will too, Master:—But then he must give  
 the best Price: Here's a Faggot now, do ye see, a hun-  
 dred of them Faggots are twelve Shillings, and I'll sell him  
 an hundred of these for ten; now perhaps you may like  
 these as well as them, but there's a great deal of Diffe-  
 rence.

*1st Serv.* Zounds, will you hear what we have to say  
 to you?

*Mart.* Ay, Master, give me leave to deal honestly with  
 you, I don't sell for once, but hope to keep your Custom;  
 do

do ye see, Master, there's great Difference between dry Wood and fallow Wood.

*1st Serv.* My Master desires you to come along with us

*Mart.* I can't tell how to spare so much Time, Master, except you are certain he will give me my Price ; for I won't abate a Farthing of what I told you, take them or leave them.

[*Sits down again and sings.*]

*2d Serv.* This is the Devil of a Doctor, — Sir, I say we don't come about —

*Mart.* I have set you the last Price, Masters, I'll promise you.

*2d Serv.* I say —

*Mart.* Ay, say what you please, Master, but I can't abate a Penny.

*1st Serv.* We don't come about Faggots, my Master's Daughter is stricken dumb, and he is inform'd you have very great Skill in physical Operations, therefore he has sent for you, and if you can restore her to her Speech, he'll give you five hundred Pounds.

*Mart.* Ha ! I smell a Rat, they want to have me in their Clutches to reward me for my Oranges ; but I shall fail them.

[*Aside.*]

*2d Serv.* What say you, Sir ?

*Mart.* Alas ! Master, I don't know what to say, you are pleased to be merry, I find ; I a Doctor ! ha, ha, ha !

*1st Serv.* Nay, we are in earnest, I'll assure you, therefore pray don't put us to the Trouble of using you roughly ; for upon my Word, tho' I know how to make you comply, I wou'd much rather you should confess it by fair Means

*Mart.* Confess what, Sir ?

*2d Serv.* That you are a Doctor, Sir : We have heard what wondrous Cures you have done, tho' your Modesty won't let you own it ; but pray, Sir, don't stand to dispute, but come along with us.

*Mart.* Cures ! ha, ha, ha ! you certainly have mistaken the Man ; why do I look as if I was a Doctor ?

*1st Serv.* 'Tis no Matter what you look like, Sir, we know you are one, therefore pray come along, or we shall make you.

*Mart.*

38 LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE: Or,

*Mart.* Ay, you may make me go along with you, if you will, but you'll never make a Doctor of me I can tell you.

*2d Serv.* Nor you won't own it?

[Slaps him over the Back.

*Mart.* Own what, Gentlemen, what do you mean?

*1st Serv.* To make you confess. [Strikes him.

*Mart.* What must I confess?

*2d Serv.* Your Skill.

*Mart.* Skill, Gentlemen! I confess all the Skill I have is in Faggot-making, in good faith, Masters.

*1st Serv.* We shall make you alter your Note, Mr. Faggot-maker, ere we have done with you.

[Both beat him.

*Mart.* Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I am——

*2d Serv.* Oh! have we found the Way to make you speak Truth.

*Mart.* But a Faggot-maker—— [Looking pitifully.

*1st Serv.* Again at your Shifts; we were told indeed that you must be soundly beaten, ere you wou'd own it.

[They beat him soundly.

*Martin.* Oh! hold, hold, I am a Doctor, Gentlemen, I beg your Pardons.

*2d Serv.* Sir, your humble Servant; now we honour you, be pleas'd to be cover'd Sir.

*Mart.* By no Means, Sir.

*2d Serv.* O! by all Means, Sir, pray put on your Hat.

*Mart.* Sir, your humble Servant, Sir: [Comically.] Pray what Distemper has your young Lady, Sir?

*2d Serv.* She's dumb, Sir.

*Mart.* Dumb! good lack, good lack —— I wish my Wife was so. [Aside.

*2d Serv.* She was struck dumb, just as she was going to be married to Sir *Toby Doubtful*; and they were forced to put off the Marriage, because she cou'd not say after the Parson.

*Mart.* Say you so, a very hard Case truly.—— This may be a very lucky Hit for my Master *Bellmie*; for I suspect she's not dumb in earnest. [Aside.

*2d Serv.* Well, Sir, do you think you can do her any good?

*Mart.* Why, Masters, I'll use my Endeavours, since you

you have got the Secret out, I'll assure you ; and I don't question but to bring her to her Speech again.

*1st Serv.* Say you so, Sir, pray come along quickly then.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *Selfwill's House.*

*Lucinda on a Couch, with Belliza by her.*

*Bell.* And how long do you design to be dumb, Cousin ?

*Luc.* Till I can speak to the Purpose.

*Bell.* That is, till you can get *Bellmie*, or discard the old Man. Well, this Love's a desperate Business.

*Luc.* As desperate as 'tis, Cousin, I find you are not frighten'd at the Apprehension of it.

*Bell.* What do you mean ?

*Luc.* Nay, what do you mean by hiding your Desires from me ?

*Bell.* Desires ! what Desires prithee ?

*Luc.* What ! you think I don't see you are in Love with *Bellmie's* Friend ! Don't you remember how warmly you asserted his Innocence this Morning, when he traduc'd *Bellmie*, and but now you confess'd he ly'd in every Syllable.

*Bell.* And will you infer from that, I love him ?

*Luc.* Come, come, Cousin, we never stickie up for the Person we don't care for.

*Bell.* Well then, *Lucinda*, to be ingenuous, I do like *Ottavio* above all Men living, I can't tell why,—but methinks there is something in his Humour so very agreeable, that did he like me as well, I cou'd be content to say those three dismal Words, Love, Honour, and Obey.

*Luc.* Well, Cousin, I'm glad to find you'll bear me Company ; if Fortune should smile once again, I'll warrant you *Ottavio* won't forsake his Friend, and so fair a Fortune ; but here comes my Father, now to my Couch.

[*Runs and lies down.*

*Enter Selfwill and Martin.*

*Self.* How dost thou, Child ? speak to me if thou can'st ?

[*She shakes her Head.*

*Bell.* Indeed, Uncle, I have try'd all the Ways I cou'd think on to make her speak to me, but to no Purpose.

—Ha !

—Ha! if I'm not mistaken, that is the same Fellow that brought the Oranges to-day, I suspect she'll quickly speak were but my Uncle removed. *[Aside.]*

*Self.* Good luck! Well, Mr. Doctor, you see what a Condition she's in, if you can restore her to her Speech, I'll give you what you'll ask.

*Mart.* I don't doubt it, Sir.——Pray, Madam, open your Mouth. *[She opens.]* Very well——Let me feel your Pulse; in a very low Condition truly. Sir, I must desire every body to avoid the Room; for I never work any of these Cures before any but my Patients, and you must bring me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and be sure you shut the Doors fast, and for your Life don't let any body approach within twenty Feet of the Door.

*[In a very grave Tone.]*

*Bell.* So——now I see my Suspicion is true—Sure, Doctor, you design to conjure for her Speech.

*Mart.* Not at all, Madam, but I have a particular Method, and it is not safe for any body to be near.

*Bell.* I am gone, pray Heaven your Design prospers.

*[Exit.]*

*Self.* But Doctor, may I not stay in the Room, I'll not look towards you.

*Mart.* By no Means, Sir,——I tell you, if any Person is in the Room the Charm will be of no Effect.

*Self.* Say you so, Sir? well then I'm gone,——but I'm resolv'd to watch which Way this Fellow does this Miracle, it must be by the Devil certainly; I have a Window in my Chamber looks into this, whence I may see all that's done. *[Aside.]* Well, Doctor, I'll pray for you that your Undertaking may prosper, I'll send you Pen, Ink, and Paper immediately. *[Exit.]*

*Mart.* Pray do, Sir.——Now if she shou'd really be dumb—Egad I'll try. *[Aside.]* What wou'd my Master Bellmie give to be in my Place, Madam.

*Luc.* Ha! Bellmie! are not you he that was here with Oranges?

*Mart.* I am, Madam.——Ho, ho, it is as I suppos'd. *[Aside.]*

*Enter one with Pen, Ink, &c.*

*Mart.* And go, go, go, be gone quickly. *[Exit Servant.]*  
Ah! Madam, if you had taken that Letter.

*Luc.* I wish I had ; but hark ye, did you never live with *Bellmie* ?

*Mart.* Yes, Madam, when he first courted you ; my Name is *Martin* ; but Poverty and Labour, Madam, has almost defac'd me in the Memory of every body ; but Madam, we must be quick, pray take this Paper and write to my Master, who is almost driven to Despair, to hear of this sad Accident.

*Luc.* Give it me quickly ; but pray, which Way got you Credit with my Father to pass upon him for a Doctor ?

*Self.* Certainly they talk, I can't hear what they say tho'.

*[Appears at a Window.*

*Mart.* By Inspiration, I think ; for how I came to be taken for a Doctor I don't know ; all I know is, that I was forced hither out of the Field, by two of your Father's Men, perhaps they mistook me for another ; but they were very importunate, as my poor Back and Shoulders can testify, for I am almost beaten to a Jelly.

*[Sbrugs his Shoulders.*

*Luc.* Alas ! poor Fellow, there's a Guinea for thee ; certainly this must be a lucky Omen——Well, I'll give you a Letter immediatly.

*[Writes.*

*Self.* They certainly talk, but if I'm not mistaken, she's a writing too ; pray Heaven this ben't some Fiend, and my Child making a Contract with the Devil ; I'll step down and try whether the Devil or I are most cunning.

*Luc.* There, I have done.

*Enter Selfwill behind her, and snatches the Paper from her.*

*Self.* Have you so ?

*Luc.* Oh Lord !

*Mart.* Ha ! Nay then a clear Stage for the Doctor.

*[Exit.*

*Self.* What's this ?

*[Reads.*

*My dear, dear Bellmie, it is impossible for me to express the Joy I feel, at finding you constant when I least thought you so ; let me beg of you to suspend your Fears, for I am not dumb, only counterfeit it as the last Remedy to prevent my barbarous Father's Designs, who was resolutely bent to marry me that Moment ; and be assur'd I'll never give my Hand to any but thyself ; therefore be certain of the Heart of*

*Your Lucinda.*

*Oh*

Oh brave! — Barbarous Father! — hum! — You impudent, audacious, treacherous Slut! — Huffy, I'll marry you to my Scullion, I will, Huffy, if I please; counterfeited with a Pox, I'll counterfeit you; I'll yerke the fullen Devil out of you, I will so.

*Enter Belliza.*

*Bell.* Bless me, Uncle, what's the matter?

*Self.* I'll tell you what's the matter by and by, if you vex me; where's this Rogue, this cozening Dog, this is the same Fellow, I believe, that brought the Devil in an Orange, but I'll send him to the Devil I warrant him.

[*Exit.*

*Bell.* Well, Cousin, I over-heard all, what will you do now? — he'll certainly force you immediately.

*Luc.* I have but one Card left to play, if that fails I'm lost.

*Enter Selfwill again.*

*Self.* He has made his Escape, a Dog; but if ever I catch him — Well, Mistress, I hope your Tongue is in Readiness, — here's Sir *Toby*; one Denial, do ye hear, and you had better be hang'd.

*Luc.* On my Knees, Sir, I beg your Pardon. — And since I see nothing will persuade you to the contrary, I submit freely to your Pleasure.

*Self.* So, that's well said.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

*Self.* Joy, Sir *Toby*, my Daughter speaks again.

*Sir Toby.* Then I am a happy Man; Madam, your most humble Servant. [Salutes her.

*Self.* Well, I'll to the Parson, Sir *Toby*; Cousin, in the mean Time do you dress the Bride; adad I'll have a Dance ere I sleep yet. [Exit.

*Sir Toby.* Well, my dear, we shall be very happy, you shall never refuse me any thing, and I'll do just what I please with you; we may toy, and play, and kifs, — and — ha! from the Head to the Foot, for I am Master of all; methinks I see your pretty Eyes, half closed languishing thus, and your ruby Lips like a Rose-bud just opening, and distilling a moist Dew upon mine: Ha!

your



your pretty Ears fuck'd to a Vermillion Colour, your Alabaſter Neck, and thoſe two pretty Bubbies;—and you—in fine, all your Perſon is at my Diſcretion, and I at my own to careſs you as I pleaſe. Ha! my Girl, does not this pleaſe you? ha!

*Bell.* O my Conſcience, the old Man's in a Rapture. [*Aſide.*

*Luc.* O! extremely, *Sir Toby*; for my Father's rigid Severity has made me almoſt weary of my Life, I am ſtark mad for my Liberty; for my Part I never loved *Bellmie* only with a Deſign to get away from my Father, and his gay Humour promiſed me I ſhou'd follow my own; but I'd as live have you as him, or any body elſe, ſo I get but out of my Father's Jurisdiction.

*Sir Toby.* How! how! was that all?

*Luc.* Poſitively, which I hope to Heaven will quickly be; now I'll prepare for Diſverſion, and retrieve the Time I've loſt; you muſt promiſe me one thing, *Sir Toby*.

*Sir Toby.* What's that, Madam?

*Luc.* To let me have a Houſe, or very good Lodgings about *St. James's*.

*Sir Toby.* About *St. James's*?

*Bell.* Oh! by all Means, *Sir Toby*, all People of Breeding, and Faſhion, live at that End of the Town.

*Luc.* Eſpecially the Company that I ſhall moſt covet.

*Sir Toby.* But *St. James's* is quite out of my Way of Buſineſs; for that lies at the Exchange you know.

*Bell.* Better ſtill, *Sir Toby*, for you may keep Lodgings in the City, and viſit your Wife every Saturday Night, and ſtay till Monday, true Citizen like, you know.

*Sir Toby.* Why, what do you think I deſign to lie with my Wife but once a Week than?

*Luc.* Once a Week! I wou'd not for the World bed with you oftener; why 'tis not the Faſhion, *Sir Toby*; and I aſſure you when I marry I hope to be my own Miſtreſs, and follow my own Inclination, which will carry me to the utmoſt Pinnacle of the Faſhion.

*Sir Toby.* Humh! ——— that is as much as to ſay, the Faſhion is for Ladies to cuckold their Huſbands; and for the better effecting of it, they'd find Pretence for lying alone. [*Aſide.*

*Bell.* You look like a very gallant Gentleman, *Sir Toby*.

*Sir Toby.*

*Sir Toby.* I believe if she takes your Counsel, I shall soon look like a Beast. [Aside.]

*Luc.* Ay, that knows how a Woman shou'd live; I'm certain you are not one of those ill-natur'd Husbands, who expect to keep their Wives like Melons under Glasses; I believe we shall agree the best in the World.

*Sir Toby.* Asunder I believe it must be then. [Aside.]

*Bell.* She'll distract the old Fellow presently. [Aside.]  
And then, *Sir Toby*, you must alter your Livery, and give a lac'd one, for grey turn'd up with blue looks so like a Country Squire. Ha, ha, ha!

*Luc.* One thing more I had like to have forgot, I must have a French Chariot positively; for I wou'd not give a Farthing for a Chariot, if it ben't a French one.

*Sir Toby.* French! egad I wou'd not have a Nail about my Coach that's French, for the Wealth of the East-India Company. French Chariot! say ye? Zouns, Madam, do ye take me for a Jacobite? ha!

*Bell.* Oh Lord! he'll beat us by and by. [Aside.]  
——No, no, *Sir Toby*, Gentlemen may follow the French Fashions, nay, sup with a Frenchman, yet be no Jacobite.

*Sir Toby.* I say 'tis a Lie, and I'll keep no French Chariot.

*Luc.* You'll at least keep six Horses, *Sir Toby*, for I wou'd not make a Tour in Hyde-Park with less for the World; for methinks a pair looks like a Hackney.

*Sir Toby.* Zouns this Woman will undo me. [Aside.]

*Luc.* For my Part I hate Solitude, Churches, and Prayers.

*Bell.* So do I directly; for except St. *James's* Church, one scarce sees a well drest Man, or ever receives a Bow from any thing above one's Mercer.

*Sir Toby.* Why what a World of Religion our Ladies have; why do you go to Church to pay and receive Bows pray?

*Bell.* Not absolutely on purpose, *Sir Toby*; but she that has no Reverence from a Crowd, is look'd upon as an obscure Person, than which there cannot be a greater Affront; for the Pleasure of living now-a-days, is to be known and talk'd of.

Sir *Toby*. And I'm mistaken if you'll not give Cause enough for Talk. [*Aside.*]

*Luc*. For my part I love the Park, Plays—Oh Heavens! what ails you Sir? Your Countenance is chang'd.

Sir *Toby*. 'Tis only Vapours——my Head is giddy a little.

*Bell*. Ha, ha, ha!

*Luc*. Oh! 'tis a Disease that afflicts Abundance of People; —— but our Marriage, I hope, will dissipate that. I'll fetch you some cold Water, Sir *Toby*.

Sir *Toby*. No, no, it will off again.—Mercy upon me, what a Judgment have I escap'd! [*Aside.*]

*Luc*. Well, Sir *Toby*, I'll in and dress, my Father and the Parson will be here presently——Come Cousin, if this has not put Marriage out of his Head, Heaven help *Lucinda*. [*Aside.*]

*Bell*. 'Tis the maddest Method I e'er knew put in Practice.

Sir *Toby*. The Devil take him that stays for their coming. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE *the Street.*

*Enter Bellmie, Octavio, and Martin.*

*Bellm*. Was there ever a more promising Prospect so cursedly cross'd?

*Oct*. Never certainly, yet you are happy in being beloved; Fortune will at last crown your Wishes, *Bellmie*, she cannot always be severe; it is her Property to change, you know, therefore cheer up.

*Bellm*. O that I had a thousand Men to fight for her Sake, they shou'd one after another fall, or I'd be freed from this cursed Pain of Wishing. I have no Hopes now, there's no Way left to get Possession of her.——I'll fire his House about his Ears.

*Oct*. That may endanger her——ha! who comes here, Sir *Toby*? Do you slip aside, for he does not know that I know you.

*Bellm*. I wish he was as young as I am, that I might take an honourable Revenge on him.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

Sir *Toby*. Pox on't, I find I love this Woman, tho' if I marry her, I'm certain to be a Cuckold.

*Oct.* Sir *Toby*, your Servant, well met, I was just going to look for you, a Jeweller of my Acquaintance tells me you were enquiring for a Diamond Ring, to present your Lady with, he says he has one of the finest in *England*, and desires me to introduce him.

Sir *Toby*. Mr. *Octavio*, I thank you; but I have no Occasion for it at present.

*Oct.* How! not at present! why you'll give it her before you marry her, won't you?

Sir *Toby*. But I don't know whether I shall marry her or no; I wish I were in *France* now, for there's wise Men, and learned Men, that wou'd resolve one a Question immediately.

*Oct.* A good Hint——Why, Sir *Toby*, if you have any Question depending on Philosophy or Astrology, here's one of the most ingenious Fellows in *France* now in Town, I came over in the same Ship with him.

Sir *Toby*. Say you so, Sir? pray can you bring me to him?

*Oct.* My Servant shall shew you, or he shall be at my Lodging in a Quarter of an Hour: I wou'd wait on you myself, Sir *Toby*, was I not to help a Friend away with his Mistress, a friendly Office, you know.

Sir *Toby*. Ay, ay, Sir, so it is; well, Sir, I'll be at your Lodgings in that Time, you'll give Order to your Man. I'll know I'm resolv'd, whether this be only her Humour, or if I shall be a Cuckold or not. [Exit.

Bellmie appears.

*Bellm.* I over-heard all; but what a Pox does he want a wife Man for?

*Oct.* I know not, but guess it is something about *Lucinda*; what think you of personating the wife Man I promised to introduce him to? if it don't absolutely prevent, it may at least defer the Marriage.

*Bellm.* With all my Heart.

*Oct.* Come, let's to my Lodgings, where you shall equip yourself ready to receive him. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to* Lucinda's Apartments.

*Enter* Lucinda and Belliza.

*Bell.* **I**'My Conscience this is the maddest Frolick I ever saw, why thou hast almost thrown the old Man into Convulsions; I dare swear thou hast frighted Matrimony out of his Head.

*Luc.* I hope so, or he'll fright me out of my Wits.

*Bell.* Nay, if he ventures on you after this, you need never fear his being jealous.

*Luc.* I doubt I shall give him Cause enough, if he has not the Grace to take Warning.——But hush, here's my Father.

*Enter* Selfwill.

*Self.* Daughter, where's Sir *Toby*?

*Luc.* Gone out, Sir, but he'll not be long, I suppose.

*Self.* Odso, gone out! —— I made account he shou'd have heard the Music practis'd over, which I design'd for your Wedding; for I'll keep a public Wedding, Girl.

*Bell.* 'Tis too late, Uncle, to invite any body to-day, therefore you had as good defer the Wedding till to-morrow, had you not, Uncle?

*Self.* No marry had I not.——Hang Delays, I hate them, she may be married to night, and we may keep the Wedding to-morrow, or next Day, therefore I say it shall be done to-night, I spoke to some of the Singers in the Play-house to be ready if I sent for them, and I gave them an Invitation to my House, and one of them is within already; and Daughter, till Sir *Toby* comes she shall divert you; d'ye hear, desire that Gentlewoman to come in.

*Enter* Mrs. Shaw.

*Self.* Come, Madam, pray oblige us with some of your newest Entertainments. [*She sings.*] Very well, very well, there's five Guineas for you; d'ye see, to-morrow I shall send for you again. Come, my Girl, come along with me, and I'll make you a Present of your Mother's Jewels; thou shalt lose nothing my Girl, by being dutiful, d'ye see.

*Bell.* Nor you get nothing by being obstinate, old Gentleman, if our Plot takes. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Octavio's Lodgings.

*Enter Bellmie like a Philosopher on one Side, seeming to talk to some body within; and Sir Toby and Servants on the other Side.*

*Serv.* That's he, Sir. [Exeunt Servants.]

*Sir Toby.* Very well.

*Bellm.* Go, you are insufferable, a Man fit to be banish'd all learned Conversation. [Looking back.] Yes, I'll maintain it by all the Arguments of Philosophy, that thou art an *Ignoramus*, and ought to be despis'd by all Men of Letters.

*Sir Toby.* He's in a Passion with somebody. — Sir, —  
Sir —

*Bellm.* Thou pretend to argue Reason, and dost not understand the Elements of Reason?

*Sir Toby.* His Anger blinds him, he does not see me. —  
Sir, — Sir, —

*Bellm.* It is a Position to be condemned by all the learned World.

*Sir Toby.* Somebody has vex'd him.

*Bellm.* *Toto cælo, tota via aberras.*

*Sir Toby.* Doctor, I kiss your Hand.

*Bellm.* Your Servant,

*Sir Toby.* May one —

*Bellm.* Dost thou know what thou hast done? [Looking back.] Thou hast committed a Syllogism in Abordo.

*Sir Toby.* I wou'd —

*Bellm.* The Major is insipid, the Minor is impertinent, and the Conclusion ridiculous.

*Sir Toby.* I —

*Bellm.* I'll be hang'd ere I agree to what thou say'st, and I'll hold my Opinion to the last Drop of my Ink.

*Sir Toby.* Doctor, I wou'd —

*Bellm.* Yes, I'll defend that Position, *Pugnis & Cal-cibus, Unguibus & Roastro.*

*Sir Toby.* Mr. Aristotle, pray mayn't one know what puts you into such a Passion?

*Bellm.* A Subject the most just in the World.

*Sir Toby.*

*Sir Toby.* Pray what is it?

*Bellm.* An ignorant Fellow wou'd pretend to ho'd an Argument the most unjust, unsufferable, insupportable—

*Sir Toby.* May one not know what it is?

*Bellm.* Ah! Sir, every thing is turn'd upside down, and the World is corrupted as if there was a Licence for Vice; and the Magistrates who are establish'd to keep good Order, ought to blush for suffering such an intolerable Scandal as this, which I speak of.

*Sir Toby.* But pray what is it?

*Bellm.* Is it not a horrible thing, a thing that cries to Heaven for Vengeance, that it shou'd be said publickly, the Form of a Hat.

*Sir Toby.* How!

*Bellm.* I hold the Figure of a Hat, not the Form, so far, that there's this Difference between the Form and the Figure; the Form is the exterior Disposition of Bodies animate, and the Figure is the exterior Disposition of Bodies inanimate; so that the Hat being inanimate, it must be said the Figure, not the Form; yes, thou ignorant Blockhead, this is the Way you must talk, and this is the Term that *Aristotle* expresses in the Chapter of Qualities.

[*Looking back.*]

*Sir Toby.* Is this all?—why I thought you had lost all you have in the World; don't mind this, think no more on't, Doctor.

*Bellm.* I am so mad I hardly know myself.

*Sir Toby.* Oh! lay aside the Form and Figure of the Hat, I have something else to communicate to you, I—

*Bellm.* Impertinent Blockhead! [Looking back.]

*Sir Toby.* Pray, Sir, contain yourself, I—

*Bellm.* Ignorant!

*Sir Toby.* Oh gad! I—

*Bellm.* To pretend to hold an Argument of this Kind.

*Sir Toby.* He is in the wrong indeed,—I—

*Bellm.* Expressly an Opinion condemned by *Aristotle*.

*Sir Toby.* Yes, you are in the right, and he's a Fool, an impudent Fellow to pretend to argue with a Doctor of your Knowledge, but there's an End of that Matter: I desire you to hear me; I am come to consult you about an Affair that troubles me a little; I have a Design to take me a Wife to keep me Company; the Person d'ye see, is handsome, well shap'd, and I like her very well, and she

is over-joy'd to marry me, and her Father has given me his Consent; but I'm afraid of you know what, the common Misfortune that attends married Men; so that I wou'd desire you as a wise Man, and gifted with Knowledge of the Stars, to tell me your Opinion, and give me your Advice upon it.

*Bellm.* Rather than it shall be allow'd to be the Form of a Hat, I'd sooner allow *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, or that I am an Ass.

*Sir Toby.* Plague on this Man. [*Aside.*] Pray, Doctor, hear People a little when they speak to you; I have been a talking to you this Hour, and you don't answer me one Word to the Purpose.

*Bellm.* I beg your Pardon, I have such Reason to be angry, that I'm not myself yet.

*Sir Toby.* Pho—let all that alone, and pray hear me.

*Bellm.* Well, I will,—pray what wou'd you say to me?

*Sir Toby.* I wou'd speak to you about some serious Business.

*Bellm.* What Tongue wou'd you use with me?

*Sir Toby.* What Tongue!

*Bellm.* Ay.

*Sir Toby.* Why the Tongue I have in my Head, I shan't borrow my Neighbour's.

*Bellm.* Ay, but what Idiom, what Language I mean?

*Sir Toby.* Ho, that's another thing.

*Bellm.* Will you talk to me in Italian?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* In Spanish?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* In High-Dutch?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* In French?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* Latin?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* Greek?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* Hebrew?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* In Syriac?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.* In Turkish?

*Sir Toby.* No.

*Bellm.*



*Bellm.* Arabick?

*Sir Toby.* No, no, no, no, English.

*Bellm.* Ho! in English——very well.——Then come on t'other Side, for this Ear is kept only for Strangers, and the other for our Mother Tongue.

*Sir Toby.* Here's a great deal of Ceremony with these People. [*Aside.*]

*Bellm.* Well, what wou'd you ask now?

*Sir Toby.* I told you before, Sir, but I perceive you did not mind me, why I wou'd consult you upon a little Difficulty.

*Bellm.* A Difficulty in Philosophy without Doubt.

*Sir Toby.* Excuse me, I——

*Bellm.* Perhaps you wou'd know if the Substance and Accident, are Terms synonimous or equivocal, in regard of their Being.

*Sir Toby.* Not at all, I wou'd——

*Bellm.* If Logick be an Art or Science.

*Sir Toby.* No nor that, I——

*Bellm.* Whether it has three Operations of the Mind, or the third only.

*Sir Toby.* No, I——

*Bellm.* If there is ten Categories, or if there be but one.

*Sir Toby.* Neither, I——

*Bellm.* If the Conclusion be of the Essence, or of the Syllogism.

*Sir Toby.* No, no, no, no.

*Bellm.* If the Good be reciprocal with the End.

*Sir Toby.* Zouns, no——

[*Stamps.*]

*Bellm.* If the End can move us by a real Being, or by an intentional Being.

*Sir Toby.* No, no; by the Devil and all his Imps, no.

*Bellm.* Why then explain your Mind, for I can't guess it.

*Sir Toby.* So I will explain myself, but you won't hear me. I tell you I have a Mind to marry, I have her Father's Consent and hers too, but I'm afraid——

*Bellm.* Words be given to Man to explain his Mind, the Mind is the Picture of Things, as our Words are the Pictures of our Meaning; but these Pictures differ from all other Pictures, insomuch as other Pictures are distinguish'd by their Originals; and the Word keeps in itself the original Being, that it is nothing else but the Mind ex-

plained by some exterior Sign or Motion ; whence it comes that those who think well talk the better ; explain then your Mind by your Words, which is the most intelligible of all the Signs.

Sir *Toby*. A Pox take you and all your Signs and Figures ; get in and be damn'd, get in. [*Pushes him in.*

*Enter Octavio.*

*Oct.* Ha, ha, ha.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Toby*. Oh ! Mr. *Octavio*, are you come ? Pox take your learned Man here, he won't hear one Word a Man has to say to him ; I never was so plagu'd in all my Life, phugh,——

[*Walks about in a Heat.*

*Oct.* I just heard his Character, Sir *Toby*, and came to your Relief ; faith I had but small Acquaintance with him, as I told you before, only coming over in the same Ship with him : but I have heard of another, a very sober discreet Person, they say, if you please you may consult him, he lodges at the Sign of the Globe in the next Street ; I have a little Business at present, or I'd wait on you, Sir *Toby*, I hope you'll excuse me.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Toby*. Sir, your Servant.—A Pox on' this Fellow, I shan't be myself again this Hour, yet I'm resolv'd to hear what t'other says ; for if there is any Possibility of escaping Cuckoldom, I wou'd marry this Girl.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Octavio and Bellmie.*

*Oct.* Excellently well performed, *Bellmie* ; why you cant learnedly, and wou'd make an admirable Fortune-teller, ha ! thou'rt an handsome Fellow, and wou'd have all the Ladies Customs.

*Bellm.* Pox take this old Dog, he has put me quite out of Breath, I had much ado to forbear laughing.

*Oct.* Nor I ; but come let's consider who shall personate the other learned Man ; what think you of doing it yourself ?

*Bellm.* With all my Heart.

*Oct.* You must alter your Dress then, and represent a Man whose Temper and Principles are just opposite to all you did just now ; seem to doubt every thing, and be positive in nothing, d'ye hear ?

*Bellm.* I'll warrant you, let me alone for cross Purposes.

*Oct.* Come, you must about it immediately ; in the mean time I'll go and tell Mr. *Selfwill*, Sir *Toby* wou'd speak with him at the Globe ; I'll be sure to get him abroad, then do as we agreed on.

[*Exeunt.*

*The*

*The SCENE Selfwill's House.*

*Enter Selfwill, Lucinda, and Belliza.*

*Self.* I can't imagine where Sir *Toby* is gone, I wonder he shou'd go out of the Way, when he knew I was gone for the Parson.

*Bell.* It is not very civil truly.

*Luc.* I hope he'll never come again.

[*Aside.*

*Enter Octavio.*

*Oct.* Ladies, your humble Servant. Mr. *Selfwill*, Sir *Toby* humbly begs your Pardon, he met with some Friends that detain him against his Will, at the Globe, where he desires you'd meet him; and he also begs the Favour of this Lady to give me leave to wait on her to the Church, where he'll meet her instantly; for what Reason I know not, but he says he's resolv'd not to be married out of a Church, which I believe was the Cause of his going away.

*Self.* Nay, if that be all, with all my Heart.

*Oct.* 'Tis to *Bellmie*, Madam, I conduct you. [*Aside.*

*Self.* D'ye hear, Daughter, let Mr. *Octavio* wait on you, as Sir *Toby* desires: Niece, you'll bear her Company, and see her given away.

*Bell.* But not to the Man you expect, Uncle. [*Aside.*

*Self.* Mr. *Octavio* your Servant.

[*Exit.*

*Oct.* Sir, yours. Now, Madam, if Fortune favours us, *Bellmie* will be happy. [*Turning to Belliza.*] Madam, have you no Charity, how long must I serve ere you reward my Service?

*Bell.* Serve me, Sir! this is the first Moment I knew I had such a Servant; I shall observe with what Diligence you officiate for the future.

*Oct.* For the future! ods life, Madam, what do you mean? If you knew my Constitution half so well as I do, you'd reward me presently; for I have serv'd already, in my Opinion, a Patriarch's Apprenticeship.

*Bell.* Nay, if your Account runs so swiftly, I'm afraid you'll forget you e'er serv'd at all.

*Oct.* No, Madam, bind me fast in Marriage-Bonds, and I shall become as errant a Husband as you'd wish.

*Luc.* The Gentleman promises fair, Cousin; pray try him.

*Bell.* First let me see you disposed of, what that may put into my Head I know not, but I'll promise nothing.

*Oct.* But perform, I hope, as much as those that do;

I'll still hope the best: Come, Ladies, my Friend will be impatient. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *the Globe.*

*Enter Bellmie on one Side, and Sir Toby on the other.*

Sir Toby. Doctor, your Servant.

Bellm. Sir, your very humble Servant; pray what is your Business?

Sir Toby. Ay, this Man is something like, he'll give one leave to speak. [*Aside.*] I am come, Doctor.—

Bellm. Hold, Sir, change, if you please, your Way of talking; our Philosophy teaches never to be positive in any thing, always suspend your Judgment.—By that Rule you must not say you are come, but you believe you are come.

Sir Toby. Believe I am come?

Bellm. Yes.

Sir Toby. I must believe it because it is so.

Bellm. That is not the Consequence, you may believe it to be so, tho' the thing is not true.

Sir Toby. How! what, is it not true that I am come?

Bellm. That's uncertain, and we are to doubt of any thing.

Sir Toby. What! am I here, and don't you talk to me?

Bellm. I believe you are there, and I think I talk to you, but am not certain of it.

Sir Toby. What the Devil, do ye banter me? I am here, and I see you there plain enough, yet there's no Belief in it. Pray let all these Whims alone, and let us talk of our Business, I come to tell you I have a mind to marry.

Bellm. I don't know that.

Sir Toby. Why but I tell you.

Bellm. That may be.

Sir Toby. And the Lady I design for my Wife is young and handsome.

Bellm. That's not impossible.

Sir Toby. Shall I do well or ill to marry her?

Bellm. One or the other.

Sir Toby. Ha! here's another Rogue now. [*Aside.*] I ask you if I shall do well to marry that Lady?

Bellm. According as it proves.

Sir Toby. Shall I do ill?

Bellm. Peradventure.

Sir Toby. Pray, Sir, answer me as you shou'd do.

Bellm. 'Tis my Design.

Sir Toby.

*Sir Toby.* I have a great Inclination for the Maid.

*Bellm.* Not unlikely.

*Sir Toby.* I have her Father's Consent.

*Bellm.* It may be so.

*Sir Toby.* But in marrying her I'm afraid of being a Cuckold.

*Bellm.* It may be done.

*Sir Toby.* May it so, Sir?

*Bellm.* There's no Impossibility.

*Sir Toby.* Did ever any body hear such a cautious Dog? [*Aside.*] But what wou'd you do, if you were in my Place?

*Bellm.* I don't know.

*Sir Toby.* What wou'd you counsel me to do?

*Bellm.* What you please.

*Sir Toby.* You'll make me mad. [*Looking angrily.*

*Bellm.* I wash my Hands of it.

*Sir Toby.* The Devil take him. [*Aside.*

*Bellm.* Look'e Sir, what will happen, will happen.

*Sir Toby.* Pox on this Dog, I'll make you change your Note, I'll warrant you. [*Beats him.*] There's for your Nonsense, now, I'm satisfied.

*Bellm.* What Insolence is this, to strike a Philosopher, a Man of Learning as I am?

*Sir Toby.* Pray, good Doctor, change your Way of talking, you must not be positive in any thing, you must not say I beat you, the most you can say, is that you believe I beat you.

*Bellm.* I'll instantly make my Complaint to a Justice, I'll have Satisfaction for the Blows I received.

*Sir Toby.* I wash my Hands on't.

*Bellm.* I have the Marks upon my Shoulders.

*Sir Toby.* That may be.

*Bellm.* 'Tis you have given me 'em.

*Sir Toby.* That's not impossible.

*Bellm.* I shall have a Warrant for you.

*Sir Toby.* I know nothing of the Matter.

*Bellm.* And you shall make me Satisfaction, or go to Prison.

*Sir Toby.* What will happen, will happen. Ha, ha, ha.

*Bellm.* Ay, let me alone with you. [*Exit.*

*Sir Toby.* The Devil go with you and all such confounded Dogs, one can't get one Word positive from 'em; a

little canting Nonsense, what a Pox do they pretend to Learning for? I knew as much before I came as I do now; what shall I do in this Incertitude? If I marry I shall certainly be a Cuckold, and my Children Bastards.—There must be something in these Fellows Shufflings, for burn 'em they are wise Men when one has said all; and therefore they certainly know I shall be a Cuckold if I marry, but are afraid to tell me so; therefore I will not marry I am resolved, and so I'll go and tell Mr. *Selfwill*. Ha! what, is he come to ask Advice too?

*Enter Selfwill.*

*Sir Toby.* Mr. *Selfwill* your humble Servant, what do you do here?

*Self.* Why! did you not send for me, *Sir Toby*?

*Sir Toby.* Not I, Sir.

*Self.* What! did you not send *Octavio* for me, and order'd him to wait on my Daughter to Church, where you'd meet her.

*Sir Toby.* Upon my Faith, not I. I was just a coming to tell you I have already altered my Design of Marriage, my Years do not suit with Matrimony; and therefore I desire you to dispose of your Daughter to whom you please; I beg your Pardon, but won't marry I'm resolved.

*Self.* How! how's this, *Sir Toby*! Do you make a Fool of my Daughter?

*Sir Toby.* Not I, Mr. *Selfwill*,——nor do I design your Daughter shall make a Cuckold of me.—— [*Aside.*

*Self.* What do you mean by saying you won't marry?

*Sir Toby.* Just as I say, I mean,—I will not marry I tell you.

*Self.* Did you not send for me, say you?——

*Sir Toby.* No, Sir.

*Self.* Nor for my Daughter?

*Sir Toby.* Neither.

*Self.* O Lord! I'm ruin'd, undone. [*Stamps.*] Who is this *Octavio*? *Sir Toby*, you are a Knave; I doubt in my Conscience. I believe you have pretended Love to my Daughter all this while, only to put a Trick upon me.

*Sir Toby.* Have a care what you say, Mr. *Selfwill*; egad I won't take an Affront. [*Holds up his Cane.*

*Enter Bellmie, Octavio, Lucinda and Belliza.*

*Oct.* Hold, Gentlemen, I hope you are not in earnest; *Sir Toby*, I have brought your Bride. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Toby.*

*Sir Toby.* She shall be your Bride if you will, Sir.

*Oct.* Here's a Gentleman has a better Title to her.

*Bellm. and Luc.* Your Blessing, Sir. [*To Selfwill kneeling.*]

*Self.* What the Devil! you are not married, are you?

*Oct.* 'Tis even so, Mr. *Selfwill*.

*Self.* Why then take her, but not a Groat of mine along with her, I'll promise you that; there's five hundred a Year her Grandmother left her, which I can't hinder her of, I wish I cou'd, you shou'd starve together.

*Sir Toby.* Tal, dera, dal, dal, dal; I'm glad I'm shut of her, for if she cou'd steal a Husband, she'd have stole the Devil and all of Gallants. [*Aside.*] But I thought, Mr. *Octavio*, you was my Friend.

*Oct.* So I am, *Sir Toby*; did I not tell you from the first, Marriage wou'd not agree with your Years? ha!

*Sir Toby.* 'Tis very true, Sir, and I thank you for your Care.

*Oct.* Mr. *Selfwill*, Uncle I mean, give me your Hand, and let's be Friends.

*Self.* Uncle! why what, my Daughter did not set your Chops a watering too, did she Niece, ha? I wish you much Joy, if there can come any such thing from the Sex, for I'm in doubt if there can or no; she has a good Fortune, as long as that lasts you may live well enough, and when 'tis spent there's Hedges and Barns in the Country; hang, drown, or starve, I care not. [*Exit.*]

*Oct. and Bellm.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bellm.* Come, my Dear, ——— in me

You shall both Father, Friend, and Husband find,  
I ne'er can want of ought while you are kind.

*Enter Martin and his Wife.*

*Mart.* Sir, I have brought the Music.

*Bellm.* That's well, we'll have a Dance however; but first let me beg one Favour of you, *Sir Toby*.

*Sir Toby.* What's that, Sir?

*Bellm.* Only to forgive this Fellow, and make one in our Diverfion.

*Sir Toby.* Forgive him! why I don't know him.

*Mart.* Not my Person perhaps, *Sir Toby*, but my Parts you do. I am he that sold you Oranges, Master; likewise the Doctor that restor'd this young Lady to her Speech; and this Gentleman, [*Pointing to Bellmie*] by my Ad-

vice personated the two famous Astrologers of whom you enquired your Fortune, whether or no you should be a Cuckold, Master; do you know us now, Sir?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Toby.* A thorough pac'd Rogue,—Why what an Ass have I been made on! [*Aside.*] Hark'e, Sirrah, don't you expect to be hang'd, ye Dog?

*Mart.* I am married, Sir.

*Sir Toby.* You are married! why then, may the Curse of Cuckoldom light on thee, or what's worse, the Fear of it. Good-by to you all. [*Exit.*]

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*All laugh.*]

*Bellm.* Well, *Martin*, your Wife and you shall live with me for the future, but you shall beat her no more.

*Wife.* Nay, I'm pretty even with him, Sir, for I put him off for a Doctor, and got him well drub'd into the Bargain.

*Off.* A very cunning Stratagem; but come, let the Diversion begin.

## S O N G. By Mr. Leveridge.

1.

*SUE* to *Cælia* for the Favour,  
Why shou'd poor deluded Man,  
As if he were sole Receiver,  
Return no Bliss again?

2.

Were not Love condemn'd to Blindness  
Quickly he wou'd find,  
Tho' to him she feign the Kindness,  
She's to herself most kind.

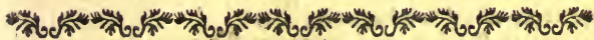
3.

Let us banish then the Fashion,  
And be resolutely brave,  
Since it is their Inclination  
Let 'em ask before they have.

*Off.* Come, my *Belliza*, you shall find tho' I have hitherto talked wildly, that I love in earnest.

My Study sha'l be still for your Content,  
Give me but Love, you never shall repent.

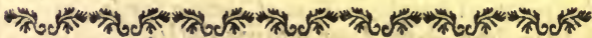




THE  
BUSY BODY.  
A  
COMEDY.

*Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso Gloria curru,  
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.  
Sic Leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum  
Subruit aut reficit—*

Horat. Epist. Lib. II. Ep. I.



# P R O L O G U E.

By the Author of Tunbridge-Walks.

**T**H O' modern Prophets were expos'd of late,  
The Author cou'd not prophesy his Fate:  
If with such Scenes an Audience had been fir'd,  
The Poet must have really been inspir'd.  
But these, alas! are melancholy Days  
For modern Prophets, and for modern Plays:  
Yet since Prophetic Lies please Fools of Fashion,  
And Women are so fond of Agitation;  
To Men of Sense I'll prophesy anew,  
And tell you wondrous Things that will prove true:  
Undaunted Colonels will to Camps repair,  
Assur'd there'll be no Skirmishes this Year;  
On our own Terms will flow the wish'd-for Peace,  
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife shall cease. \*  
The grand Monarch may wish his Son a Throne,  
But hardly will advance to lose his own.  
This Season most Things bear a smiling Face;  
But Players in Summer have a dismal Case,  
Since your Appearance only is our Act of Grace:  
Court Ladies will to Country Seats be gone,  
My Lord can't all the Year live great in Town;  
Where, wanting Opera's, Basset, and a Play,  
They'll sigh, and stitch a Gown to pass the Time away.  
Gay City-Wives at Tunbridge will appear,  
Whose Husbands long have labour'd for an Heir;  
Where many a Courtier may their Wants relieve,  
But by the Waters only they conceive.  
The Fleet street Sempstresses—Toast of Temple Sparks,  
That runs spruce Neckcloths for Attorneys Clerks;  
At Cupid's Gardens will her Hours regale,  
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled Ale.  
At all Assemblies Rakes are up and down,  
And Gamesters where they think they are not known.  
Shou'd I denounce our Author's Fate to-day,  
To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the Play;  
Yet Whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,  
'Tis Tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.

Since War and Places claim the Bards that write,  
Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat to-night;  
Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,  
And none but Women-Haters damn this Play.



# EPILOGUE.

**I**N me you see one Busy Body more ;  
Though you may have enough of one before.  
With Epilogues, the Busy Body's Way,  
We strive to help, but sometimes mar a Play.  
At this mad Sessions, half condemn'd ere try'd,  
Some, in three Days have been turn'd off, and died.  
In spite of Parties, their Attempts are vain,  
For, like false Prophets, they ne'er rise again.  
Too late, when cast, your Favour one beseeches,  
And Epilogues prove Execution-Speeches.  
Yet sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,  
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where:  
Sour Criticks Time, and Breath and Censures waste,  
And baulk your Pleasure to refine your Taste,  
One busy Don ill-tim'd high Tenets preaches,  
Another yearly shows himself in Speeches.  
Some sniv'ling Cits would have a Peace for spite,  
To starve those Warriors who so bravely fight ;  
Still of a Foe upon his Knees afraid,  
Whose well-bang'd Troops want Money, Heart and Bread.  
Old Beaux, who none, not ev'n themselves can please,  
Are busy still, for nothing ——— but to teize.  
The Young, so busy to engage engage a Heart,  
The Mischief done, are busy most to part.  
Ungrateful Wretches, who still cross one's Will,  
When they more kindly might be busy still.  
One to a Husband, who ne'er dreamt of Horns,  
Shows how dear Spouse with Friend his Brows adorns.  
Th' officious Tell-tale Fool (he shou'd repent it)  
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd at Peace contented.  
Some with Law-Quirks set Houses by the Ears,  
With Physick one what he would heal impairs ;  
Like that dark mob'd-up Fry, that Neighb'ring Curse,  
Who to remove Love's Pains bestow a worse.  
Since then this meddling Tribe infest the Age,  
Bear one a-while expos'd upon the Stage :  
Let none but Busy-Bodies vent their Spight,  
And with Good-humour, Pleasure crown the Night.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

- Sir *George Airy*, a Gentleman of Four  
Thousand a Year, in Love with *Mi-  
randa*, } Mr. *Wilks*.
- Sir *Francis Gripe*, Guardian to *Miranda*  
and *Marplot*, Father to *Charles*, in  
Love with *Miranda*, } Mr. *Estcourt*.
- Charles*, Friend to Sir *George*, in Love  
with *Isabinda*, } Mr. *Mills*.
- Sir *Jealous Traffick*, a Merchant that had  
liv'd some Time in *Spain*, a great Ad-  
mirer of the *Spanish* Customs, Father  
to *Isabinda*, } Mr. *Bullock*.
- Marplot*, a sort of a silly Fellow, cow-  
ardly, but very inquisitive to know  
every body's Business, generally spoils  
all he undertakes, yet without De-  
sign, } Mr. *Pack*.
- Whisper*, Servant to *Charles*, } Mr. *Bullock, jun.*

## W O M E N.

- Miranda*, an Heiress, worth Thirty Thou-  
sand Pounds, really in Love with Sir  
*George*, but pretends to be so with her  
Guardian Sir *Francis*, } Mrs. *Cross*.
- Isabinda*, Daughter to Sir *Jealous*, in  
Love with *Charles*, but design'd for  
a *Spanish* Merchant by her Father,  
and kept up from the Sight of all  
Men, } Mrs. *Rogers*.
- Patch*, her Woman, } Mrs. *Saunders*.
- Scentwell*, Woman to *Miranda*, } Mrs. *Mills*.



THE

B U S Y B O D Y .

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

*Sir George Airy meeting Charles.*

*Cha.* **H**A! *Sir George Airy!* A Birding thus early!  
What forbidden Game rous'd you so soon?  
For no lawful Occasion cou'd invite a Person  
of your Figure abroad at such unfashionable Hours.

*Sir Geo.* There are some Men, *Charles*, whom Fortune  
has left free from Inquietudes, who are diligently studious  
to find out Ways and Means to make themselves uneasy.

*Cha.* Is it possible that any thing in Nature can ruffle  
the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seasons of the Year  
compliment with as many Thousand Pounds; nay; and a  
Father at rest with his Ancestors?

*Sir Geo.* Why there 'tis now! a Man that wants Money  
thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs  
are in such a whimsical Posture, that it will require a Cal-  
culation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me,  
or not.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! never consult the Stars about that;  
Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Mid-  
night Councils; Gold outdoes the Wind, becalms the  
Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below; it  
makes whole Armies fight, or fly; it buys even Souls, and  
bribes the Wretches to betray their Country: Then what  
can the Business be, that Gold won't serve thee in?

*Sir Geo.* Why, I'm in Love.

*Cha.* In Love! ——— Ha, ha, ha, ha! in Love, Ha,  
ha, ha, with what, prithee? a *Cherubim*?

*Sir Geo.*

Sir Geo. No ; with a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, good ; Ha, ha, ha ! and Gold not help thee ?

Sir Geo. But suppose I'm in Love with two——

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, Gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are they ? who are they ? come.

Sir Geo. One is a Lady whose Face I never saw, but witty as an Angel ; the other beautiful as *Venus*——

Cha. And a Fool——

Sir Geo. For aught I know, for I never spoke to her, but you can inform me ; I am charm'd for the Wit of one, and die for the Beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray which are you in quest of now ?

Sir Geo. I prefer the sensual Pleasure ; I'm for her I've seen, who is thy Father's Ward, *Miranda*.

Cha. Nay then I pity you ; for the Jew my Father, will no more part with her and 30000 Pounds, than he wou'd with a Guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir Geo. Now you see Gold can't do every thing, *Charles*.

Cha. Yes ; for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate against you.

Sir Geo. Why, if he is this avaritious Wretch, how cam'st thou by such a liberal Education ?

Cha. Not a Soufe out of his Pocket, I assure you : I had an Uncle who defray'd that Charge, but for some little Wildnesses of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian 'till I came to Years of Discretion, which I presume the old Gentleman will never think I am ; and now he has got the Estate into his Clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in *Prefter-John's* Dominions.

Sir Geo. What, can'st thou find no Stratagem to redeem it ?

Cha. I have made many Effays to no Purpose ; tho' Want, the Mistress of Invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old Fox is too cunning for me——I am upon my last Project, which if it fails, then for my last Refuge, a brown Musquet.

Sir Geo. What is't ? can I assist thee ?

Cha.

*Cha.* Not yet; when you can, I have Confidence enough in you to ask it.

*Sir Geo.* I am always ready, but what does he intend to do with *Miranda*? is she to be sold in private? Or will he put her up by Way of Auction, at who bids most? If so, egad I'm for him; my Gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my Pleasure.

*Cha.* To deal ingenuously with you, *Sir George*, I know very little of her, or Home; for since my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance too little; he never sees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I shun his House as much as possible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himself.

*Sir Geo.* Can she consent to it?

*Cha.* Yes, faith, so they say; but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the Matter. *Miranda* and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party; I can scarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World does; nor she me Civility, for that Contempt: I fancy she plays the Mother-in-law already, and sets the old Gentleman on to do Mischief.

*Sir Geo.* Then I've your free Consent to get her.

*Cha.* Ay, and my helping Hand if Occasion be.

*Sir Geo.* Pugh, yonder's a Fool coming this Way, let's avoid him.

*Cha.* What, *Marplot*? no, no, he's my Instrument; there's a thousand Conveniences in him; he'll lend me his Money, when he has any, run of my Errands, and be proud on't; in short, he'll pimp for me, lye for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own Arm for.

*Sir Geo.* Nay, then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his Qualifications before.

*Enter Marplot with a Patch cross his Face.*

*Marpl.* Dear *Charles*, yours — Ha! *Sir George Airy*, the Man in the World, I have an Ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy Hand dear Boy —

*Cha.* A good Assurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong Place?

*Marpl.* I must confess 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*, but no matter

matter for that ; a Word with you, *Charles* : Prithee, introduce me to *Sir George* —— he is a Man of Wit, and I'd give ten Guineas to ——

*Cha.* When you have 'em, you mean.

*Marpl.* Ay, when I have 'em ; pugh, Pox you cut the Thread of my Discourse —— I wou'd give ten Guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance : Well, 'tis a vast Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be seen in the Company of leading Men ; for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High-Flyers, or Low-Flyers, or Levellers —— and so forth ; for you must know, we all herd in Parties now.

*Cha.* Then a Fool for Diverfion is out of Fashion, I find.

*Marpl.* Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where ; but prithee, introduce me.

*Cha.* Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you come by that mourning Nose, I will.

*Marpl.* I'll do it.

*Cha.* *Sir George* here's a Gentleman has a passionate Desire to kiss your Hand.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, I honour Men of the Sword, and I presume this Gentleman is lately come from *Spain* or *Portugal* —— by his Scars.

*Marpl.* No, really, *Sir George*, mine sprung from civil Fury : Happening last Night into the Groom-Porter's —— I had a strong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a sort of a, sort of a —— Kind of a Milk-Sop as I thought : A Pox of the Dice he flung out, and my Pockets being empty, as *Charles* knows they often are, he prov'd a surly *North-Briton*, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

*Sir Geo.* Ha ! ha ! and did not you draw ?

*Marpl.* Draw, Sir ! why I did but lay my Hand upon my Sword, to make a swift Retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the Deel a ma Sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer Steel, Ise whip mine through yer Wem.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha, ha ! safe was the Word, so you walk'd off, I suppose.

*Marpl.* Yes ; for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my Friends, you know ——

*Sir Geo.*



Sir Geo. Your Friends are much oblig'd to you, Sir; I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marpl. Sir George, a Bow from the Side-Box, or to be seen in your Chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir Geo. Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you ———

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other Purpose ——— Sir George, I have the Honour to be caress'd by most of the reigning Toasts of the Town; I'll tell 'em you are the finest Gentleman ———

Sir Geo. No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the Ladies ——— my Parts ——— can you convey a Letter upon Occasion, or deliver a Message with an Air of Business, ha?

Marpl. With the Assurance of a Page, and the Gravity of a Statesman.

Sir Geo. You know *Miranda*!

Marpl. What, my Sister Ward? Why, her Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctify'd Curmudgeon; that Sir *Francis Gripe* is a damn'd old ———

Cha. I suppose, Friend, you forget that he is my Father ———

Marpl. I ask your Pardon, *Charles*; but it is for your Sake I hate him. Well, I say, the World is mistaken in him, his Outside Piety makes him every Man's Executor; and his Inside Cunning makes him every Heir's Jaylor. Egad, *Charles*, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some Ward too, and never of his getting: for thou art as honest a Debauchee as ever cuckolded Man of Quality.

Sir Geo. A pleasant Fellow.

Cha. The Dog is diverting sometimes, or there wou'd be no enduring his Impertinence. He is pressing to be employ'd, and willing to execute, but some ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an Intrigue than helps it ———

Marpl. If I miscarry, 'tis none of my Fault, I follow my Instructions.

Cha. Yes; witness the Merchant's Wife.

Marpl. Pish, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir Geo. What was it, prithee?

Cha. Why you must know, I had lent a certain Merchant

chant my hunting Horses, and was to have met his Wife in his Absence: Sending him along with my Groom to make the Compliment, and to deliver a Letter to the Lady at the same Time; what does he do, but gives the Husband the Letter, and offers her the Horses.

*Marpl.* I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the Letter to be yours, and swore I had a Design upon her, which my Bones paid for.

*Cha.* Come, Sir *George*, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd; for I have sent my Man upon a little earnest Business, and I have order'd him to bring me the Answer into the Park.

*Marpl.* Business, and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

*Sir Geo.* I must beg your Pardon, *Charles*, I am to meet your Father.

*Cha.* My Father!

*Sir Geo.* Ay! and about the oddest Bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the Success.

*Marpl.* What can his Business be with Sir *Francis*? Now would I give all the World to know it; why the Devil should not one know every Man's Concern! [*Aside.*]

*Cha.* Prosperity to't whate'er it be. I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

*Marpl.* *Charles* knows I love a Glass as well as any Man, I'll make one: shall it be to-night? Ad I long to know their Secrets. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Whisper.*

*Whisp.* Sir, Sir, Mrs. *Patch* says *Isabinda's* Spanish Father has quite spoil'd the Plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, she says; but I must step again to know the Hour.

*Marpl.* What did *Whisper* say now? I shall go stark mad, if I'm not let into the Secret. [*Aside.*]

*Cha.* Curst Misfortune! come along with me, my Heart feels Pleasure at her Name. Sir *George*, yours; we'll meet at the old Place the usual Hour.

*Sir Geo.* Agreed; I think I see Sir *Francis* yonder. [*Exit.*]

*Cha.* *Marplot*, you must excuse me, I am engag'd. [*Exit.*]

*Marpl.* Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my Life I'll know what your Engagement is.

*Miran.* [Coming out of a Chair.] Let the Chair wait: My Servant that dodg'd Sir *George*, said he was in the Park.

*Enter Patch.*

Ha! Miss *Patch* alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a Way to bring *Isabinda* to the Park?

*Patch.* Oh, Madam, your Ladyship can't imagine what a wretched Disappointment we have met with: Just as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Cloaths for a Disguise, comes my old Master into his Closet, which is right against her Chamber-Door; this struck us into a terrible Fright — At length I put on a grave Face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his Chocolate, in Hopes to draw him out of his Hole; but he snap'd my Nose off; No, I shall be busy here these two Hours. At which my poor Mistress, seeing no Way of Escape, ordered me to wait on your Ladyship with the sad Relation.

*Miran.* Unhappy *Isabinda*! Was ever any thing so unaccountable as the Humour of Sir *Jealous Traffick*?

*Patch.* Oh, Madam, its his living so long in *Spain*; he vows he'll spend half his Estate, but he'll be a Parliament-Man, on Purpose to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils, and the other odious *Spanish* Customs — He swears it is the Height of Impudence to have a Woman seen bare-fac'd, even at Church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

*Miran.* Ha, ha, ha! how the old Fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid Rules — does he think we could not match them in Contrivance? No, no, let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Woman under the Government, I warrant she finds a Way to break 'em: Is his Mind set upon the *Spaniard* for his Son-in-law still?

*Patch.* Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Despair: But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, chearful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyship — My Lady is mighty good-humour'd too: and I have found a Way to make Sir *Jealous* believe I am wholly in his Interest, when my real Design is to serve her; he makes me her Jaylor, and I set her at Liberty.

*Miran.*

*Miran.* I knew thy prolifick Brain wou'd be of singular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

*Patch.* But, Madam, the Report is, that you are going to marry your Guardian.

*Miran.* It is necessary such a Report should be, *Patch.*

*Patch.* But is it true, Madam?

*Miran.* That's not absolutely necessary.

*Patch.* I thought it was only the old Strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town: In my Mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

*Miran.* No, I have Liberty, Wench, that she wants; what would she give now to be in this *Disabillée*, in the ——— open Air; nay more, in pursuit of the young Fellow she likes; for that's my Case, I assure you.

*Patch.* As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a Way to bring him home in spite of old *Argus*.

*Miran.* Now, *Patch*, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes——Ha! my Guardian with him: What can be the Meaning of this? I'm sure, Sir *Francis* can't know me in this Dress——Let's observe 'em.

[*They withdraw.*]

*Enter Sir Francis Gripe, and Sir George Airy.*

*Sir Fran.* Verily, *Sir George*, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money so; for I tell thee sincerely, *Miranda*, my Charge, does not love a young Fellow, they are all vicious, and seldom make good Husbands; in sober Sadness she cannot abide 'em.

*Miran.* [*Peeping.*] In sober Sadness you are mistaken——what can this mean?

*Sir Geo.* Look ye, *Sir Francis*, whether she can or cannot abide young Fellows, is not the Business; will you take the fifty Guineas?

*Sir Fran.* In good Truth——I will not; for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot consent that his Son should squander away what he sav'd to no Purpose.

*Miran.*

*Miran.* [*Peeping.*] Now, in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas?

*Patch.* I wish it ben't for the first Night's Lodging, Madam.

*Sir Geo.* Well, *Sir Francis*, since you are so conscientious for my Father's Sake, then permit me the Favour *Gratis*.

*Miran.* [*Peeping.*] The Favour! O' my Life, I believe 'tis as you said, *Patch*.

*Sir Fran.* No verily, if thou dost not buy thy Experience, thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a Hundred, and try Fortune.

*Sir Geo.* The Scruples arose, I find, from the scanty Sum ——— Let me see ——— a hundred Guineas ——— [*Takes 'em out of a Purse, and chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty Sound, and a very pleasing Look—But then, *Miranda* ——— But if she should be cruel ———

*Miran.* [*Peeping.*] As Ten to One I shall ———

*Sir Fran.* Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he.

*Sir Geo.* No, I'll do't.

*Patch.* Do't! what, whether you will or no, Madam!

*Sir Geo.* Come to the Point, here's the Gold, sum up the Condition ———

*Sir Fran.* [*Pulling out a Paper.*]

*Miran.* [*Peeping.*] Ay, for Heaven's Sake do, for my Expectation is on the Rack,

*Sir Fran.* Well, at your Peril be it.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

*Sir Fran.* *Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my House, in order to move your Suit to *Miranda*, for the space of ten Minutes, without Lett or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

*Sir Geo.* But out of Ear-shot.

*Sir Fran.* Well, well; I don't desire to hear what you say; Ha, ha, ha! in Consideration I am to have that Purse and a hundred Guineas.

*Sir Geo.* Take it ——— [*Gives him the Purse.*]

*Miran.* [*Peeping.*] So, 'tis well 'tis no worfe; I'll fit ou both ———

*Sir Geo.* And this Agreement is to be performed to-day.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor Fool, now *Miranda* and I shall laugh at him. ——— Well, *Sir*

*George,*

George, ha, ha, ha! take the last Sound of your Guineas.  
Ha, ha, ha! [Chinks 'em.] [Exit.

Miran. [Peeping.] Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir Geo. A very extraordinary Bargain I have made truly, if she should be really in Love with this old Cuff now ——— Pshah, that's morally impossible, ——— but then what Hopes have I to succeed, I never spoke to her—

Miran. [Peeping.] Say you so? Then I am safe.

Sir Geo. What tho' my Tongue never spoke, my Eyes said a thousand Things, and my Hopes flatter'd me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky ——— if not, it is but a hundred Guineas thrown away.

[Miranda and Patch come forwards.

Miran. Upon what, Sir George?

Sir Geo. Ha! my *Incognita* ——— upon a Woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worst Things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very Breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your Return, Sir George, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Were they more brittle than China, and drop'd to Pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but Mistress of thy Wit, balances ten times the Sum ——— Prithee let me see thy Face.

Miran. By no Means; that may spoil your Opinion of my Sense ———

Sir Geo. Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir Geo. No, Child, a Dish of Chocolate in the Morning never spoils my Dinner; the other Lady I design a Set-Meal; so there's no Danger. ———

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! What Crimes have you committed against the God of Love that he should revenge 'em so severely to stamp Husband upon your Forehead?

Sir Geo. For my Folly, in having so often met you here, without pursuing the Laws of Nature, and exercising her Command—But I resolve, ere we part now, to know who you are,—where you live, and what Kind of Flesh  
and

and Blood your Face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the Trouble of doing it for you

*Miran.* My Face is the same Flesh and Blood with my Hand, Sir *George*, which if you'll be so rude to provoke—

*Sir Geo.* You'll apply it to my Cheek ——— The Ladies Favours are always welcome; but I must have that Cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the *Park*, Child, and what a terrible Thing would it be to lose this pretty white Hand?

*Miran.* And how will it sound in a Chocolate-House, that *Sir George Airy* rudely pull'd off a Lady's Mask, when he had given her his Honour that he never would directly or indirectly endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

*Patch.* I wish we were safe out.

*Sir Geo.* But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled Spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the Reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a Female Shape.

*Miran.* What shall I do?

[*Pauses.*]

*Sir Geo.* Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy Service.

*Patch.* Suppose, Sir, the Lady should be in Love with you.

*Sir Geo.* Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a Moment.

*Patch.* And marry her?

*Sir Geo.* Ha! ha! ha! that's not the Way to love her, Child.

*Miran.* If he discovers me, I shall die ——— Which Way shall I escape? ——— Let me see.

[*Pauses.*]

*Sir Geo.* Well, Madam ———

*Miran.* I have it—*Sir George*, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my Face, and turn your Back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

*Sir Geo.* Well, to shew you I'm a Man of Honour, I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know those, and the Face won't be long a Secret to me.

*Patch.* What mean you, Madam?

*Miran.* To get off.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis something indecent to turn one's Back upon a Lady; but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his*

*Miran.* First then it was my unhappy Lot to see you at *Paris*, [*Draws back a little while and speaks.*] at a Ball upon a Birth Day; your Shape and Air charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaisance my Soul; and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*

*And when you left the Place, Grief seiz'd me so,  
No Rest my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes cou'd know.*

*Last I resolv'd a hazardous Point to try,*

*And quit the Place in search of Liberty.* [*Exit.*

*Sir Geo.* Excellent — I hope she's handsome — Well, now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you live? — I am a Gentleman, and this Confession will not be lost upon me. — Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on — for I find my Heart melts in thy Behalf — speak quickly, or I shall turn about — Not yet — Poor Lady, she expects I should comfort her; and to do her Justice, she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! the Devil, jilted! Why, what a Tale has she invented — of *Paris*, Balls, and Birth Days. — Egad I'd give ten Guineas to know who the Gipsie is — A curse of my Folly — I deserve to lose her: What Woman can forgive a Man that turn his Back!

*The Bold and Resolute in Love and War,*

*To conquer take the right and swiftest Way:*

*The boldest Lover soonest gains the Fair,*

*As Courage makes the rudest Force obey.*

*Take no Denial, and the Dames adore ye,*

*Closely pursue them, and they fall before you.*

## A C T II.

*Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda.*

*Sir Fran.* HA, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die with laughing — The most romantic Adventure: Ha, ha! What does the odious young Fop mean? A hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me! Ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* And I am to be by too; there's the Jest: Adod, if it had been in private, I should not have car'd to trust the young Dog.

*Miran.* Indeed and indeed, but you might, *Gardy* —  
Now



Now methinks there's nobody handsomer than you: So neat, so clean, so good-humour'd and so loving—

Sir *Fran.* Pretty Rogue, pretty Rogue; and so thou shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy *Gardy* before these Capers of the Age; thou shalt outshine the Queen's Box on an *Opera* Night; thou shalt be the Envy of the Ring (for I will carry thee to *Hyde-Park*) and thy Equipage shall surpass the—what d'ye call 'em, Ambassadors.

*Miran.* Nay, I am sure the discreet Part of my Sex will envy me more for the inside Furniture, when you are in it, than my outside Equipage.

Sir *Fran.* A cunning Baggage, i'faith thou art, and a wise one too; and to shew thee thou hast not chose amiss, I'll this Moment disinherit my Son, and settle my whole Estate upon thee.

*Miran.* There's an old Rogue now: [*Aside.*] No *Gardy*, I would not have your Name be so black in the World—You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to possess my Estate without your Consent, till I'm five and twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven Years, and make me Mistress of my Estate to-day, and I'll make you Master of my Person to-morrow.

Sir *Fran.* Humph! that may not be safe—No, *Chargy*, I'll settle it upon thee for *Pin-money*; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

*Miran.* Unconscionable old Wretch, bribe me with my own Money—Which Way shall I get it out of his Hands! [*Aside.*]

Sir *Fran.* Well, what art thou thinking on, my Girl, ha? How to banter Sir *George*?

*Miran.* I must not pretend to banter; he knows my Tongue too well: [*Aside.*] No, *Gardy*, I have thought of a Way will confound him more than all I cou'd say, if I shou'd talk to him seven Years.

Sir *Fran.* How's that! Oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad—

*Miran.* It wou'd make you mad, if you knew all. [*Aside.* I'll not answer him a Word, but be dumb to all he says—

Sir *Fran.* Dumb! good; Ha, ha, ha! Excellent, ha, ha! I think I have you now, Sir *George*; dumb! he'll go distracted—Well, she's the wittiest Rogue—Ha, ha! dumb! I can but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll

be when he finds he has given his Money away for a dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* Nay, *Gardy*, if he did but know my Thoughts of him, it would make him ten times madder: Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* Ay, so it wou'd, *Chargy*, to hold him in such Derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb! Ha, ha, ha!

— *Enter Charles.*

*Sir Fran.* How now Sirrah! Who let you in?

*Cha.* My Necessity, Sir.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, your Necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they entered.

*Cha.* Sir, I knew 'twas a Word wou'd gain admittance no where.

*Sir Fran.* Then, Sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your Father, which Nobody else would admit?

*Cha.* Sure the Name of a Son is a sufficient Plea. I ask this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, ask her Pardon and her Blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

*Miran.* I believe yours, *Sir Francis*, in a Purse of Guineas, would be more material. Your Son may have Business with you, I'll retire.

*Sir Fran.* I guess his Business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in Readiness?

*Miran.* Certainly! My Expectation is more upon the Wing than yours, old Gentleman. [Exit.]

*Sir Fran.* Well Sir!

*Cha.* Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my Circumstances are, I'm sure.

*Sir Fran.* And what's that to me, Sir? Your Management shou'd have made them better.

*Cha.* If you please to entrust me with the Management of my Estate, I shall endeavour it, Sir.

*Sir Fran.* What, to set upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a thousand Pieces, to rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your Carelessness enrich your Steward to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament-Man?

*Cha.* I hope I should not spend it this Way: However, I ask only for what my Uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, Sir.

*Sir Fran.*

*Sir Fran.* That I shall, out of your Reach, I assure you, Sir. Adod these young Fellows think old Men get Estates for nothing but them to squander away, in Dicing, Wenching, Drinking, Dressing, and so forth.

*Cha.* I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir! I'm sure my Uncle bred me like one.

*Sir Fran.* From which you would infer, Sir, that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are Requisites to a Gentleman.

*Cha.* Monstrous! when I would ask him only for a Support, he falls into these unmannerly Reproaches; I must, tho' against my Will, employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve myself. [*Afide.*

*Sir Fran.* Sirrah, what is it you mutter Sirrah, ha? [*Holds up his Cane.*] I say you shan't have a Groat out of my Hands 'till I please——and may be I'll never please, and what's that to you?

*Cha.* Nay, to be robb'd, or to have one's Throat cut, is not much——

*Sir Fran.* What's that, Sirrah? would ye rob me, or cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

*Cha.* Heaven forbid, Sir,——I said no such Thing.

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of one and twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's Life, to edge himself into the Estate!

*Enter Marplot.*

*Marpl.* Egad he's here——I was afraid I had lost him: His Secret could not be with his Father, his Wants are public there——Guardian,—your Servant *Charles*, I know by that sorrowful Countenance of thine; the old Man's Fist is as close as his strong Box——But I'll help thee——

*Sir Fran.* So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will spend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he shall pay swinging Interest, and so let the Fool go on——Well, what! does Necessity bring you too, Sir?

*Marpl.* You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred Pounds.

*Sir Fran.* For what?

*Marpl.* Po'gh for a hundred Things: I can't for my Life tell you for what.

*Cha.* Sir, I suppose I have received all the Answer I am like to have.

*Marpl.* Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I shall lose him again.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a Change in your Temper ere you find one in mine.

*Marpl.* Pray, Sir, dispatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in mighty Haste.

*Sir Fran.* Fool, take this and go to the Cashier; I shan't be long plagu'd with thee. [Gives him a Note.]

*Marpl.* Devil take the Cashier, I shall certainly have *Charles* gone out before I come back again. [Runs out.]

*Cha.* Well, Sir, I take my Leave—But remember, you expose an only Son to all the Miseries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan for Scenes of Mischief.

*Sir Fran.* Stay *Charles*, I have a sudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

*Cha.* Ha, does he relent?

*Sir Fran.* My Lady *Wrinkle*, worth forty thousand Pounds, sets up for a handsome young Husband; she prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match-makers can get twenty Guineas for a Sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

*Cha.* My Lady *Wrinkle*, Sir! why she has but one Eye,

*Sir Fran.* Then she'll see but half your Extravagance, Sir.

*Cha.* Condemn me to such a Piece of Deformity! Toothless, Dirty, Wry-neck'd, Hunch-back'd Hag.

*Sir Fran.* Hunch-back'd! so much the better, then she has a Rest for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no Offer of a Father; forty thousand Pounds is nothing with you.

*Cha.* Yes, Sir, I think it too much; a young beautiful Woman with half the Money wou'd be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you chose better for yourself, I find.

*Sir Fran.* Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah!

*Cha.* Sir, I obey——

*Sir Fran.* But me no Buts—Be gone, Sir: Dare to ask me for Money again—Refuse forty thousand Pounds! Out of my Doors, I say, without Reply. [Exit Cha.]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* One Sir *George Airy* enquires for you, Sir.

*Enter Marplot running.*

*Marpl.* Ha! gone! Is *Charles* gone, Guardian?

*Sir Fran.*

Sir *Fran.* Yes; and I desire your wife Worship to walk after him.

*Marlp.* Nay, Egad, I shall run, I tell you but that. Ah! Pox of this Cashier for detaining me so long; where the Devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this Secret. [Exit hastily.]

Sir *Fran.* What, is the Fellow distracted?—Desire Sir *George* to walk up—Now for a Trial of Skill that will make me happy, and him a Fool: Ha, ha, ha! in my Mind he looks like an Afs already.

*Enter Sir George.*

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir *George*, do ye hold in the same Mind, or would you capitulate? Ha, ha, ha,!. Look, here are the Guineas. [Chinks 'em.] Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir *Francis*: Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take your Post—if she's a Woman, and not seduc'd by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ake; for if she has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand Shapes, but find it. [Aside.]

*Enter Miranda.*

Sir *Fran.* Agreed—*Miranda*, there's Sir *George*, try your Fortune. [Takes out his Watch.]

Sir *Geo.* So from the Eastern Chambers breaks the Sun,  
Dispels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales below. [Salutes her.]

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, Kissing was not in our Agreement.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! that's by Way of Prologue:—Prithee, old Mammon, to thy Post.

Sir *Fran.* Well, young *Timon*, 'tis now Four exactly; one Hour, remember, is your utmost Limit, not a Minute more. [Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.]

Sir *Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my Love, the Author of this rash Proceeding depends upon your Pleasure, as also the Life of your Admirer; your sparkling Eyes speak a Heart susceptible of Love; your Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the Embraces of decay'd Mortality.

*Miran.* [Aside.] Oh! that I durst speak—

Sir *Geo.* Shake off this Tyrant Guardian's Yoke, assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring Hopes; the Deity of his Desires, is Avarice; a Heretic in Love, and ought

be banish'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam, a faithful Servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the Number of your Slaves. [*Miranda gives him her Hand to raise him.*

Sir Fran. I wish I cou'd hear what he says now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no Palming, that's contrary to Articles ———

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your Distance, or I'll write another Article in your Guts. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir Fran. [*Going back.*] A bloody minded Fellow! ———

Sir Geo. Not answer me! perhaps she thinks my Address too grave: I'll be more free—Can you be so unconscionable, Madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single Compliment in Return? View me well, am I not a proper handsome Fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd sapless Log of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, sprightly Love of Twenty-four? With snoring only he'll awake thee, but I with ravishing Delight would make thy Senses dance in Consort with the joyful Minutes—Ha! Not yet? Sure she is dumb—Thus wou'd I steal and touch thy beauteous Hand, [*Takes hold of her Hand,*] 'til by degrees, I reach'd thy snowy Breasts, then ravish Kisses thus. [*Embraces her in the Ecstasy.*

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O Heavens! I shall not be able to contain myself. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. [*Running up with his Watch in his Hand.*] Sure she did not speak to him—There's three Quarters of an Hour gone, Sir George—Adod, I don't like those close Conferences ———

Sir Geo. More Interruptions ——— you will have it, Sir. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir Fran. [*Going back.*] No, no, you shan't have her neither. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Dumb still—Sure this old Dog has enjoin'd her Silence; I'll try another Way—I must conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuse to answer me—Consider the Injustice of his Injunction. This single Hour cost me an hundred Pounds—and would you answer me, I could purchase the Twenty-four so; However, Madam, you must give me Leave to make the best Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the Indication of your Silence for the secret liking of my Person: Therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your  
Word

Word inviolate to Sir *Francis*, and yet answer me to every Question: As for Example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the Affirmative, gently nod your Head—thus; and when in the Negative, thus; [*Shakes his Head.*] and in the Doubtful, a tender Sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*]

*Miran.* How every Action charms me—but I'll fit him for Signs, I warrant him. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir *George*, Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Was it by his Desire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can say?

*Miran.* [*Nods.*]

*Sir Geo.* Very well! she's tractable, I find—And is it possible that you can love him! [*Miran. nods.*] Miraculous! Pardon the Bluntness of my Questions, for my Time is short; may I not hope to supplant him in your Esteem? [*Miran. sighs.*] Good, she answers me as I could wish—

You'll not consent to marry him then? [*Miran. sighs.*] How! doubtful in that—Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his Power to keep her out of her Estate 'till Twenty-five; I'll try that—Come Madam, I cannot think you hesitate on this Affair out of any Motive but your Fortune—

Let him keep it 'till those few Years are expired; make me happy with your Person, let him enjoy your Wealth— [*Miran. holds up her Hands.*] Why, what Sign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my Lesson, I can't understand your Meaning—

*Sir Fran.* What a Vengeance, are they talking by Signs? 'ad I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir *George*?

*Sir Geo.* To cut your Throat, if you dare mutter another Syllable.

*Sir Fran.* Od! I wish he were fairly out of my House.

*Sir Geo.* Pray, Madam, will you answer me to the Purpose? [*Miran. shakes her Head, and points to Sir Francis*] What! does she mean she won't answer me to the Purpose, or is she afraid you' old Cuff should understand her Signs?

— Ay, it must be that; I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehensive of the Promise you have made to follow my Rules; therefore I'll suppose your Mind, and answer for you—First, for myself, Madam, that I am in Love with you is an infallible Truth. Now for you: [*Turns on her*

*Side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it?—As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis Day-light, or that I die if you persist in Silence—Bless me with the Music of your Voice, and raise my Spirits to their proper Heaven: Thus low let me intreat; ere I'm oblig'd to quit this Place, grant me some Token of a favourable Reception to keep my Hopes alive.

[*Arises hastily, turns on her Side.*] Rise, Sir, and since my Guardian's Presence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, read that, and rest assured you are not indifferent to me.

[*Offers her a Letter.*] Ha! right Woman! But no [*she strikes it down*] matter, I'll go on.

Sir *Fran.* Ha! what's that, a Letter?—Ha, ha, ha! thou art baulk'd.

*Miran.* The best Assurance I ever saw—— [*Aside.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! a Letter! Oh! let me kiss it with the same Raptures that I would do the dear Hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick Fancy, and a long *Extempore*—What's here? [*Reads.*] “Dear Sir *George*, this Virgin “Muse I consecrate to you, which when it has receiv'd the “Addition of your Voice, 'twill charm me into a Desire “of Liberty to love, which you, and only you can fix.” My Angel! Oh you transport me! [*Kisses the Letter.*] And see the Power of your Command; the God of Love has set the Verse already; the flowing Numbers dance into a Tune: and I'm inspir'd with a Voice to sing it.

*Miran.* I'm sure thou art inspir'd with Impudence enough.

Sir *Geo.* [*Sings.*]

Great Love inspire him;

Say I admire him.

Give me the Lover

That can discover

Secret Devotion

From silent Motion;

Then don't betray me,

But hence convey me.

Sir *Geo.* [*Taking hold of Miranda.*] With all my Heart, this Moment let's retire. [*Sir Francis coming up hastily.*

Sir *Fran.* The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you must take your leave. There, my Girl, there's the hundred Pounds, which thou hast won; go, I'll be with you presently, Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Miranda.*

Sir *Geo.*



Sir Geo. Ads-heart, Madam, you won't leave me just in the Nick, will you?

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, Sir George, I think, ha, ha, ha! Have ye any more hundred Pounds to throw away upon such Courtship? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. He, he, he, he, a Curse of your fleeing Jest-- Yet, however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the same Wager, she does not value thee a Spoonful of Snuff:—Nay more, though you enjoin'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the Purpose with yourself.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! did not I tell thee thou wouldst repent thy Money? Did not I say, she hated young Fellows? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. And I'm positive she's not in Love with Age.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! she's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetoric to boot, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Whate'er her Reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with Envy—Poor Man, poor Man—Ha, ha! I must beg your Pardon, Sir George; *Miranda* will be impatient to have her Share of Mirth: Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously; Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. With all my Heart, Faith—I shall laugh in my Turn too—For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you will be cuckolded most egregiously: Remember that and tremble——

*She that to Age her beauteous Self resigns,  
Shows witty Managemment for close Designs.  
Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's Bed,  
Aetæon's Horns she means shall crown thy Head.* [Exit.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.

*These fluttering Fops imagine they can wind,  
Turn, and decoy to Love all Womankind:  
But here's a Proof of Wisdom in my Charge,  
Old Men are constant, young Men live at large;  
The frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,  
When he that lavish is, has nought to pay.* [Exit.

SCENE changes to Sir Jealous Traffick's House.

*Enter Sir Jealous, Isabinda, Patch following.*

Sir Jea. What, in the Balcony again, notwithstanding my

my positive Commands to the contrary!—Why don't you write a Bill on your Forehead, to show Passengers there's something to be lett\_\_\_\_\_

*Isa.* What Harm can there be in a little fresh Air, Sir?

*Sir Jea.* Is your Constitution so hot, Mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous *Spanish* Rules, banish your Taste, and Thoughts of Flesh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirst with Water.

*Isa.* That and a close Room wou'd certainly make me die of the Vapours.

*Sir Jea.* No, Mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant Ladies—that are troubled with the Vapours: 'tis your Ratiia, Persico, Cinnamon, Citron, and Spirit of Clary, cause such Swi—m—ing in the Brain, that carries many a Guinea full tide to the Doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no galloping abroad, no receiving Visits at home; for in our loose Country, the Women are as dangerous as the Men.

*Patck.* So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be seen, in a Balcony—But she threatened to slap my Chaps, and told me, I was her Servant, not her Governess.

*Sir Jea.* Did she so? But I'll make her to know that you are her *Duenna*: Oh! that incomparable Custom of *Spain*! Why here's no depending upon old Women in my Country—for they are as wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of Eighteen; and a Man may as safely trust to *Asgil's* Translation as to his Great Grandmother's not marrying again.

*Isa.* Or to the *Spanish* Ladies Viles and *Duennas*, for the Safeguard of their Honour.

*Sir Jea.* Dare to ridicule the cautious Conduct of that wise Nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this Fortnight without a peep-hole.

*Isa.* If we had but the ghostly Helps in *England*, which they have in *Spain*; I might deceive you if you did—Sir, 'tis not the Restraint, but the innate Principles, secures the Reputation and Honour of our Sex—Let me tell you, Sir, Confinement sharpens the Invention, as Want of Sight strengthens the other Senses, and is often more pernicious, than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

*Sir Jea.* Say you so, Mistress; who the Devil taught you the Art of Reasoning? I assure you, they must have a greater Faith than I pretend to, that can think any Woman innocent

nocent who requires Liberty. Therefore, *Patch*, to your Charge I give her; lock her up 'till I come back from *Change*: I shall have some sauntring Coxcomb, with nothing but a Red Coat and Feather, think by leaping into her Arms, to leap into my Estate—But I'll prevent them; she shall be only *Babinetto's*.

*Patch*. Really, Sir, I wish you wou'd employ any body else in this affair; I lead a Life like a Dog, with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be lock'd up?

*Isa*. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of.  
[*Aside.*] [Exit with *Patch*.]

*Sir Jea*. I believe this Wench is very true to my Interest; I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior *Babinetto* arrives; who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to *Spain* as soon as he has married her; she has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an *English* Wife than the Grand Signior's Mistress. [Exit.]

Enter *Whisper*.

*Whisp*. So, I saw *Sir Jealous* go out; where shall I find *Mrs. Patch* now?

Enter *Patch*.

*Patch*. Oh, Mr. *Whisper*! my Lady saw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Master know she's now alone.

*Whisp*. Hush, speak softly; I go, I go: But hark ye, *Mrs. Patch*, shall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Master and your Lady are engag'd?

*Patch*. Ay, ay, Farewel. [Goes in and shuts the Door.]

Re-enter *Sir Jealous Traffick*, meeting *Whisper*.

*Sir Jea*. Sure whilst I was talking with Mr. *Tradewell*, I heard my Door clap. [Seeing *Whisper*.] Ha! a Man lurking about my House; who do you want there, Sir?

*Whisp*. Want—want, a Pox, *Sir Jealous*! what must I say now?

*Sir Jea*. Ay, want; have you a Letter or Message for any body there?—O' my Conscience this is some He Bawd—

*Whisp*. Letter or Message, Sir!

Sir *Jea.* Ay, Letter or Message, Sir.

*Whisp.* No, not I, Sir.

Sir *Jea.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you set in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Business immediately.

*Whisp.* Nay, Sir, my Business—is no great matter of Business neither; and yet 'tis Business of Consequence too.

Sir *Jea.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

*Whisp.* *Trifle*, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* Found what, you Rascal?

*Whisp.* Why *Trifle* is the very Lap-Dog my Lady lost, Sir; I fancy'd I saw him run into this House. I'm glad you have him—Sir, my Lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir *Jea.* Who is your Lady, Friend?

*Whisp.* My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir.

Sir *Jea.* My Lady *Love-Puppy*! then prithee carry thyself to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more a Puppy-hunting about my Doors, lest I have you prest into the Service, Sirrah.

*Whisp.* By no means, Sir—Your humble Servant; I must watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Master.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Jea.* This Fellow has the officious Leer of a Pimp; and I half suspect a Design, but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE, Charles's Lodgings.

*Enter Charles and Marplot.*

*Cha.* Honest *Marplot*, I thank thee for this Supply; I expect my Lawyer with a thousand Pounds I have order'd him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

*Marp.* Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes Sir *George Airy*.

*Enter Sir George.*

Curfedly out of humour at his Disappointment; see how he looks! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Ah, *Charles*, I am so humbled in my Pretensions to Plots upon Women, that I believe I shall never have Courage enough to attempt a Chamber-Maid—I'll tell thee.

*Cha.* Ha, ha! I'll spare you the Relation, by telling you—Impatient to know your Business with my Father, when I saw

law

saw you enter I slipt back into the next Room, where I overheard every Syllable.

Sir Geo. That I said — I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer — But prithee tell me, *Charles*, is she a Fool?

*Cha.* I ne'er suspected her for one; but *Marplot* can inform you better, if you'll allow him a Judge.

*Marpl.* A Fool! I'll justify she has more Wit than all the rest of her Sex put together; why she'll rally me 'till I han't one Word to say for myself.

*Cha.* A mighty Proof of her Wit truly —

*Marpl.* There must be some Trick in't, Sir *George*; Egad I'll find it out, if it cost me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir Geo. Do, and command me —

*Marpl.* Enough, let me alone to trace a Secret —

*Enter Whisper, and speaks aside to his Master.*

The Devil! *Whisper* here again! that Fellow never speaks out. Is this the same, or a new Secret? Sir *George*, won't you ask *Charles* what News *Whisper* brings?

Sir Geo. Not I, Sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

*Marpl.* Lord, Lord, how little Curiosity some People have! Now my chief Pleasure lies in knowing every body's Business.

Sir Geo. I fancy, *Charles*, thou hast some Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Business too. *Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any Intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the Thatch'd House at Six —

*Marpl.* You do me much Honour.

*Cha.* You guess right, Sir *George*, with me Success.

Sir Geo. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Cha.* *Marplot*, you must excuse me —

*Marpl.* Nay, nay, what need of any Excuse amongst Friends; I'll go with you.

*Cha.* Indeed you must not.

*Marpl.* No! then I suppose 'tis a Duel, and I will go to secure ye.

*Cha.* Well, but it is no Duel, consequently no Danger: Therefore prithee be answer'd.

*Marpl.* What, is't a Mistress then? — Mum — You know I can be silent upon Occasion.

*Cha.* I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewel. [*Exit.*]

*Marpl.* Why then — I must and will follow you. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* WELL, here's the House which holds the lovely Prize quiet and serene: here no noisy Footmen throng to tell the World, that Beauty dwells within; no ceremonious Visit makes the Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang: Who would not scale the Window at Midnight without Fear of the jealous Father's Pistol, rather than fill up the Train of a Coquet, where every Minute he is jostled out of Place? [*Knocks softly.*] Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch!

*Enter Patch.*

*Patch.* Oh, are you come, Sir? All's safe.

*Cha.* So, in, in then.

*Enter Marplot.*

*Marpl.* There he goes: Who the Devil lives here? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his Business as ever; Gad I'll watch, it may be a Bawdy House, and he may have his Throat cut; if there should be any Mischief, I can make Oath he went in. Well, *Charles*, in spite of your Endeavour to keep me out of the Secret, I may save your Life for aught I know: At that Corner I'll plant myself, there I shall see whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Discoveries. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *draws*, Charles, Isabinda and Patch.

*Isab. Patch*, look out sharp; have a care of Dad.

*Patch.* I warrant you.

*Isab.* Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you sincere; for you venture into the Lion's Den, when you come to see me.

*Cha.* If you'd consent, whilst the furious Beast is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

*Isab.* That would be but to avoid one Danger by running into another; like poor Wretches who fly the burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come *Charles*, I fear if I consult my Reason, Confinement and Plenty is better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the Frolic

Frolic pleasing for a little Time, by saying and doing a world of tender Things; but when our small Substance is exhausted, and a thousand Requisites for Life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, wou'd also fail us.

*Cha.* Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will last for Life; to back which, I have taken a thousand Pounds upon my Uncle's Estate; that surely will support us till one of our Fathers relent.

*Isab.* There's no trusting to that, my Friend; I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he sees me settled in *Spain*.

*Cha.* And can ye then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd *Don* arrives, and suffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire, and Wit to be sacrific'd to the Arms of a dull *Spaniard*, to be immur'd, and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Human?

*Isab.* No, when it comes to the Extremity, and no Stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knapfack after thee.

*Cha.* Bravely resolv'd; the World cannot be more savage than our Parents, and Fortune generally assists the Bold; therefore consent now: Why should we put it to a future Hazard? Who knows when we shall have another Opportunity?

*Isab.* Oh, you have your Ladder of Ropes, I suppose, and the Closet-Window stands just where it did, and if you han't forgot to write in Characters, *Patch* will find a way for our Assignations. Thus much of the *Spanish* Contrivance my Father's Severity has taught me, I thank him; tho' I hate the Nation, I admire their Management in these Affairs.

*Enter Patch.*

*Patch.* Oh, Madam, I see my Master coming up the Street.

*Cha.* Oh, the Devil, would I had my Ladder now, I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why, what shall I do, Madam?

*Isab.* Oh! for Heaven's sake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh, unlucky Moment! —

*Cha.* Adsheart, can you shut me into no Cupboard, ram me into a Chest, ha?

*Patch.* Impossible, Sir, he searches every Hole in the House.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Undone for ever! if he sees you, I shall never see you more.

*Patch.* I have thought on it: Run to your Chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may easily get down from the Balcony.

*Cha.* My Life, Adieu——Lead on, Guide.

[*Exit.*

*Isab.* Heaven preserve him.

[*Exit.*

### SCENE changes to the Street.

*Enter Sir Jealous, with Marplot behind him.*

*Sir Jea.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong Suspicion all is not right within; that Fellow's faunting about my Door, and his Tale of a Puppy had the Face of a Lye methought. By St. Iägo, if I should find a Man in the House, I'd make Mince-Meat of him——

*Marpl.* Ah, poor *Charles*—ha! Egad he is old——I fancy I might bully him, and make *Charles* have an Opinion of my Courage.

*Sir Jea.* My own Key shall let me in, I'll give them no Warning.

[*Feeling for his Key.*

*Marpl.* What's that you say, Sir? [*Going up to Sir Jealous.*

*Sir Jea.* What's that to you, Sir? [*Turns quick upon him.*

*Marpl.* Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the Gentleman you threaten is a very honest Gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your House as he went in, I have half a dozen *Myrmidons* hard by shall beat it about your Ears.

*Sir Jea.* Went in! What is he in then? Ah! a Combination to undo me——I'll *Myrmidon* you, ye Dog you——Thieves, Thieves!

[*Beats Marplot all the while he cries Thieves!*

*Marpl.* Murder, Murder; I was not in your House, Sir.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Sir Jea.* The matter, Rascal! Have you let a Man into my House! but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a Mouse-hole unsearch'd; if I find him, by St. Iägo I'll equip him for the Opera.

*Marpl.* A Duce of his Cane, there's no trusting to Age——What shall I do to relieve *Charles*? Egad, I'll raise the Neighbourhood——Murder, Murder——

[*Charles drops down upon*



upon him from the Balcony.] Charles, faith I'm glad to see thee safe out with all my Heart.

*Cha.* A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil came you here?

*Marpl.* Here! 'gad, I have done you a piece of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the Gentleman that was gone in, was——

*Cha.* Was it you that told him, Sir? [*Laying hold of him.*]  
'Sdeath, I could crush thee into Atoms. [*Exit Charles.*]

*Marpl.* What, will ye choak me for my Kindness?—— Will my enquiring Soul never leave searching into other People's Affairs, till it gets squeez'd out of my Body? I dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in such a Passion——I'll to *Miranda*; if I can discover aught that may oblige *Sir George*, it may be a means to reconcile me again to *Charles*. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir Jealous and Servants.*

*Sir Jea.* Are you sure you have search'd every where?

*Serv.* Yes, from the Top of the House to the Bottom.

*Sir Jea.* Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

*Serv.* Yes, and in them too; but found nobody Sir.

*Sir Jea.* Why, what could this Rogue mean?

*Enter Isabinda and Patch.*

*Patch.* Take Courage, Madam, I saw him safe out.

[*Aside to Isab.*]

*Isab.* Bless me! what's the Matter, Sir?

*Sir Jea.* You know best--Pray where's the Man that was here just now?

*Isab.* What Man, Sir? I saw none!

*Patch.* Nor I, by the Trust you repose in me; do you think I would let a Man come within these Doors, when you are absent?

*Sir Jea.* Ah, *Patch*, she may be too cunning for thy Honesty: the very Scout that he had set to give Warning, discover'd it to me—and threaten'd me with half a dozen *Myrmidons*——But I think I maul'd the Villain. These Afflictions you draw upon me, Mistress!

*Isab.* Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous Humour draws you into these Vexations, and gives every Fool pre-  
tence to banter you.

Sir *Jea.* No, 'tis your idle Conduct, your coquetish Flirting into the Balcony—Oh, with what Joy shall I resign thee into the Arms of Don *Diego Babinetto!*

*Isab.* And with what Industry shall I avoid him! [*Aside.*

Sir *Jea.* Certainly that Rogue had a Message from some body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that Sham upon me. Come along ye Sots, let's see if we can find the Dog again. *Patch*, lock her up; d'ye hear?

*Patch.* Yes, Sir—Ay, walk till your Heels ake, you'll find nobody, I promise you.

*Isab.* Who cou'd that Scout be which he talks of?

*Patch.* Nay, I can't imagine, without it was *Whisper.*

*Isab.* Well, dear *Patch*, let's employ all our Thoughts how to escape this horrid Don *Diego*, my very Heart sinks at his terrible Name.

*Patch.* Fear not, Madam, Don *Carlo* shall be the Man, or I'll lose the Reputation of Contriving; and then what's a Chamber-maid good for?

*Isab.* Say'st thou so, my Girl? Then——

*Let Dad be jealous, multiply his Cares,*

*While Love instructs me to avoid the Snares;*

*I'll, spight of all his Spanish Caution, show*

*How much for Love a British Maid can do. [Exit.*

### SCENE Sir Francis Gripe's House.

*Sir Francis and Miranda meeting.*

*Miran.* Well, *Gardy*, how did I perform the dumb Scene?

Sir *Fran.* To Admiration—Thou dear little Rogue, let me buss thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargy*, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee, I will, i'faith, I will.

[*Hugging and kissing her.*

*Miran.* Nay, *Gardy*, don't be so lavish; who would ride Post, when the Journey lasts for Life?

Sir *Fran.* Ah Wag, ah Wag——I'll buss thee again, for that.

*Miran.* Faugh! how he stinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I shou'd have! [*Aside.*

Sir *Fran.* Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou convince the World of thy happy Day? When shall we marry, ha?

*Miran.* There's nothing wanting but your Consent, Sir *Francis.*

Sir *Fran.* My Consent! what does my Charmer mean?

*Miran.* Nay, 'tis only a Whim, but I'll have every thing according to Form—therefore when you sign an authentic Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, *Gardy.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonstration I give my Leave when I marry thee?

*Miran.* Not for your Reputation, *Gardy*; the malicious World will be apt to say you trick'd me into a Marriage, and so take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops see how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wisdom.

Sir *Fran.* Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargy*, I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye. [Jumps.]

*Miran.* Oh, never excuse it; why, I like you the better for being old.—But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you refuse me this Formality.

Sir *Fran.* Not love thee, *Chargy*! Adod, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? Egad, better than Money; i'faith I do—

*Miran.* That's false, I'm sure [*Aside.*] To prove it, do this then.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I will do it, *Chargy*, provided I bring a License at the same Time?

*Miran.* Ay, and a Parson too, if you please: Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town will be mortified when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir *Fran.* So they will, so they will; Ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my *Gardy*!

Sir *Fran.* If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming, my—verily, I know not what to call thee.

*Miran.* You must know, *Gardy*, that I am so eager to have this Business concluded, that I have employ'd my Woman's Brother, who is a Lawyer in the *Temple*, to settle Matters just to your liking; you are to give your Consent to my Marriage, which is to yourself, you know: but Mum, you must take no Notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then

then to-morrow we come flap upon them with a Wedding that nobody thought on ; by which you seize me and my Estate, and, I suppose, make a Bonfire of your own Act and Deed.

*Sir Fran.* Nay, but *Chargy*, if——

*Miran.* Nay, *Gardy*, no *Ifs*—Have I refused three Northern Lords, two *British* Peers, and half a score Knights, to have put in your *Ifs*?——

*Sir Fran.* So thou hast, indeed, and I will trust to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a Fire.

*Miran.* 'Tis a Wonder the dry Stubble does not blaze.  
[*Aside.*]

*Enter Marplot.*

*Sir Fran.* How now, who sent for you, Sir? What, is the hundred Pound gone already?

*Marpl.* No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

*Sir Fran.* No; that's a Miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm sure.

*Marpl.* Ay, what's that, Guardian?

*Sir Fran.* Manners: What, had I no Servants without?

*Marpl.* None that could do my Business, Guardian, which is at present with this Lady.

*Miran.* With me, Mr. *Marplot*! what is it, I beseech you?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

*Marpl.* I deny that.

*Miran.* That's more than I do, Sir.

*Marpl.* Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed; Fame says, that you and my most conscionable *Guardian* here design'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed, to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable Gentleman, out of an hundred Pound.

*Miran.* That I contriv'd it!

*Marpl.* Ay you—You said never a Word against it, so far you are guilty.

*Sir Fran.* Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable Gentleman, that if he has any more such Sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last: Ha, ha, ha, ha! chous'd, quotha! But hark ye, let him know at the same Time, that if he dared to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a Lawyer to him shall shew him a Trick for twice as much; D'ye hear? Tell him that.

*Marpl.*

*Marpl.* So, and this is the Way you use a Gentleman and my Friend!

*Miran.* Is the Wretch thy Friend?

*Marpl.* The Wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call Names; Egad, I won't take it.

*Miran.* Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

*Marpl.* I don't know whether I will or no.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, I shall make a Servant shew you out at the Window, if you are faucy.

*Marpl.* I am your most humble Servant, *Guardian*; I design to go out the same Way I came in. I would only ask this Lady, if she does not think in her Soul Sir *George Airy* is not a fine Gentleman?

*Miran.* He dresses well.

*Sir Fran.* Which is chiefly owing to his Taylor and *Valet de Chambre*.

*Miran.* And if you allow that a Proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is so.

*Marpl.* The judicious Part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry, and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a hundred Pound upon your dumb Ladyship.

*Sir Fran.* Does that gaul him? ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* So, Sir *George* remaining in deep Discontent, has sent you his trusty Squire to utter his Complaint: ha, ha, ha!

*Marpl.* Yes, Madam; and you like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your Ladyship, were I Sir *George*, you, you, you——

*Miran.* Oh, don't call Names, I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a Messâge from me.

*Marpl.* According as I like it: What is it?

*Miran.* Nay, a kind one you may be sure —— First tell him, I have chose this Gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth.

[Clapping her Hand into Sir Francis's.

*Sir Fran.* Oh, the dear Rogue, how I doat on her! [Aside.

*Miran.* And advise his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir *Francis* for a Husband before all the Fops in the Universe.

*Marpl.* Oh Lord, Oh Lord! she's bewitch'd, that's certain: Here's a Husband for Eighteen — Here's a Shape — Here's Bones

Bones rattling in a leather Bag. [*Turning Sir Francis about.*]  
Here's Buckram and Canvas to scrub you to Repentance.

*Sir Fran.* Sirrah, my Cane shall teach you Repentance presently.

*Marpl.* No faith, I have felt its Twin Brother from just such a wither'd Hand too lately.

*Miran.* One thing more; advise him to keep from the Garden Gate on the left Hand; for if he dare to faunter there about the Hour of Eight, as he used to do, he shall be saluted with a Pistol or Blunderbuss.

*Sir Fran.* O monstrous! why *Chargy*, did he use to come to the Garden Gate?

*Miran.* The Gard'ner describ'd just such another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his Entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

*Marpl.* Pistols and Blunderbusses! Egad, a warm Reception indeed; I shall take care to inform him of your Kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

*Miran.* I hope he will understand my Meaning better, than to follow your Advice. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en Possession of my Heart for ever, *Chargy*, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Sauce-Box, let me have no more of your Messages, if ever you design to inherit your Estate, Gentleman.

*Marpl.* Why there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your Clutches one Day—Well, *Guardian*, I say no more; but if you be not as errant a Cuckold, as e'er drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance to a Court, I am the Son of a Whetstone; and so your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

*Miran.* Don't forget the Message; ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

*Miran.* Oh mind him not, *Gardy*, but let's sign Articles, and then—

*Sir Fran.* And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd: my Pulse beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks—

[*Kissing and hugging her.*]

*Miran.* Oh fie *Gardy*, be not so violent: Consider the Market lasts all the Year—Well, I'll in and see if the Lawyer be come, you'll follow. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Fran.* Ay, to the World's End, my Dear. Well, *Frank*, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old Age, to have such a delicate

a delicate Morsel, and thirty thousand Pound in love with thee; I shall be the Envy of Batchelors, the Glory of married Men, and the Wonder of the Town. Some Guardians wou'd be glad to compound for Part of the Estate, at dispatching an Heirefs. But I engross the whole: O!  
*Mibi præteritos referet sicut Jupiter Annos.* [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Tavern; discovers Sir George and Charles with Wine before them, and Whisperm waiting.

Sir Geo. Nay, prithee don't be grave, Charles: Misfortunes will happen, Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some Comfort to have a Companion in our Sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehensive for *Isabinda*; her Father's Humour is implacable; and how far his Jealousy may transport her to her Undoing, shocks my Soul to think.

Sir Geo. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his Rage will quickly lash into a Calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky Dog, *Marplot*, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him thither; that Fellow is ever doing Mischief: and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to shew his Friendship, as he calls it; a Curse on him.

Sir Geo. Then you must forgive him; what said he?

Cha. Said? nay, I had more mind to cut his Throat, than to hear his Excuses.

Sir Geo. Where is he?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into Sir *Francis Gripe's* just now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your Business, Sir George; a thousand to one but he makes same Mistake there too.

Sir Geo. Impossible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes Love to Sir *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Marplot's* below, Gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the Rogue is, when he has done a Fault!

Sir Geo. Ho! desire him to walk up. Prithee, Charles, throw off this Chagreen, and be good Company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: Whisperm, fetch me Pen, Ink and Paper.

Whisp. Yes, Sir.

[Exit Whisp.

*Enter Marplot.*

*Cha.* Do but mark his sheepish Look, Sir *George*.

*Marpl.* Dear *Charles*, don't overwhelm a Man—already under insupportable Affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my Friends; but if my malicious Stars deny the Happiness, is the Fault mine?

*Sir Geo.* Never mind him, Mr. *Marplot*; he is eat up with Spleen, but what says *Miranda*?

*Marpl.* Says—nay, we are all undone there too.

*Cha.* I told you so, nothing prospers that he undertakes.

*Marpl.* Why, can I help her having chose your Father for better for worse?

*Cha.* So: There's another of Fortune's Strokes. I suppose I shall be edg'd out of my Estate with Twins every Year, let who will get 'em.

*Sir Geo.* What, is the Woman really possess'd?

*Marpl.* Yes, with the Spirit of Contradiction, she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

*Sir Geo.* That's no ill Sign.

*Enter Whisper, with Pen, Ink and Paper.*

*Marpl.* You'd say it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

*Sir Geo.* Why, prithee?

*Marpl.* Hark'ye, Sir *George*, let me warn you, pursue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

[*Charles sits down to write.*]

*Sir Geo.* My old Haunt, what d'you mean!

*Marpl.* Why in short, then since you will have it, *Miranda* vows if you dare approach the Garden-gate at eight o'Clock, as you us'd, you shall be saluted with a Blunderbuss, Sir. These were her Words, nay she bid me tell you so too.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! the Garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do! There must be a Meaning in this. Is there such a Gate, *Charles*?

*Cha.* Yes, yes; it opens into the Park; I suppose her Ladyship has made many a Scamper through it.

*Sir Geo.* It must be an Affignation then. Ha, my Heart springs with Joy, 'tis a propitious Omen. My dear *Marplot*, let me embrace thee, thou art my Friend, my better Angel—

*Marpl.* What do you mean, Sir *George*?

*Sir Geo.*



Sir Geo. No matter what I mean. Here, take a Bumper to the Garden-gate, ye dear Rogue you.

Marpl. You have Reason to be transported, Sir George; I have sav'd your Life.

Sir Geo. My Life! thou hast sav'd my Soul, Man. Charles, if thou dost not pledge this Health, mayst thou never taste the Joys of Love.

Cha. Whisper, before you take care how you deliver this [Gives him the Letter] bring me the Answer to my Lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, Sir.

Marpl. Whither does that Letter go? — Now I dare not ask for my Blood.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir Geo. To the Garden-gate at the Hour of Eight, Charles, along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, Egad—to the Garden-gate, Huzza, [Drinks.] But I hope you design to keep far enough off it, Sir George.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her Frown; let her use her Blunderbus against the next Fool, she shan't reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her; Ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Ah, Charles, if you cou'd receive a Disappointment thus *en Cavalier*, one shou'd have some Comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir Geo. Nor wou'd I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough: Marplot, you shall go home with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him however. Sir George, yours. Egad, Charles's asking me to go home with him, gives me a shrewd Suspicion there's more in the Garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to Guardian's, and find it out.

Sir Geo. I kiss both your Hands—And now for the Garden-gate.

*It's Beauty gives the Assignment there,*

*And Love too powerful grows, t'admit of Fear. [Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE *the Outside of Sir Jealous Traffick's House, Patch peeping out of the Door.*

*Enter Whisper.*

*Whisp.* HA, Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky Minute, to find you so readily; my Master dies with Impatience.

*Patch.* My Lady imagin'd so, and by her Orders I have been scouting this Hour in search of you, to inform you that Sir *Jealous* has invited some Friends to Supper with him to-night, which gives an Opportunity to your Master to make use of his Ladder of Ropes. The Closet Window shall be open, and *Isabinda* ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

*Whisp.* Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him: But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Answer of, I can't think what Language the Direction is.

*Patch.* Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Character which the Lovers intend to avert Discovery. Ha, I hear my old Master coming down Stairs, it is impossible you shou'd have an Answer; away, and bid him come himself for that—Be gone, we are ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his Care since the last Accident.

*Whisp.* I go, I go. [Exit.]

*Patch.* There, go thou into my Pocket. [*Puts it beside, and it falls down.*] Now I'll up the Back-stairs, lest I meet him. Well, a dextrous Chamber-maid is the Ladies best Utensil, I say. [Exit.]

*Enter Sir Jealous with a Letter in his Hand.*

*Sir Jeal.* So, this is some Comfort; this tells me that *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* is safely arriv'd; he shall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes, Ha, ha! What's here? [*Takes up the Letter which Patch drop'd.*] A Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superscription. I'll see what's within side, [*opens it.*] Humph; 'tis *Hebrew*, I think. What can this mean? there must be some Trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that she can speak any Language but her Mother-tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of *Lovc's Hieroglyphicks*, and I fancy I saw *Patch's Tail* sweep by. That Wench

may be a Slut, and instead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out I'm resolv'd: Who's there?

*Enter Servant.*

What Answer did you bring from the Gentlemen I sent you to invite?

*Serv.* That they'll all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, Sir.

*Sir Jeal.* Did I so, Sir? but I shan't forget to break your Head, if any of them come, Sir.

*Serv.* Come, Sir! why did you not send me to desire their Company, Sir?

*Sir Jeal.* But I send you now to desire their Absence; say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to Expectation, and ask their Pardon; and d'ye hear, send the Butler to me.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir. [Exit.

*Enter Butler.*

*Sir Jeal.* If this Paper has a Meaning, I'll find it. Lay the Cloth in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook send Supper thither presently.

*Butl.* Yes, Sir—Hey-day, what's the Matter now? [Exit.

*Sir Jeal.* He wants the Eyes of *Argus*, that has a young handsome Daughter in this Town; but my Comfort is, I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and would be in less Danger;

*For let him do or counsel all he can,*

*She thinks and dreams of nothing else but Man.* [Exit.

S C E N E *Isabinda's Chamber.*

*Isabinda and Patch.*

*Isab.* Are you sure nobody saw you speak to *Whisper*?

*Patch.* Yes, very sure, Madam: But I heard *Sir Jealous* coming down Stairs, so clapt his Letter into my Pocket.

[Feels for the Letter.

*Isab.* A Letter? give it me quickly.

*Patch.* Bless me! what's become on't—I'm sure I put it— [Searching still.

*Isab.* Is it possible thou could'st be so careless?—Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be lost.

*Patch.* I must have dropt it upon the Stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd? If the worst happens, nobody can read it, Madam, nor find out who it was design'd for.

*Isab.* If it falls into my Father's Hands, the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Consequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this moment.

*Patch.* Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else——  
[*As she's going out of the Door, meets the Butler.*] How now, what do you want?

*Butl.* My Master order'd me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

*Isab.* Ruin'd, past Redemption—— [Aside.]

*Patch.* You mistake sure; what shall we do?

*Isab.* I thought he expected Company to-night—Oh! poor *Charles*! Oh, unfortunate *Isabinda*?

*Butl.* I thought so too, Madam, but I suppose he has alter'd his Mind. [Lays the Cloth, and Exit.]

*Isab.* The Letter is the Cause; this heedless Action has undone me: Fly and fasten the Closet-window, which will give *Charles* Notice to retire. Ha, my Father! Oh Confusion!

Enter Sir Jealous.

*Sir Jea.* Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you going? I'll have no body stir out of the Room till after Supper.

*Patch.* Sir, I was going to reach your Easy Chair.——  
Oh, wretched Accident!

*Sir Jea.* I'll have nobody stir out of the Room. I don't want my Easy Chair.

*Isab.* What will be the Event of this? [Aside.]

*Sir Jea.* Hark ye, Daughter; do you know this Hand?

*Isab.* As I suspected——Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis some School-boy's Scraul.

*Patch.* Oh Invention! Thou Chamber-maid's best Friend, assist me.

*Sir Jea.* Are you sure you don't understand it?

[*Patch feels in her Bosom, and shakes her Coats.*]

*Isab.* Do you understand it, Sir?

*Sir Jea.* I wish I did.

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aside.*] Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, Sir.

*Patch.* Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what have you done, Sir? Why the Paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my Bosom.

[*Snatching it from him.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Ha! yours, Mistress?

*Ifab.* What does she mean by owning it? [*Aside.*]

*Patch.* Yes, Sir, it is.

*Sir Jeal.* What is it? speak.

*Patch.* Yes, Sir, it is a Charm for the Tooth-ach—I have worn it these seven Years; 'twas given me by an Angel for ought I know, when I was raving with the Pain; for nobody knew from whence he came, nor whither he went: He charged me never to open it, lest some dire Vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune, that I shou'd drop it, and you should open it——If you had not open'd it——

*Ifab.* Excellent Wench! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Pox of your Charms and Whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

*Patch.* So, all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*]

*Ifab.* I wou'd not lose *Patch* for the World——I'll take Courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this Usage for your Daughter, Sir? Must my Virtue and Conduct be suspected for every Trifle? You immure me like some dire Offender here, and deny me all the Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and the Custom of the Country and Modesty allow; yet not content with that, you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Mistrusts and Jealousies; wou'd I were dead, so I were free from this.

*Sir Jeal.* To-morrow rids you of this tiresome Load——*Don Diego Babinetto* will be here, and then my Care ends, and his begins.

*Ifab.* Is he come then? Oh how shall I avoid this hated Marriage? [*Aside.*]

*Enter Servants with Supper.*

*Sir Jeal.* Come, will you sit down?

*Ifab.* I can't eat, Sir.

*Patch.* No, I dare swear he has given her Supper enough. I wish I cou'd get into the Closet—— [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilst I do.

*Isab.* I have such a Cold I can scarce speak, Sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent *Charles* coming in? [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* I hope you have the Use of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your Spinnet, whilst your Woman sings me a Song.

*Patch.* I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* I shall make excellent Music. [*Sits down to play.*]

*Patch.* Really Sir, I'm so frightened about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

*Sir Jeal.* Pish, hang your Charm: come, come, sing any thing.

*Patch.* Yes, I'm likely to sing truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bless me, I cannot raise my Voice, my Heart pants so.

*Sir Jeal.* Why, what does your Heart pant so, that you can't play neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

*Patch.* Ah, wou'd the Key were turn'd of you once. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Why don't you sing, I say?

*Patch.* When Madam has put her Spinnet in Tune, Sir; humph, humph——

*Isab.* I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [*Rising.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Zounds sit down and play me a Tune, or I'll break your Spinnet about your Ears.

*Isab.* What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Come Mistress. [*To Patch.*]

*Patch.* Yes, Sir. [*Sings, but horribly out of Tune.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Hey, hey, why you are a-top of the House, and you are down in the Cellar. What is the Meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

*Patch.* Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that Note——Nor any Note I fear.

*Isab.* Well, begin—Oh! *Patch*, we shall be discover'd.

*Patch.* I sing with the Apprehension, Madam—humph, humph——[*Sings.*]

[*Charles pulls open the Closet-door.*]

*Cha.* Music and Singing.

'Tis thus the bright Celestial Court above  
Beguiles the Hours with Music and with Love.

Death! her Father there! [*The Women shriek*] then I must fly——[*Exit into the Closet.*] [*Sir Jealous rises up hastily, seeing Charles slip back into the Closet.*]

Sir *Jea.* Hell and Furies, a Man in the Closet!——

*Patch.* Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost——he must not enter the Closet——[*Isabinda throws herself down before the Closet Door, as in a Swoon.*]

Sir *Jea.* The Devil! I'll make a Ghost of him I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*]

*Patch.* Oh hold, Sir, have a care, you'll tread upon my Lady——Who waits there? Bring some Water. Oh! this comes of your opening the Charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Weeps aloud.*]

Sir *Jea.* I'll charm you, House-wife, here lies the Charm that conjur'd this Fellow in, I'm sure on't; come out you Rascal, do so: Zounds take her from the Door, or I'll spurn her from it, and break your Neck down Stairs.

*Isab.* Oh, oh, where am I——He's gone, I heard him leap down. [*Aside to Patch.*]

*Patch.* Nay, then let him enter——here, here Madam, smell to this; come, give me your Hand; come nearer to the Window, the Air will do you good.

Sir *Jea.* I wou'd she were in her Grave. Where, are you Sirrah? Villain, Robber of my Honour! I'll pull you out of your Nest. [*Goes into the Closet.*]

*Patch.* You'll be mistaken, old Gentleman, the Bird is flown.

*Isab.* I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well. I was almost dead in earnest with the Fright.

*Re-enter Sir Jealous out of the Closet.*

Sir *Jea.* Whoever the Dog were, he has escap'd out of the Window, for the Sash is up. But tho' he is got out of my Reach, you are not; And first, Mrs. *Pander*, with your Charms for the Tooth-ach, get out of my House, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my Doors myself, but I'll secure your Charge ere I go.

*Isab.* What do you mean, Sir? Was she not a Creature of your own providing?

Sir *Jea.* She was of the Devil's providing for aught I know.

*Patch.* What have I done, Sir, to merit your Displeasure?

Sir *Jea.* I don't know which of you have done it; but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose Guilt

it is: Go, get in there, I'll move you from this Side of the House [*Pushes Isabinda in at the Door, and locks it: puts the Key into his Pocket*] I'll keep the Key myself; I'll try what Ghost will get into that Room. And now forsooth I'll wait on you down Stairs.

*Patch.* Ah, my poor Lady—— Down Stairs, Sir! but I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my Clothes.

*Sir Jea.* If thou wer't as naked as thou wer't born, thou should'st not stay to put on a Smock. Come along, I say; when your Mistress is marry'd, you shall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then——

[*Exit, pulling her out.*]

*Patch.* Oh! barbarous Usage for nothing!

*Re-enter at the lower end.*

*Sir Jea.* There, go, and come no more within Sight of my Habitation these three Days, I charge you,

[*Slaps the Door after her.*]

*Patch.* Did ever any body see such an old Monster?

*Enter Charles.*

*Patch.* Oh! Mr. Charles, your Affairs and mine are in an ill Posture.

*Cha.* I am inur'd to the Frowns of Fortune: But what has befallen thee?

*Patch.* Sir *Jealous*, whose suspicious Nature's always on the Watch; nay, even while one Eye sleeps, the other keeps Centinel; upon sight of you, flew into such a violent Passion, that I could find no Stratagem to appease him; but in spite of all Arguments, lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of Doors.

*Cha.* Ha! oh, *Isabinda!*

*Patch.* And swears she shall neither see Sun or Moon, till she is *Don Diego Babinetto's* Wife, who arrived last Night, and is expected with Impatience.

*Cha.* He dies; yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he shall; here will I plant myself, and through my Breast he shall make his Passage, if he enters.

*Patch.* A most heroic Resolution. There might be Ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open Force.

*Cha.* I apprehend you not.

*Patch.* What think you of personating this *Spaniard*, imposing



imposing upon the Father, and marrying your Mistress by his own Consent.

*Cha.* Say'st thou so, my Angel! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee: But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, or from what Part of *Spain*; who recommends him, or how attended?

*Patch,* I can solve all this. He is from *Madrid*, his Father's Name *Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto*, Here's a Letter of his to Sir *Jealous*, which he dropt one Day! you understand *Spanish*, and the Hand may be counterfeited: You conceive me, Sir.

*Cha.* My better Genius, thou hast reviv'd my drooping Soul: I'll about it instantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Garden-gate open, *Scentwell* waiting within.

*Enter Sir George Airy.*

*Sir Geo.* So, this is the Gate, and most invitingly open: If there should be a Blunderbus here now, what a dreadful Ditty would my Fall make for Fools! and what a Jest for the Wits! how my Name would be roar'd about Streets! Well, I'll venture all.

*Scentw.* Hift, hift! *Sir George Airy* ——— [Enters.]

*Sir Geo.* A Female Voice! thus far I'm safe, my Dear.

*Scentw.* No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her; give me your Hand; you must go thro' many a dark Passage and dirty Step before you arrive——

*Sir Geo.* I know I must before I arrive at Paradise; therefore be quick, my charming Guide.

*Scentw.* For aught you know; come, come, your Hand and away.

*Sir Geo.* Here, here, Child, you can't be half so swift as my Desires. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the House.

*Enter Miranda.*

*Miran.* Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now don't I transgress all Rules to venture upon a Man without the Advice of the grave and wise? But then a rigid knavish Guardian, who would have marry'd me! To whom? even to his nauseous self, or nobody. *Sir George*

George is what I have try'd in Conversation, inquir'd into his Character, am satisfied in both. Then his Love! Who wou'd have given a hundred Pounds only to have seen a Woman he had not infinitely lov'd! So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with Arguments enough of his Side; and now the only Doubt remains, whether he will come or no.

*Enter Scentwell.*

*Scentw.* That's resolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight.  
[*Exit Scentwell.*

*Sir Geo.* And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whose Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleasing Dreams!

*Miran.* What! beginning again in Heroics! ——— *Sir George*, don't you remember how little Fruit your last prodigal Oration produc'd? not one bare single Word in Answer.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! the Voice of my *Incognita* ——— Why did you take ten thousand Ways to captivate a Heart you Eyes alone had vanquish'd?

*Miran.* Prithee no more of these Flights; for our Time's but short, and we must fall to Business: Do you think we can agree on that same terrible Bugbear, *Matrimony*, without heartily repenting on both Sides!

*Sir Geo.* It has been my Wish since first my longing Eyes beheld ye.

*Miran.* And your happy Ears drank in the pleasing News, I had thirty thousand Pounds.

*Sir Geo.* Unkind! Did I not offer you in those purchas'd Minutes to run the Risk of your Fortune, so you wou'd but secure that lovely Person to my Arms?

*Miran.* Well, if you have such Love and Tenderness, (since our wooing has been short) pray reserve it for our future Days, to let the World see we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill be a Novelty ———

*Sir Geo.* Haste then, and let us tie the Knot, and prove the envy'd Pair ———

*Miran.* Hold, not so fast, I have provided better than to venture on dangerous Experiments headlong ——— My Guardian, trusting to my dissembled Love, has given up my Fortune to my own Disposal; but with this Proviso, that he to-morrow Morning weds me. He is now gone to *Doctors-Commons* for a Licence.

*Sir Geo.*

Sir Geo. Ha, a Licence!

Miran. But I have planted Emissaries that infallibly take him down to *Epsom*, under pretence that a Brother Usurer of his is to make him his Executor; the thing on Earth he covets.

Sir Geo. 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Instruments confirm him this Man is dying, and he sends me Word he goes this Minute; it must be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd. That Time is ours.

Sir Geo. Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming Years, endless, endless Happiness.

Miran. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the Road — then I, and my Writings, the most material Point, are soon remov'd.

Sir Geo. I have one Favour to ask, if it lies in your Power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor *Charles*, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: he is as free from all his Vices, as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have Vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Designs on his Father. If his Uncle's Estate ought to be in his Possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular Piece of Service.

Sir Geo. You are all Goodness.

*Euter* Scentwell.

Scentw. Oh, Madam, my Master and Mr. *Marplot* are just coming into the House.

Miran. Undone, undone, if he finds you here in this Crisis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir Geo. What shall I do! can't I get back into the Garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up those Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condescend to stand behind this Chimney-board, Sir *George*.

Sir Geo. Any where, any where, dear Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie close —

[They put him behind the Chimney-board.]

*Euter*

*Enter Sir Francis and Marplot; Sir Francis peeling an Orange.*

*Sir Fran.* I cou'd not go, though 'tis upon Life and Death, without taking leave of dear *Chargy*. Besides, this Fellow buzz'd in my Ears, that thou might'st be so desperate to shoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden-gate; and that would bring us into Trouble, Dear——

*Miran.* So *Marplot* brought you back then; I am oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure——

*[Frowning at Marplot aside.*

*Marpl.* By her Looks she means she's not oblig'd to me, I have done some Mischief now, but what, I can't imagine.

*Sir Fran.* Well, *Chargy*, I have had three Messengers to come to *Epsom* to my Neighbour *Squeezum's*, who, for all his vast Riches, is departing. *[Sighs.*

*Marpl.* Ay, see what all you Usures must come to.

*Sir Fran.* Peace ye young Knave! Some forty Years hence I may think on't—— But, *Chargy*, I'll be with thee to-morrow, before those pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, *Chargy*, I'll rouse you, i'faith.—— Here *Mrs Scentwell*, lift up your Lady's Chimney-board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

*Miran.* Oh my Stars! what will become of us now?

*Scentw.* Oh, pray Sir, give it me; I love it above all Things in Nature, indeed I do.

*Sir Fran.* No, no, Hussy; you have the Green-Pipe already, I'll have no Apothecary's Bills.

*[Goes towards the Chimney-board.*

*Miran.* Hold, hold, hold, dear *Gardy*, I have a, a, a, a, a, a, Monkey, shut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my China, or get away, and that would break my Heart; for I'm fond on't to Distraction, next thee, dear *Gardy*.

*[In a flattering Tone.*

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, *Chargy*, I won't open it; she shall have her Monkey, poor Rogue; here, throw this Peel out of the Window. *[Exit Scentwell.*

*Marpl.* A Monkey! dear Madam, let me see it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh how I love the little Miniatures of Man!

*Miran.*

*Miran.* Be quiet, Mischief, and stand farther from the Chimney——You shall not see my Monkey——why fure ——  
[Striving with him.]

*Marpl.* For Heav'n's Sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as my Lady *Fiddle-Faddle's*. Has it got a Chain?

*Miran.* Not yet, but I design it one shall last its Lifetime: Nay, you shall not see it————Look, *Gardy*, how he teazes me!

*Sir Fran.* [Getting between him and the Chimney.] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my *Chargy's* Monkey alone, or *Bambo* shall fly about your Ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

*Marpl.* Pugh, pox of this Monkey! here's a Rout: I wish he may rival you.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, they put two more Horses to the Coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the Door.

*Sir Fran.* Well, I am going to be Executor, better for thee, Jewel. 'B'ye *Chargy*, one Busf!——I'm glad thou hast got a Monkey to divert thee a little.

*Miran.* Thank'e dear *Gardy*——Nay, I'll see you to the Coach.

*Sir Fran.* That's kind, adod.

*Miran.* Come along, Impertinence. [To *Marplot*.]

*Marpl.* [Stepping back.] Egad, I will see the Monkey now. [Lifts up the Board, and discovers *Sir George*.] Oh Lord, O Lord! Thieves, Thieves, Murder!

*Sir Geo.* Dam'e, you unlucky Dog! 'tis I; which Way shall I get out! shew me instantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

*Marpl.* Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that China, and I'll bring you off.

[He runs off at the Corner, and throws down some China.]

*Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, and Scentwell.*

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on me! What's the matter?

*Miran.* Oh you Toad! what have you done?

*Marpl.* No great Harm, I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see the Monkey, I did but just raise up the Board, and it flew over my Shoulders, scratch'd all my Face, broke yon China, and whisk'd out of the Window.

*Sir Fran.* Was ever such an unlucky Rogue! Sirrah, I forbid

I forbid you my House, Call the Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd stay myself to look it, but that you know my earnest Business.

*Scentw.* Oh my Lady will be the best to lure it back; all them Creatures love my Lady extremely.

*Miran.* Go, go, dear *Gardy*, I hope I shall recover it.

*Sir Fran.* B'ye, b'ye, Dear'e. Ah, Mischief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [Exit.

*Miran. Scentwell*, see him in the Coach, and bring me Word.

*Scentw.* Yes, Madam.

*Miran.* So, Sir, you have done your Friend a signal Piece of Service, I suppose.

*Marpl.* Why look you, Madam; if I have committed a Fault, thank yourself; no Man is more serviceable when I am let into a Secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning? when you talk'd of a Blunderbus, who thought of a Rendezvous? And when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil dream't of Sir *George*?

*Miran.* A Sign you converse but little with our Sex, when you can't reconcile Contradictions.

*Enter Scentwell.*

*Scentw.* He's gone, Madam, as fast as the Coach and Six can carry him.

*Enter Sir George.*

*Sir Geo.* Then I may appear.

*Marpl.* Dear Sir *George*, make my Peace! On my Soul, I did not think of you.

*Sir Geo.* I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

*Miran.* Well, Sir *George*, if he can be secret.

*Marpl.* Ods heart, Madam, I'm as secret as a Priest when I'm trusted.

*Sir Geo.* Why 'tis with a Priest our Business is at present.

*Scentw.* Madam, here's Mrs. *Isabinda's* Woman to wait on you.

*Miran.* Bring her up.

*Enter Patch.*

How do'e Mrs. *Patch*? What News from your Lady?

*Patch.*

*Patch.* That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir *George*, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occasion for your Assistance.

*Sir Geo.* His Name.

*Patch. Charles.*

*Marpl.* Ha ! then there's something a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir *George*.

*Sir Geo.* A third Person may not be proper, perhaps ; as soon as I have dispatch'd my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll send my Servant to tell him I'll wait upon him in half an Hour.

*Miran.* How come you employ'd in this Message, Mrs. *Patch* ?

*Patch.* Want of Business, Madam ; I am discharg'd by my Master, but hope to serve my Lady still.

*Miran.* How ! discharg'd ! you must tell me the whole Story within.

*Patch.* With all my Heart, Madam.

*Marpl.* Pish ! Pox, I wish I were fairly out of the House. I find Marriage is the End of this Secret : And now I am half mad to know what *Charles* wants him for.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Madam I'm doubly press'd by Love and Friendship : This Exigence admits of no Delay. Shall we make *Marplot* of the Party ?

*Miran.* If you'll run the Hazard, Sir *George* ; I believe he means well.

*Marpl.* Nay, nay, for my Part, I desire to be let into nothing ; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me.

[*Going.*

*Sir Geo.* So, now he has a mind to be gone to *Charles* : But not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his Hands at present, I'm resolv'd he shan't stir.—No, Mr. *Marplot*, you must not leave us, we want a third Person.

[*Takes hold of him.*

*Marpl.* I never had more mind to be gone in my Life.

*Miran.* Come along then ; if we fail in the Voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd Gentleman on board.

*Sir Geo.* That Vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,

Whose Freight is Beauty, and whose Pilot Love.

## ACT V.

*Enter Miranda, Patch and Scentwell.*

*Miran.* WELL, *Patch*, I have done a strange bold Thing; my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown myself into the Extravagance of a young one; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no Remedy from a Husband but the Grave; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Constitution.

*Patch.* O fear not, Madam, you'll find your Account in *Sir George Airy*; it is impossible a Man of Sense should use a Woman ill, endued with Beauty, Wit and Fortune. It must be the Lady's Fault, if she does not wear the unfashionable Name of Wife easy, when nothing but Complaisance and Good-humour is requisite on either Side to make them happy.

*Miran.* I long till I am out of this House, lest any Accident shou'd bring my Guardian back. *Scentwell*, put my best Jewels into the little Casket, slip them into thy Pocket, and let us march off to *Sir Jealous's*.

*Scent-w.* It shall be done, Madam. [*Exit Scentwell.*]

*Patch.* *Sir George* will be impatient, Madam; if their Plot succeeds, we shall be received; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

*Miran.* Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy detested Walls; 'twill be no more sweet *Sir Francis*; I shall be compell'd to the odious Task of dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my *Precious*, my *Dear*, dear *Gardy*. O Heavens!

*Enter Sir Francis behind.*

*Sir Fran.* Ah, my sweet *Chargy*, don't be frighted. [*She starts.*] But thy poor *Gardy* has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd, but nobody knows by whom.

*Miran.* Undone! past Redemption. [*Afide.*]

*Sir Fran.* What, won't you speak to me, *Chargy*?

*Miran.* I am so surpriz'd with Joy to see you, I know not what to say.

*Sir Fran.* Poor dear Girl! but do'e know that my Son,  
OR



or some such Rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this Journey? For upon the Road I met my Neighbour *Squeezum* well, and coming to Town.

*Miran.* Good lack! good lack! what Tricks are there in this World!

*Enter Scentwell, with a Diamond Necklace in her Hand; not seeing Sir Francis.*

*Scent.* Madam, be pleas'd to tie this Necklace on, for I can't get into the ——— [Seeing Sir Francis.

*Miran.* The Wench is a Fool, I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the Box?

*Sir Fran.* What's the matter?

*Miran.* Only Dear'e, I bid her, I bid her ——— Your ill Usage has put every thing out of my Head. 'But won't you go, *Gardy*, and find out these Fellows, and have them punished? and, and ———

*Sir Fran.* Where shou'd I look them, Child? No, I'll fit me down contented with my Safety, nor stir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parson.

*Miran.* [Aside.] If he goes into his Closet, I am ruin'd! Oh! bless me, in this Fright, I had forgot Mrs. *Patch*.

*Patch.* Ay, Madam, I stay for your speedy Answer.

*Miran.* [Aside.] I must get him out of the House. Now assist me, Fortune.

*Sir Fran.* Mrs. *Patch*! I profess I did not see you: How dost thou do, Mrs. *Patch*? Well, don't you repent leaving my *Chargy*?

*Patch.* Yes, every body must love her ——— but I came now ——— Madam, what did I come for? My Invention is at the last Ebb. [Aside to Miranda.

*Sir Fran.* Nay, never whisper, tell me.

*Miran.* She came, dear *Gardy*, to invite me to her Lady's Wedding, and you shall go with me, *Gardy*, 'tis to be done this Moment, to a *Spanish* Merchant: Old Sir *Jealous* keeps on his Humour, the first Minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the sight of Matrimony wou'd tempt *Chargy* to perform her Promise: There was a Smile, there was a consenting Look with those pretty Twinklers, worth a Million. Ods-precious,

precious, I am happier than the Great *Mogul*, the Emperor of *China*, or all the Potentates that are not in the Wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my Skin.

*Miran.* When one has resolv'd, 'tis in vain to stand, shall I, shall I, ; if ever I marry, positively this is my Wedding-day.

*Sir Fran.* Oh ! happy, happy Man——Verily I will beget a Son the first Night, shall disinherit that Dog *Charles*. I have Estate enough to purchase a Barony, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the *Gripes*.

*Miran* Come then, *Gardy*, give me thy Hand, let's to this House of *Hymen*.

*My Choice is fixt, let good or ill betide.*

*Sir Fran.* The joyful Bridegroom I,

*Miran.* And I the happy Bride.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Jealous, meeting a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a Couple of Gentlemen enquire for you ; one of them calls himself *Seignior Diego Babinetto*.

*Sir Jeal.* Ha ! *Seignior Babinetto* ! Admit 'em instantly——Joyful Minute ; I'll have my Daughter marry'd to-night.

*Enter Charles in a Spanish Habit, with Sir George dress'd like a Merchant.*

*Sir Jeal.* Senior, beso las Menas vuestra merced es muy bein venido en esta tierra.

*Cha.* Senior, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado Cryado de vuestra merced : Mi Padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos ; y a Commissionada este Mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me Haze el mas dichoso hombre del mundo, Haziendo me su yerno.

*Sir Jeal* I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my *Spanish*. Sir, I am your most humble Servant. *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* has informed me that you are commissioned by *Seignior Don Pedro*, &c. his worthy Father.

*Sir Geo.* To see an Affair of Marriage consummated between a Daughter of yours and *Signior Diego Babinetto* his Son here. True, Sir, such a Trust is repos'd in me, as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him.

[*Aside.*]

[*Gives him a Letter:*  
*Sir Jeal.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his Hand. [Seems to read.

Sir *Geo.* Good—you have counterfeited to a Nicety,  
*Charles.* [Aside to Charles.

*Cha.* If the whole Plot succeeds as well, I'm happy.  
 [Aside to Sir George.

Sir *Jeal.* Sir, I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and Probity; I think Sir, he calls you *Meanwell*.

Sir *Geo.* *Meanwell* is my Name, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* A very good Name, and very significant.

*Cha.* Yes Faith, if he knew all. [Aside.

Sir *Jeal.* For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the Virtue of a Friend, and a Friend is the Delight and Support of human Society.

Sir *Geo.* You shall find that I'll discharge the Part of a Friend in what I have undertaken, Sir *Jealous*.

*Cha.* But little does he think to whom. [Aside.

Sir *Geo.* Therefore, Sir, I must intreat the Presence of your Daughter, and the Assistance of your Chaplain; for *Seignior Don Pedro* strictly enjoin'd me to see the Marriage Rites perform'd as soon as we shou'd arrive, to avoid the accidental Overtures of *Venus*.

Sir *Jeal.* Overtures of *Venus*!

Sir *Geo.* Ay, Sir, that is, those little hawking Females that traverse the Park, and the Play-house, to put off their damag'd Ware——they fasten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully, as the *Kentish* Men do a Ship-wreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, I know this Town swarms with them.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, and then you know the *Spaniards* are naturally amorous, but very constant, the first Faces fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

*Cha.* Well hinted. [Aside.

Sir *Jeal.* Pat to my Purpose——Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

*Cha.* Pray Heaven that one thing more don't spoil all.  
 [Aside.

Sir *Jeal.* *Don Pedro* writ one Word in his last but one; that he design'd the Sum of five thousand Crowns by way of Jointure for my Daughter: and that it shou'd be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

*Cha.* Oh! the Devil. [Aside.  
 Sir

Sir Jeal. In order to lodge it in some of our Funds in case she should become a Widow, and return for *England*.

Sir Geo. Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What shall I say? [Aside.]

Sir Jeal. And he does not mention one Word of it in this Letter.

Cha. I don't know how he should. [Aside.]

Sir Geo. Humph! True, Sir Jealous, he told me such a Thing, but, but, but, but——he, he, he, he——he did not imagine you wou'd insist upon the very Day; for, for, for, for Money you know is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an——

Cha. Zounds, say we have brought it in Commodities. [Aside to Sir George.]

Sir Geo. And so, Sir, he has sent it in Merchandize, Tobacco, Sugars, Spices, Lemons, and so forth, which shall be turn'd into Money with all Expedition: In the mean time, Sir, if you please to accept of my Bond for Performance——

Sir Jeal. It is enough, Sir; I am so pleas'd with the Countenance of *Seignior Diego*, and the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your Word, and will fetch my Daughter this Moment. Within there! [Enter Servant.] desire Mr. Tackum, my Neighbour's Chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [Exit.]

Sir Jeal. Gentlemen, I'll return in an Instant. [Exit.]

Cha. Wondrous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir Geo. Egad that five thousand Crowns had like to have ruin'd the Plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more Rubs in our way——

Sir Geo. Thou'lt carry the Prize——But hist, here he comes.

*Enter Sir Jealous, dragging in Isabinda.*

Sir Jeal. Come along, you stubborn Baggage you, come along.

Isab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but speak one Word; Do not destroy my everlasting Peace:

My Soul abhors this *Spaniard* you have chose,  
Nor can I wed him without being curst.

Sir Jeal. How's that!

Isab.

*Ifab.* Let this Posture move your tender Nature, [*Kneels.*  
For ever will I hang upon these Knees :  
Nor loose my Hands till you cut off the Hold,  
If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

*Cha.* Oh ! that I cou'd discover myself to her ! [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Have a care what you do. You had better  
trust to his Obstinacy. [*Aside.*

*Sir Jeal.* Did you ever see such a perverse Slut ? Off, I  
say ; Mr. *Meanwell*, pray help me a little.

*Sir Geo.* Rise, Madam, and do not disoblige your Fa-  
ther, who has provided a Husband worthy of you, one  
that will love you equal with his Soul, and one that you  
will love when once you know him.

*Ifab.* Oh ! never, never. Cou'd I suspect that Falshood  
in my Heart, I wou'd this Moment tear it from my Breast,  
and straight present him with the treacherous Part.

*Cha.* Oh ! my charming faithful Dear. [*Aside.*

*Sir Jeal.* Falshood ! why who the Devil are you in love  
with ? Don't provoke me, for by St. *Iägo* I shall beat you,  
Huswife.

*Cha.* Heaven forbid ; for I shall infallibly discover my-  
self if he should.

*Sir Geo.* Have Patience, Madam ! and look at him :  
Why will ye prepossess yourself against a Man that is Ma-  
ster of all the Charms you wou'd desire in a Husband ?

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, look at him, *Ifabinda* ; *Senior pase vind  
adelante.*

*Cha.* My Heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom I ima-  
gin'd wou'd with Joy receive 'me. *Seniora obligue me vue-  
stra merced de su mano.*

*Sir Jeal.* [*Pulling up her Head.*] Hold up your Head,  
hold up your Head, Huswife, and look at him : Is there a  
properer, handsomer, better-shap'd Fellow in *England*, ye  
Jade you ? Ha ! see, see the obstinate Baggage shuts her  
Eyes ; by St. *Iägo*, I have a good mind to beat 'em out.

[*Pushes her down.*

*Ifab.* Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly.

'Tis much the kinder Action of the Two ;  
For 'twill be worse than Death to wed him.

*Sir Geo.* Sir *Jealous*, you are too passionate. Give me  
leave, I'll try by gentle Words to work her to your Purpose.

*Sir Jeal.* I pray do, Mr. *Meanwell*, I pray do ; she'll  
break

break my Heart. [*Weeps.*] There is in that, Jewels of the Value of 3000*l.* which were her Mother's, and a Paper wherein I have settled one half of my Estate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided she marries this Gentleman; else by *St. Iago* I'll turn her out of Doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, *Mr. Meanwell*, pray do.

[*Walks off.*]

*Sir Geo.* Ha! this is beyond Expectation——Trust me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous Consequence of disobeying you at this Juncture before her, I warrant you.

*Cha.* A sudden Joy runs thro' my Heart like a propitious Omen. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Come, Madam, do not blindly cast your Life away just in the Moment you would wish to save it.

*Isab.* Pray, cease your Trouble, Sir; I have no Wish but sudden Death to free me from this hated *Spaniard*. If you are his Friend, inform him what I say; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the same strength of Passion that I hate this *Diego*; with whom, if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand shall cut the Gordian Knot.

*Sir Geo.* Suppose this *Spaniard*, which you strive to shun, should be the very Man to whom you'd fly?

*Isab.* Ha!

*Sir Geo.* Would you not blame your rash Resolve, and curse your Eyes that would not look on *Charles*?

*Isab.* On *Charles*! Oh, you have inspired new Life, and collected every wandring Sense. Where is he? Oh! let me fly into his Arms. [*Rises.*]

*Sir Geo.* Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your Father believes him to be *Seignior Babinetto*: Compose yourself a little pray, Madam. [*He runs to Sir Jealous.*]

*Cha.* Her Eyes declare she knows me. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* She begins to hear Reason, Sir; the Fear of being turned out of Doors has done it. [*Runs back to Isabinda.*]

*Isab.* 'Tis he! Oh, my ravish'd Soul!

*Sir Geo.* Take heed, Madam, you don't betray yourself. Seem with Reluctance to consent, or you are undone; [*Runs to Sir Jealous*] speak gently to her, I'm sure she'll yield, I see it in her Face.

*Sir Jea.* Well, *Isabinda*, can you refuse to bless a Father, whose only care is to make you happy, as *Mr. Meanwell* has inform'd

inform'd you? Come, wipe thy Eyes, nay prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's Heart: See, thou bring'st the Tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful Carriage to me.

[Weeps.

*Isab.* Oh! do not weep, Sir, your Tears are like a Poisonyard to my Soul; do with me what you please, I am all Obedience.

*Sir Jea.* Ha! then thou art my Child again.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis done, and now, Friend, the Day's thy own.

*Cha.* The happiest of my Life, if nothing intervene.

*Sir Jea.* And wilt thou love him?

*Isab.* I will endeavour it, Sir.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's Mr. Tackum.

*Sir Jea.* Shew him into the Parlour——*Senior tome vind Sueipora; cette Momento les juntta les Manos.*

[Gives her to Charles.

*Cha.* Oh Transport!—*Senior yo la recibo Como se deve un Tesero tan Grande.* Oh! my Joy, my Life, my Soul.

[Embrace.

*Isab.* My faithful everlasting Comfort.

*Sir Jea.* Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the Parson.

*Who, by his Art, will join this Pair for Life,  
Make me the happiest Father, her the happiest Wife.* [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Street before Sir Jealous's Door.

*Enter Marplot, Solus.*

*Marpl.* I have hunted all over the Town for Charles, but can't find him; and by *Whisper's* scouting at the End of the Street, I suspect he must be in the House again. I am inform'd too, that he has borrowed a *Spanish* Habit out of the *Play-house*: What can it mean?

*Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's to him, out of the House.*

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this House?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Marpl.* Pray can you tell me if there be a Gentleman in it in *Spanish* Habit?

*Serv.* There's a *Spanish* Gentleman within, that is just a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

*Marpl.* Are you sure he is a *Spanish Gentleman* ?

*Serv.* I'm sure he speaks no *English*, that I hear of.

*Marpl.* Then that can't be him I want ; for 'tis an *English Gentleman*, tho' I suppose he may be dress'd like a *Spaniard*, that I enquire after.

*Serv.* Ha ! who knows but this may be an *Impostor* ? I'll inform my Master ; for if he shou'd be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and see if this be the Person you enquire for.

SCENE changes to the inside of the House.

Enter *Marplot*.

*Marpl.* So, this was a good Contrivance : If this be *Charles*, now will he wonder how I found him out.

Enter *Servant and Sir Jealous*.

*Sir Jea.* What is your earnest Business, Blockhead, that you must speak with me before the Ceremony's past ? Ha ! who's this ?

*Serv.* Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another Gentleman in a *Spanish Habit*, he says.

*Sir Jea.* In *Spanish Habit* ! 'tis some Friend of *Seignior Don Diego's*, I warrant. Sir, I suppose you wou'd speak with *Seignior Babinetto*—

*Marpl.* Hey day ! what the Devil does he say now !— Sir, I don't understand you.

*Sir Jea.* Don't you understand *Spanish*, Sir ?

*Marpl.* Not I, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Jea.* I thought you had known *Seignior Babinetto*.

*Marpl.* Not I, upon my Word, Sir,

*Sir Jea.* What then, you'd speak with his Friend, the *English Merchant Mr. Meanwell* ?

*Marpl.* Neither, Sir, not I.

*Sir Jea.* Why, who are you then, Sir ? And what do you want ?

[*In an angry Tone.*]

*Marpl.* Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him ! I wish I were out, he begins to exalt his Voice, I shall be beaten again.

*Sir Jea.* Nothing at all, Sir ? Why, then, what Business have you in my House ? ha ?

*Serv.*



*Serv.* You said you wanted a Gentleman in *Spanish* Habit.

*Marpl.* Why, ay, but his Name is neither *Babinetto*, nor *Meanwell*.

*Sir Jea.* What is his Name, then, *Sirrah*? ha? Now I look at you again, I believe you are the Rogue that threatened me with half a dozen *Myrmidons*—Speak, *Sir*, who is it you look for? or, or——

*Marpl.* A terrible old Dog! —— Why, *Sir*, only an honest young Fellow of my Acquaintance——I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a *Maskerade*; 'tis *Charles*, *Sir Francis Gripe's* Son, because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

*Sir Jea.* Did he so?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heaven that this be *Don Diego*——If I shou'd be trick'd now——Ha! my Heart misgives me plaguily—Within there! Stop the Marriage——Run, *Sirrah*, call all my Servants! I'll be satisfied that this is *Seignior Pedro's* Son, ere he has my Daughter.

*Marpl.* Ha! *Sir George*! what have I done now?

*Enter Sir George with a drawn Sword between the Scenes.*

*Sir Geo.* Ha! *Marplot* here——Oh the unlucky Dog——What's the matter, *Sir Jealous*?

*Sir Jea.* Nay, I don't know the Matter, *Mr. Meanwell*.

*Marpl.* Upon my Soul, *Sir George* ——

[*Going up to Sir George.*

*Sir Jea.* Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone: Thieves, Traytors, Rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the Marriage, I say——

*Sir Geo.* I say go on, *Mr. Tackum* —— Nay, no entering here, I guard this Passage, old Gentleman; the Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

*Enter Servants.*

*Sir Jea.* A Pox on the Act and Deed!——Fall on, knock him down.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, come on Scoundrels! I'll prick your Jack-ets for you.

*Sir Jea.* Zounds, *Sirrah*, I'll be reveng'd on you.

[*Beats Marplot.*

*Sir Geo.*

Sir Geo. Ay, there your Vengeance is due; Ha, ha!

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your Daughter.

Sir Jea. Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

*Enter Charles and Isabinda.*

Sir Jea. Seize her then.

Cha. Rascals, retire; she's my Wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make Dogs-meat of you.

Sir Jea. Ah! downright *English*:—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, and Whisfer.*

Sir Fran. Into the House of Joy we enter without knocking: Ha! I think 'tis the House of Sorrow, Sir *Jealous*.

Sir Jea. Oh Sir *Francis*! are you come? What, was this your Contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my Child!

Sir Fran. My Contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir Jea. No, you don't know your Son there in *Spanish* Habit?

Sir Fran. How! my Son in *Spanish* Habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my Sight, ye Dog! get out of my Sight.

Sir Jea. Get out of your Sight, Sir! Get out with your Bags? let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir Fran. Give him? he shall never be the better for a Penny of mine——and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir *Jealous*. Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you see; and my Estate shall descend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir Geo. Lawfully begotten by me——I shall be extremely oblig'd to you, Sir *Francis*.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir *George*! You see your Project was of no Use. Does not your hundred Pound stick in your Stomach? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo.

Sir Geo. No faith, Sir *Francis*, this Lady has given me a Cordial for that. [Takes her by the Hand.]

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to say to this Lady.

Sir *Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my Wife, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wife, Sir!

*Miran.* Ay really, *Guardian*, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first Offence.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you chous'd me out of my Consent, and your Writings then, Mistress, ha?

*Miran.* Out of nothing but my own, *Guardian*.

Sir *Jea.* Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some Comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your Estate upon your Son now?

Sir *Fran.* He shall starve first.

*Miran.* That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, is the Writings of your Uncles's Estate, which has been your due these three Years. [Gives Charles Papers.]

*Cha.* I shall study to deserve this Favour.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you robb'd me too, Mistress! Egad I'll make you restore 'em — Huswife, I will so,

Sir *Jea.* Take care I don't make you pay the Arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young Man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless thee both.

*Cha.* I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your Blessing too, 'tis all I'll ask. [Kneels.]

Sir *Fran.* Confound you all! [Exit.]

*Marpl.* Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha! ne'er mind his Curses, *Charles*; thou'lt thrive not one Jot the worse for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir *Jea.* I always lov'd Precaution, and took care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was past, I ever had Philosophy enough to be easy.

*Cha.* Which is the true Sign of a great Soul; I lov'd your Daughter, and she me, and you shall have no Reason to repent her Choice.

*Isab.* You'll not blame me, Sir, for loving my own Country best.

*Marpl.* So, here's every body happy, I find, but poor

*Pilgarlick.* I wonder what Satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

*Sir Jea.* I have been a little too familiar with you, as Things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

*Marpl.* Egad, I think so——but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

*Sir Geo.* Thou hast been an unlucky Rogue.

*Marpl.* But very honest.

*Cha.* That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

*Sir Geo.* And I'll do you one Piece of Service more,

*Marplot.* I'll take Care that *Sir Francis* makes you Master of your Estate.

*Marpl.* That will make me as happy as any of you.

*Patch.* Your humble Servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

*Isab.* Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take *Patch* into Favour again.

*Sir Jea.* Nay, let your Husband look to that, I have done with my Care.

*Cha.* Her own Liberty shall always oblige me. Here's nobody but honest *Whisper* and *Mrs. Scentwell* to be provided for now. It shall be left to their Choice to marry, or keep their Services.

*Whisf.* Nay then, I'll stick to my Master.

*Scentw.* Coxcomb! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

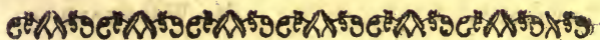
*Sir Jea.* Hark, I hear the Music, the Fiddlers smell a Wedding. What say you, young Fellows, will you have a Dance?

*Sir Geo.* With all my Heart; call 'em in.

### A D A N C E.

*Sir Jea.* Now let us in and refresh ourselves with a chearful Glas, in which we will bury all Animosities: And

*By my Example let all Parents move,  
And never strive to cross their Childrens Love;  
But still submit that Care to Providence above.* }



M A R P L O T

I N

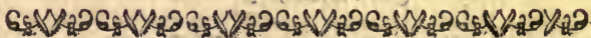
L I S B O N:

Or, the Second PART of the

B U S Y B O D Y.

A

C O M E D Y.



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

MARLOT, Mr. WOODWARD.

Colonel Ravelin, an English Officer, Mr DEXTER.

Charles, Mr. JEFFERSON.

Don Lopez, a Grandee of Portugal, Mr. REED.

Don Perriera, a Merchant, Mr. HAYS.

Lorenzo, his Servant, Mr. HAMILTON.

Corregidor, Mr. KNIPE.

Servants, Bravoës, &c.

## W O M E N.

Donna Perriera, Wife to D. Perriera, Mrs. DANCER.

Margaritta, her Duenna, Mrs. WALKER.

Madem. Joneton, { An affected  
French Lady } Mrs. KENNEDY.  
of Fortune,

Marton, her Sister, Miss OSBORNE.

Susan, her Maid, Mrs. PACKENHAM.

SCENE, the Terriera de Passa, in Lisbon.



M A R P L O T

I N

L I S B O N.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Terriera de Passa in Lisbon.*

*Enter Dón Lopez, and Don Perriera.*

*Don Per.* **W**H'Y, Brother, you are distracted; how often have you fill'd my Brain with these Chimeras? Why shou'd I murder my Wife without a Cause?

*Don Lop.* A Cause! Does a Cuckold want a Cause?

*Don Per.* Look ye, Senior, keep that Word Cuckold between your Teeth, 'till you can prove me such, or by *St. Anthony* you shall feel what Mettle my Spado is made of.

[*Laying his Hand to his Sword.*]

*Don Lop.* Name your Spado again, and I'll shake thee into Dust, thou feeble Dotard. Your Spado! Employ it against the Man that robs you of your Honour, and not against him that wou'd preserve it. I say, my Sister, your Wife, is a Strumpet, the Strumpet of a damn'd Heretick: I saw the Looks; nay the Signs, she gave some of the *English* Officers, as she came from Church this Morning.

*Don Per.* *English* Officers!

*Don Lop.* *English* I'm sure they were, I can't swear they were all Officers, nor cou'd I perceive which she signed to, or he shou'd not live to meet he Wishes.—Now, if you don't like the Name of Cuckold, find another for the Husband of a Whore, if you can.—For my Part, I know of none

but this I know, if you won't punish her as a Wife, I will as a Sister; she shall not stain the Honour of my House this Way; she injur'd it too much in marrying you. I shall pursue my own Method, and so farewell. [*Going.*]

*Don Per.* So, there's the Blessing of matching into an honourable-Family: now must I bear all Affronts patiently, because I am but a Merchant, forsooth.—Oh, give me any Curse but this—Pray, Senior, give me Leave to speak one Word to you: I am convinced of my too much Indulgence for this very Cockatrice, and there remains nothing to quicken my Revenge, but certain Demonstration.

*Don Lop.* Certain Demonstration! must you have ocular Proof? Must your Coward Heart be animated with the Sight? A Curse of your Equivocations.—

*Don Per.* No, any other Sense will serve; let me hear 'em, feel 'em, nay smell 'em, and sure Cuckoldom is so rank a Scent, that tho' I lived in *England*, where they scarce breathe any other Air, I cou'd distinguish it.

*Don Lop.* Now you talk like a *Portuguese*; keep up this Passion, and secure the Honour of your House and mine, and deserve the Alliance of my Blood; it shall be my Care to fix them. [*Exit.*]

*Don Per.* And when they are so, mine to execute. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Charles meeting Colonel Ravelin.*

*Cha.* Colonel Ravelin!

*Rav.* Charles Gripe! honest Charles, how dost thou do, Boy? Why, what brought thee to *Lisbon*?

*Cha.* Part of the Cause that brought you, Colonel.

*Rav.* What? art thou in the Army?

*Cha.* No, Colonel, I leave Honour to you. Interest brought me.

*Rav.* They are Twin-Brothers, Charles; if Interest did not drive, Honour wou'd come slowly on: Art thou turn'd Merchant then?

*Cha.* No, Faith, not I; but it pleas'd Heaven to take my Wife's Father out of the Way, who left me Executor, and his Concerns here oblig'd me to take this Voyage.

*Rav.* So then, old Sir *Jealous Traffick* is dead at last. How long do you intend to stay?

*Cha.* Longer than I expected when I embark'd: I came



came away in such a Hurry, the Ship sailing sooner than I thought she would, I forgot to put up some Papers, without which I can't adjust my Accounts with some Merchants here; I have writ to my Wife to send them.

*Rav.* That was very unlucky; prithee, how dost thou spend thy Time?

*Cha.* Very insipidly: How do you pass yours? what Company have you here?

*Rav.* All Sorts; the Women, I'll say that for 'em, are kind enough, and won't put you to the Expence of swearing and lying to gain them: But I have got acquainted in a *French* Family, which are not altogether so dangerous one way, but much more so another.

*Cha.* Ay! how's that, Colonel?

*Rav.* Why I'm fearful of dwindling into an honourable Amour there. This *French* Woman has found the way to unite my jarring Inclinations, and tune 'em to the Pitch of Constancy, and I am very apprehensive of becoming that tame Monster, called a Husband. Ah! I find I am caught, for I can name that terrible Word without starting.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! I shall have you in my Class: Sure the Lady that can make such an entire Conquest over your Heart, must be a Person of extraordinary Parts, Colonel.

*Rav.* Yes, Faith, her Ladyship has very extraordinary Parts; she's airy to Affectation, and changeable as the Winds: She has Tongue enough for a Lawyer, but as hard to be understood as an Apothecary: She begins as many Stories as a Romance, and ends them as intricately, or, to speak more properly, seldom ends them at all: She's as whimsical as a Projector, as obstinate as a Physician, and as faithful as the Monarch of her Country.

*Cha.* Admirable Qualities for a Wife; and can you forsake the whole Sex for this Woman?

*Rav.* Humph! that I won't swear; but I find I can't forsake her for the whole Sex. To be plain with you, I have try'd the Strength of Variety, and at this Time am in Prospect of the Favour from as fine a Woman as any in *Lisbon*; yet this Medley of Womankind triumphs over all, and in the midst of my Raptures I murmur *Joneton*.

*Cha.* But may I not see this wondrous Engineer, who can

can countermine her whole Sex, and blow up the Magazine of your Affections, Colonel?

*Rav.* You shall, but you must give me your Honour not to rival me.

*Cha.* The Description you have given me, Colonel, secures you from that Fear; besides, you know I am marry'd, neither am I destitute of a Mistress, tho' in a strange Place. I this Morning was assur'd, by a Sign from a Lady's Handkerchief, that my Wants shou'd be supply'd upon Occasion. I did not rightly understand her, till the good old *Duenna* explained her Meaning.

*Rav.* You are a Stranger to these Affairs, *Charles*; take Heed, proceed with Caution, for the Women here are as warm in their Revenge as in their Inclinations; bare Suspicion justifies Murder; if you manage your Intrigue so closely to escape the Husband and Relations, 'tis odds but your Mistress finds some Pretence to employ her Bravoes, Fellows that will dispatch a Dozen Men for a Moidore.

*Cha.* I go well arm'd; understand the Language, and will not easily fall a Victim, but resolve to see the Event of this Intrigue: The old Matron told me that the Lady was young and beautiful, her Husband a Merchant, rich, covetous, old, and ugly; that she hated him worse than Penance, and lov'd me better than her Prayers; shall I be such a Poltroon to decline a Lady's Summons? No, for the Honour of *Britain*, it shall never be said that an *Englishman* fled either from the Wars of *Mars*, or *Venus*; let her bring me on, if I discharge not myself with Honour, and make my Retreat secure, may I forfeit the Embraces of the Sex.

[A Noise of clashing of Swords, and Murder cry'd within.

*Rav.* Ha! what Noise is that?

*Cha.* 'Tis *Marplot's* Voice; his damn'd Curiosity has brought him into some Mischief, I'll lay my Life on't. [Draws.

*Rav.* The Devil's in that Fellow; what made you bring him with you? [Murder cry'd again within.

*Mar.* Murder, Murder.

[*Mar.* running, pursued by two Bravoes.

Ah *Charles*, help me, dear *Charles*, for Heav'n's sake.

[They beat off the Bravoes.

*Cha.* A Curse on your Paper-scuttl, what have you been doing now?

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Nothing at all, as I hope to be sav'd; only I had a mind to see where that Lady liv'd that shook her Handkerchief at you, and out of no other Design than to inform you, I protest, *Charles*, when immediately these two Scoundrels came flap upon me, I know no more for what than the Child that's unborn; but I'm sure I shall feel their Blows this Month; Pox take 'em.

*Rav.* For what? why you took the only Method in the World to have your Guts let out: Ha, ha! watch a Woman in *Lisbon*! Hark you young Gentleman, suppress that natural Curiosity of diving into other People's Affairs, or never hope to see old *England* again.

*Mar.* I wish I were safe in it; — Colonel *Ravelin*! the duce take me if I saw you before; my Senses were all in such a hurry with these unconscionable Villains, that—

*Cha.* That you over-look'd your Friends, I warrant.

*Mar.* You have said it, *Charles*, but I hope the Colonel will forgive me.

*Rav.* To be plain with you, Mr. *Marplot*, I shall take these kind of Over-fights for particular Favours, if you don't shake off that Temper of yours.

*Mar.* Pish, prithee, Colonel, don't put on those grave Airs; why what harm is there in't?

*Rav.* There's ill Manners in't, I am sure, and have a Care you han't your Bones broke for it.

*Cha.* Look ye, *Marplot*, you must either resolve to quit this inquisitive Humour, or forfeit my Acquaintance.

*Rav.* A Man may be ruin'd by your foolish Quarrels.

*Mar.* Upon my Soul, Colonel, I never quarrell'd with any Man, out of design to hurt him in my Life: *Charles* can witness for me, that I hate fighting.

*Cha.* So can every body else that knows you; I wish you hated Impertinence as much, for the good of Society.

*Mar.* Well, you of all Men living have the least Reason to complain; I have run the Hazard of my Life many a Time for you, and in my Conscience I believe I shall fall your Martyr one Time or another.

*Cha.* Your own you mean, you'll certainly be canoniz'd by all the Busy-bodies about Town.

*Mar.* Is this all the Thanks I get for my Friendship? well, *Charles*, well, you shall see I can prefer Safety, and sacrifice my Curiosity too, as you call it.

*Rav.* That's the Way to oblige your Friends. Mr. *Marplot*, never desire to know more than they are willing to tell you, readily comply with a reasonable Demand, and never meddle with any body's Business but your own, this will render you agreeable to all Companies.

*Mar.* Ay! but that will make all Companies very disagreeable to me. [*Aside.*]  
But, Colonel, is there nothing due from one Friend to another? One ought to be let into the Bosom Secrets of a Friend.

*Rav.* Not always, for there some Secrets of such a Nature that will not admit of that Freedom; for Example, suppose your Friend had an Affair with another Man's Wife, or Daughter, where's the Advantage of your knowing it?

*Mar.* Why I wou'd watch the Husband or Father in the mean Time, prevent his being surpriz'd, and perhaps save his Life.

*Cha.* But how wou'd you save his Honour? A Man of Honour must have no Confidants in those Cases.

*Mar.* Then hang Honour, I say, 'tis good for nothing but to spoil Conversation. Shall I beg a Pinch of your Snuff, Colonel?

*Enter Colonel Ravelin's Servant with a Letter.*

*Rav.* With all my Heart. [*Gives him his Box.*]

*Ser.* The Messenger stays for your Answer, Sir.

*Mar.* A Letter! wou'd I were a Fly now, that I might swop down upon the Paper and read it before his Face: Lord, Lord, what wou'd I give for an universal Knowledge! [*Aside.*]

*Rav.* Tell the Messenger I'll observe Orders to a Second.

*Mar.* Orders! why what, have you Orders to march, Colonel! [*Exit Ser.*]

*Rav.* From this Place I have. Sir *Charles*, I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with you and Mr. *Marplot*, in the Evening at my Lodgings: there's the Directions.

[*Tears the Superscription of a Letter, and gives Charles.*]

*Mar.* I'll wait on you home, Colonel; that I may know the House exactly.

*Rav.*

*Rav.* Excuse me, Sir, I am not going Home perhaps.  
*Charles,* I'll expect you. [Exit.

*Cha.* I'll do myself the Honour to wait on you ; adieu.  
 [Exit.

*Mar.* Perhaps ! but perhaps I won't believe you : He has a World of Manners to a Gentleman in a strange Place, I'll be sworn ; ha ! *Charles* is gone, nay, then I have a rare Opportunity, egad he has forgot his Snuff-box, an excellent Excuse to follow him : The Devil take his Letter for me, it has given me the Cholick. [Exit.

S C E N E, a Chamber in Don Perriera's House.

Enter Donna Perriera and Margaritta.

*Donna Per.* Are you sure the *Englishman* will come ? what said he ?

*Marg.* He answerd me in Transport, I warrant him a Man every Inch of him. Come, *Seniora* ? Yes, yes, he'll come, tho' a thousand Dangers threatened him ; these *Englishmen* are brave Fellows if they were not Hereticks.

*Donna Per.* If he has but the Faith of a Lover, no matter for his Religion, *Margaritta*. But what came of the busy Fellow that watch'd us ? Did you obey my Orders ?

*Marg.* Yes, marry did I, and the Bravoes assur'd me they had taught him to look another Way for the future.

*Donna Per.* They dispatch'd him, I hope.

*Marg.* No, he was rescu'd upon the *Texriera de Passa*.

*Donna Per.* Ill Fate ; he did not see where I enter'd ?

*Marg.* No, no, Madam, you are safe ; hush, here's my Master *Don Perriera*.

*Donna Per.* Then there's my Jaylor. This *Englishman* runs in my Head so much, that methinks I hate the Sight of my Husband:

Enter Don Perriera.

*Don Per.* So, you have been at Church to-day, my Dear, have you not ?

*Donna Per.* Yes, my Dear.

*Don Per.* And who did you see there, Wife ?

*Donna Per.* Do you think I pass my Time in Observa-  
 tion

tion at Church, my Dear? I hope I have other Business to do there.

*Don Per.* And you are basely bely'd, if you have not other Business to do elsewhere too, Wife.

*Donna Per.* What do you mean, my Dear?

*Don Per.* Nay, ask your Brother *Don Lopez*, who will have it that you send your Eyes a maroding for *English* Forage; my Dear, have a Care of an Ambuscade; for the whole Artillery of his Senses are drawn down upon you, and Jealousy leads the Force of his Invention; and though I love you, Wife, yet if his Spies bring certain Intelligence of your holding Correspondence with those Heretick Dogs, the *English* Officers, I shall infallibly treat you like a Traiteurs to your Lord and Husband.

*Donna Per.* Ha! I fear I'm betray'd. [*Aside.*]

*Marg.* My Lady a Traiteurs to her Lord and Husband!

*Don Lopez* is a Traitor to his own Flesh and Blood for saying so, by my Virginity—

*Don Per.* Away, away; that's so stale an Oath, 'twill not be credited.

*Donna Per.* The Accusation's false; I do not know one *English* Officer in *Disbon*, by this Kiss, [*Kisses him.*] For my *Duenna* assures, my Lover is no Officer; so far I'm not forsworn. [*Aside.*] I thought, my Dear had promis'd me never more to mind the Insinuations of that cruel Brother; his Prejudice is founded on our Marriage; his proud, impetuous Temper scorns your Alliance, and racks his Soul to find a Cause to ruin you: And must it be by blasting of my Fame? Will not my Life suffice? and dares he not employ his own Hand? but wou'd he make you guilty of my Murder? Oh, barbarous inhuman Thought!

[*Weeps.*]

*Marg.* Cruel *Don Lopez*, now do I wish I may die a Maid; a terrible Wish, were I not out of Danger of the Curse falling upon me; if I believe my Lady ever thought of any Man but yourself, Senior. Poor Creature, I'm sure her Heart is full of Fears about you, when you are absent.

*Don Per.* Ay, lest I shou'd come back before she'd have me.

*Marg.* He is the Devil of a Guesser.

[*Aside.*  
*Donna*]

*Donna Per.* Unkindly urg'd, Deary; I'm sure, by my own Consent, I wou'd never have you—

*Don Per.* In your Sight.

*Marg.* The Man is certainly a Witch. [Aside.]

*Donna Per.* Out of my Sight, I meant, Deary.

*Don Per.* That wou'd be as bad on the other Side.

*Donna Per.* For my Part, Deary, I'm never happier than when thou art in my Arms, and cou'd be content to have thee always there.

*Don Per.* Yes, I shou'd have a fine Life, truly, to be always in your Arms.

*Marg.* Look ye there now, the Dog in the Manger.

*Donna Per.* What wou'd you have me say, my Dear, to convince you of my Love?

*Don Per.* Look ye, Wife, 'tis no matter what you say, take care what you do: No regaling your Palate with foreign Dishes, they are very dangerous. Take my Word for't, you'll live longer upon your own Food, and with less Danger of your Health.

*Donna Per.* I know not what you'd have me say, my Dear; but if you think me false, confine me to my Chamber, or send me to a Monastery. Grant, Heaven, he does not take me at my Word. [Aside.]

*Marg.* I wou'd not give a Crusada for my Place, if he shou'd; a cloister'd Mistress brings no Grift to the Servant's Mill. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Sure *Don Lopez* does belye her; I always found her thus pliable, kind, and modest; however, I'll watch her narrowly. In the mean time to take off her Suspicion, I'll seem to believe her. [Aside.]

*Marg.* So, all's right once more, I see by that Ogle of his. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Come, my Love, dry thy Eyes; I am not jealous, nor shall thy Brother make me so; I'll be an *Englishman* to thee. Come, buss thy own Husband then: Do, Deary.

*Marg.* That Buss secures me a Moidore before I sleep; for the *English* are the most generous Men living, in their Love Affairs. [Aside.]

*Donna Per.* And won't you be jealous of me no more indeed, and indeed? nor let that naughty Brother vex you,

you, 'till you fright me out of my Wits again? Will you promise me that?

*Don Per.* Yes indeed, and indeed I will, you little coaxing Thief you. By *St. Anthony*, thou dost look wondrous handsome methinks. Od! if I were not to meet some Merchants about Business——

*Donna Per.* What, then you are going to leave me, my Jewel?

*Don Per.* But for two or three Hours, my Dear; and then I will so buss it, and love it, and hug it, and squeeze it. [*Kisses and embraces her.*]

*Donna Per.* Ah! the very Apprehension makes me sick. [*Aside.*]

*Don Per.* What makes my Dear sick?

*Donna Per.* The Duce take his Ears——the Apprehension of losing my dear, little, old Man.

*Marg.* Well turn'd. [*Aside.*]

*Don Per.* Thou shall quickly have me again, my Jewel.

*Marg.* Too soon, I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

*Don Per.* My Deary, go make much of thyself 'till I come back. Here, *Seniora Margaritta*, take care of your Lady. [*Exit.*]

*Marg.* Yes, Senior, a better care than you think for. Come, Madam, now prepare to receive the charming *Englishman*.

*Donna Per.* I think I had better let it alone; do you consider the Hazard which I run?

*Marg.* Hazard! are you born in *Portugal*, and talk of Hazard? Why, there is not a Woman in *Lisbon* that wou'd not run twice as much for such a Fellow—Do you consider the Difference between him and your old Husband?

*Donna Per.* Yes, and what I must suffer too, if I am caught.

*Marg.* Nay, nay, if Fear throws so many Bug-bears in your Way, follow your own Fancy: I'm like to make a fine Penny on't truly——Pray send me of no more Fools Errands; I'll carry no more Challenges, if you do not mean to engage: I trifle my Time away sweetly.

*Donna Per.* Nay, don't be angry, *Margret*; 'tis not but that I have as much Inclination for that handsome  
Man



Man as ever; were I sure not to be discover'd, I shou'd not alter my Resolution.

*Marg.* That shall be my Care, I warrant you, Madam; he comes in by a Rope-ladder at your Clofet-window, by which he may return with Secrecy and Expedition upon the least Surprise.

*Donna Per.* My Clofet-window looks upon the River, how can he come that Way?

*Marg.* By a Boat that shall wait to receive him again.

*Donna Per.* Let him come then.

When Inclination pleads, Fears quickly fly,  
And powerful Love can Reason's Force defy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Colonel Ravelin's Lodgings.*

*The Colonel looking on his Watch.*

*Rav.* 'Tis within two Minutes of the Time; I must be punctual; for Women here forgive not the least Omision. Let me see, is my Trap-door unbolted? Not yet?

[*Goes to the Chimney, and seems to pull at a Trap-door.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's a Gentleman to wait on you, Colonel.

*Rav.* I'll see nobody: did I not tell you so, Blockhead?

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*]

*Enter Marplot.*

*Mar.* Nay, 'tis only I, Colonel; don't be angry, you forgot your Snuff-box, and I thought you wou'd want it, so I brought it you, that's all, Sir.

*Rav.* Oh, Sir, you need not have given yourself the Trouble.

*Mar.* I think it no Trouble, upon my Soul, Sir. Ad! you have very pretty Lodgings here, Colonel; what a very fine Collection of Pictures you have got? Pray who is this at length, Colonel?

*Rav.* I can't tell indeed, Sir, they belong to the House. Pox take this Coxcomb.

[*Aside.*]

*Mar.* Ho, do they so? pray what do you give a Week for these Lodgings?

*Rav.* Prithee ask me no Questions; I don't know, I have

have forgot. Ha! the Door unbolts, which way shall I get rid of this Puppy? [Aside]

*Mar.* Hey day! forgot! that's impossible.

*Rav.* Look ye, Sir, I perceive it is impossible for me to answer all the Questions you may possibly ask at this Time; but in the Evening I promise to solve all your Interrogatories.

*Mar.* Nay, nay, Colonel, if I am troublesome, I'll begone—this Uneasiness has a Meaning. [Aside]

*Rav.* You'll oblige me in so doing, Mr. Marplot; for I have a Visit to make this Moment.

*Mar.* Is it to Man or Woman, Colonel. Come, hang it, you may tell me that.

*Rav.* Why then, it is to a Lady: Now I hope you'll leave me.

*Mar.* Ay, ay, with all my Heart; but I may go with you to the Door, may I not?

*Rav.* Go to the Devil, Sir,—Death, how shall I shift him off? [Aside]

*Mar.* How snappish he is—how the Duce shall I manage to find out this Intrigue? Well, well, don't be angry, Colonel: I'll leave you below Stairs.

*Rav.* Confound his Impertinence. Death, Sir, suppose I don't go down Stairs, how then?

*Mar.* How then? Why how then do you intend to make your Visit, Colonel: you don't go out at the Window, do you?

*Rav.* No more of your Impertinence, Sir, but be gone, or I shall sling you out at the Window.

*Mar.* Nay, if you be so choleric, your humble Servant. Egad I'll secure the Key; I'll know the Bottom of this, if I die for't.

*[Snatches the Key of the Door and puts it in his Pocket, and Exit. The Colonel slaps the Door after him, then runs to the Trap-door, pulls it up and descends, and pulls it down after him]*

*Rav.* This is the most intolerable Dog I ever saw: Pox take him, there's half a Minute elaps'd.

*[Marplot opens the Door softly and peeps.]*

*Mar.* Egad he's not come out yet, what is he a doing? Ha! I don't see him—nor hear him neither—Od, I'll venture in—upon my Soul here's nobody: Why sure he

he deals with the Devil—here's no Door but this that I can see—Is there any Way out at Window?—No, Faith, that's impossible, they have all Iron Bars.—What can become of him? O! I have it now, before *George* he's gone up the Chimney, for there's no other Passage—It must be so. [*Peeps up the Chimney.*] Egad the Chimney is large, and easy enough to mount; now I have a strong Inclination to follow him—troth and I will too—sure the greatest Pleasure in the World lies in discovering what other People take such Pains to conceal—now they may call me impertinent Blockhead—inquisitive Fool—and ill-bred Puppy—and what they please, but I'd not quit the Pleasure of knowing this Secret, for the finest Breeding in *France*.—I'm afraid I shall spoil my Coat—rot him, what a cursed dirty Contrivance has he found out; hold, well thought on—I'll, I'll turn the wrong Side outwards—Ay, that will do. [*Turns his Coat.*] So, now for the Art of Chimney-sweeping. Egad, Colonel, in spite of all your Caution, ten to one but I know your Haunts; Lord, how I shall laugh at Night, when we meet, how I will joke upon him. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Goes into the Chimney, and the Scene shuts.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Donna Perriera's Apartment.

*Enter Margaritta and Charles.**Marg.* C Ome, Courage, Senior *Englise*, fear nothing.*Cha.* I hope you have a better Opinion of my Country, *Seniora*, than to think me afraid; but where is the Lady? the beautiful young Lady, which you told me of, my Dear?*Marg.* She's forth-coming, Sir—So, see what it is to be stricken in Years now, he looks over me, as if I were not a thing of his own Species. Well, Senior, I assure you, I have done you no small Service with my Lady, poor young thing, she had so many Scruples, but I told her a thousand Things in your Favour: *Seniora*, said I, the Cavalier is a fine Cavalier, he is—*Cha.* Oh the Devil, if this Jade's Clack sets a going, there

there will be no End.—I understand you, Seniora, pray give me leave to thank you; and to engage you more heartily in my Interest, be pleas'd to accept this Token of my Esteem.

*Marg.* Ah, Senior, you *English* have excellent Faculties to please us Women; I'll swear they have exceeding good natural Parts, and readily conceive our Meaning. [*Aside.*] I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here, Senior.

[*Exit.*

*Cha.* Prithee do—So, I am enter'd, but how I shall come off, I am not able to determine: If instead of a Lady, there shou'd come an old surly Dog, with half a Dozen Bravoes at his Back, it wou'd give a strange Turn to my Inclinations; how foolishly a Man must look upon such an Occasion; egad suppose somebody shou'd be doing me the same Favour in *England* now with my Wife, cou'd I be angry? no Faith; if a Man is born to be a Cuckold, 'tis none of his Wife's Fault, and therefore, *Senior, Don*, what d'ye call 'um, by your Leave, if your Wife be handsome——

*Enter Donna Perriera.*

Ha! here she comes; a thousand Darts issue from her Eyes——what a Forehead's there? her Lips exceed the Redness of the Coral——'tis sure the Queen of Love—Ay, 'tis she, those Dimples in her Cheeks are *Cupid's* bathing Tubs, and that snowy Bosom the Plain he keeps his Revels on——*Seniora* [*Going towards her.*] The Duce take me, if I can speak to her.

*Donna Per.* You seem surpriz'd, Senior.

*Cha.* Who can look on such amazing Brightness, without Astonishment of Sense? *Semele*, when *Jove* approach'd her in all his Glory, had not more Cause to be surpriz'd.

*Donna Per.* You begin as if we had Years to waste in Courtship, Senior; pray descend from your high-flown Raptures; the Gods are no Example, let us talk like Mortals.

*Cha.* But are you sure, Madam, that you are mortal?

*Donna Per.* I'm afraid he'll find me so; he's a charming handsome Fellow. [*Aside.*] By your Distance one wou'd imagine that you took me for a Shadow, but you may

may venture to approach, I am Flesh and Blood, I shan't vanish. Ha, ha, ha!

*Cha.* Say you so, Madam? why then have at you, I was never afraid of Flesh and Blood in my Life——Ha! the Devil! a Dagger!

[*Runs to catch her in his Arms, she holds up a Dagger, he starts back.*]

*Donna Per.* Ha, ha, ha! what, do you start at a Dagger, Senior?

*Cha.* Yes, in a Female Hand, those Limbs were made for softer Uses; and we *Britons* are not wont to see our Ladies arm'd with Steel. Love's Combats are fought with Kisses in my Country, I know not what his Laws are here.

*Donna Per.* The Engagements are the same, only a little Difference in the Preparation; a Wound in the Reputation of an *English* Woman, they say, only lets in Alimony, but with us it lets out Life: And therefore, tho' we proceed with Caution, a Lover ought to think us sincere, when we run such Hazards to receive him.

*Cha.* But to what End is the Dagger, Madam? is it to dispatch your Lover by Way of keeping the Secret—faith he'll have but small Stomach to eat, that knows he must die as soon as he has din'd.

*Donna Per.* No, Senior, by this I wou'd imprint in your Mind the Danger which we are both expos'd to, if we are not both discreet; Favours in *Portugal* must not be boasted of.

*Cha.* Nor any where else, Madam; a Man of Honour scorns so poor a Piece of Treachery; he that owns he ever had a Favour, proclaims himself both lewd and foolish, but he that points the Woman out is a Villain, and ought to have that Dagger in his Heart.

*Donna Per.* Nobly said. [*Throws away the Dagger.*]  
That Sentence has disarm'd and left me at your Mercy.

*Cha.* Then thus I seize, and thus I will revenge the Arts you took to fright me. Ha! her Kisses wou'd warm the Dead, I'm all Extasy. I fancy the next Room is more private, Madam, and I have a Secret to impart of mighty Consequence, therefore prithee let's withdraw.

*Donna Per.* Oh happy *English* Women, that have such Men

Men as these plenty. Oh my Heart, I find I have not Power to deny him —— Open that Door, *Margaritta*.

[*Opens the Door, Marplot flaps down the Chimney, the Women shriek, Charles draws his Sword, Marplot roars out, the Women run off.*]

*Mar.* Ah, Zeounds I have broke my Leg.

*Marg.* Ah! Thieves, Thieves. [Exit.]

*Donna Per.* Ah! Murder, Murder. [Exit.]

*Cha.* *Marplot!* Which way got you hither? I have a good mind to stab you, you Rascal.

*Mar.* [*Falls on his Knees.*] Ah, dear *Charles* is it you? Oh forgive me for Heaven's sake, this was pure Accident, as I hope to be sav'd; the Devil take me, if I thought of finding you.

[*Within.*] Thieves! Murder! Murder!

*Cha.* Death, they'll raise the House, and I shall be taken for a Thief, the Women will swear they know nothing of me, I warrant 'em. Rogue, Dog, Poltroon-  
[*Beats Marplot and Exit into the Closet.*]

*Mar.* Nay, good *Charles*,—— Oh, oh, oh, what shall I do? Oh Lord, Oh Lord, dear *Charles* take me out with you. [*Exit after Charles, and returns.*] Oh, woe's me that ever I was born, he has leapt into the River; was there ever such an unfortunate Dog as I am, to be in Quest of one, and tumble upon t'other? tho' if I cou'd but get safe out, and *Charles* 'scape with his Life, the Accident wou'd not displease me neither; but if *Charles* be drown'd, I shall hang myself, that's certain.

[*Within.*] Thieves! Thieves! *Lorenzo, Pedro, Sancho!* where are you all?

*Mar.* Oh frightful! the whole House is up in Arms, which way shall I escape? ah! methinks I feel a Spado thro' my Guts already: Egad, there is no way but up the Chimney again. [Runs into the Chimney.]

Enter *Don Perriera* and his Wife, *Margaritta*, and other Servants arm'd.

*Don Per.* Where are these Rogues, my Dear? I'll swinge 'em. How many were there?

*Marg.* We saw ten at least. [Exit into the Closet, and returns.]

*Donna*

*Donna Per.* Yes indeed did we——with Pistols and Spadoes, and Heaven knows what. Is my Lover got off clear? [Aside to Marg.]

*Marg.* Without Dispute, for the Ladder is gone.

*Donna Per.* What cou'd that Fellow be? I wish he was no Spy from my Brother *Don Lopez*. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Why, where are they all? and which way got they in?

*Marg.* They all came down the Chimney, Senior.

*Don Per.* Down the Chimney? Here, Rascal, search the Chimney.

*Marg.* Take heed, *Lorenzo*, and kill the first you light on—the Dead can discover nothing. [Aside.]

*Lor.* Here's one of 'em. [Pulls Marplot out.]

*Don Per.* Take him alive, I charge you.

*Donna Per.* Ah! then all will out, and I am ruined. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* How now, Sir, what are you?

*Mar.* I can't tell what I am, Sir, not I.

*Donna Per.* 'Tis an *Englishman*, and can't belong to *Don Lopez*. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Can't you so, Sir——Death! how came you here?

*Mar.* Nay, I know as little of that too, for my Part. What will become of me? These Fellows have damn'd murdering Faces. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Where are the rest of your Gang, Sirrah?

*Mar.* Nay, Heav'n knows; wou'd I were with 'em.

*Don Per.* Zounds, Sirrah, answer without these Equivocations, or by St. *Anthony*, I'll have you rack'd to Death.

*Mar.* I can't think of any tolerable Lie to save my Life now. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Why don't you speak, I say? where are the other nine? here were ten of you just now.

*Mar.* Ten! as I hope for Mercy from your Hands, Sir, I saw but one; and how he came here, may I be castrated if I know. 'Tis true he is a Friend of mine, but I won't answer for his Virtue for all that, when there is a handsome Woman in the Case; for Beauty is a Temptation, you know, Sir.

*Donna Per.* Undone! this Fellow knew the other. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* How's this? a handsome Woman——I wish my Wife has not a Hand in the Plot. [Aside.]

*Marg.* [Aside to Marplot.] Recall what you have said; not one Word more of the Man you saw here, as you hope to live two Hours.

*Mar.* Ah, wretched *Marplot!* what will become of thee? [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Did you not tell me you saw ten armed Men come down the Chimney, Wife?

*Donna Per.* For my Part I was so frightened, my Dear, that I durst have sworn I saw twenty.

*Marg.* Ay, so did I too, Senior; for People in a Fright see double.

*Don Per.* Pray Heav'n somebody had no Design to be double. [Aside.] Where is this Friend of yours, Sir?

*Mar.* What Friend, Sir?

*Don Per.* Why him you said you saw just now.

*Mar.* Ah! that was all a Mistake, Sir; I did not know what I said, Sir, nor, I believe, did not know what I meant, and I am sure I did not neither, except I meant myself, Sir. Nay, now I think on't, I did mean myself, Sir.—Oh Lord, Oh Lord, which Way shall I come off? [Aside.]

*Don Per.* Don't stammer so, Rascal; I shall have no Mercy on you presently——Did you not say you saw a Friend of yours here?

*Mar.* Why, if I did, Sir, I meant myself; and there needs no Logic to prove a Man's best Friend is himself; tho' I am sure I am my own worst Foe. Oh! I shall swoon away with the Fright. [Aside.]

*Don Per.* You said, you knew not how he came here neither.

*Mar.* Myself; again, Sir for as I hope to get safe out, I had no more Design to come into your House than I had to eat it, Sir.

*Don Per.* And dare not you swear for your own Virtue neither, Scoundrel?

*Mar.* No really, Sir, no Man knows his own Strength; and I confess ingenuously, Sir, that a pretty Woman has Power to dissolve my Resolutions of Virtue at any Time.

*Don Per.* Say you so, Sir? why then there are Things to be used to preserve Virtue, which I'll take Care to administer.



minister. I'll engage you shall attempt no Man's Wife for the future. Here, bind his Hands.

*Marg.* 'Tis a handsome young Man, and no Fool, I wish I cou'd tell how to save him. [Aside.

*Mar.* Ah, dear Sir! what do you mean? I design upon a Man's Wife! Upon my Soul, Sir, I never had any such damnable Design in my Days, Sir.

*Don Per.* Sirrah, Sirrah, you wou'd not have come down my Chimney for nothing; you are a Rogue I see by your Disguise, Sirrah. Bind him, I say.

*Mar.* Disguise! hold, hold, if the Truth must out; it must; then to deal ingenuously——

*Donna Per.* Ah! now it comes out, I am ruin'd past Redemption. [Aside.

*Mar.* I am very subject to an itching in my Nature, to know every body's concerns; and being thrust out of an Officer's Lodging of my Acquaintance, for my Impertinence, (as he called it) I suspected he had some Intrigue on foot; so I watch'd his coming out, but finding he shut himself up, I imagin'd he had got his Mistress with him. So, Sir, I found Means to get in again; but not meeting with him, I fancy'd he had some private Way up the Chimney. So, Sir, my confounded Curiosity, with a pox to't, must needs try to smell him out.—So, Sir, I turn'd my Coat here, to save it clean, and up I scrambled; but when I came without-side, I saw nobody there then: Sir, something whisper'd me in my Ear, that he might be got down the next Chimney: So, Sir, that devilish Desire of mine brought me down hither, as you see, Sir; and this is the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, as I hope for your Pardon, Sir.—Ah! poor *Marplot*! if this brings thee not off, thou art undone for ever. [Aside.

*Don Per.* A well compact Lie. I'll officer you, with the Devil to you. I suppose your Countrymen think they have a Licence for Cuckoldom. Do you hear? search the whole House; for this Rogue in Red may lurk in some Corner or other, and watch the Opportunity to press my Wife to the Service, and think to raise Recruits out of my Family: And for you, sweet Senior Sweep-chimney, the Corrigidore shall let you into the Secrets of our Laws in *Portugal*.

*Mar.* The Devil take all Secrets for me.

*Don Per.* *Lorenzo*, go, let him know his Presence is required.

quired, Come, Sir! I shall put you into a safer Place till he comes, where there is no Chimney to get out at. *Margaritta*, take care of my Wife—Hold, now I think on't, I'll ease you of that Trouble, and do it myself. Go, get in there.

*Donna Per.* What Fault have I committed, my Dear, to be immur'd? If I had not cry'd out, you had not taken this Villain.

*Mar.* I wish you had been dumb with all my Blood.

*Don Per.* When he is gone, and the House found to be clear, you shall have your Liberty again; therefore no Dispute, but in, I say. [*Exit Donna Per.*] Now bring him along into the next Chamber.

*Mar.* O you malignant Stars!—Oh, take Pity upon me, and let me go, or I shall die with Vexation, and you'll be accessary to my Murder, and that will trouble your Conscience.

*Don Per.* Conscience! you Heretic Dog! Do you talk of Conscience? Drag him along.

*Mar.* Heretic Dog! A good Hint, ad, I'll pretend to turn Papiſt. Oh! hear me one Moment, Sir; I do confess I am a Heretic, and my Conscience tells me very unfit to die. Ah! dear Sir, be so charitable to afford me a little Instruction, and recommend me to some Saint that may take care of me in the other World.

*Don Per.* Oh, *Anthony!* thou hast touch'd his Heart, and put me upon a meritorious Action—I must have Regard to his poor Soul—Well, young Man, since I find thou art become the Care of Heaven, I think thee worthy my Regard. I'll send for a Priest that shall instruct thee in the Mysteries of our Religion. Come, come along. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Ah, for some Instructions now to get out; here's a little Time gain'd however. [*Exit guarded.*]

*Marg.* Well, by St. *Anthony*, I am much concern'd for him, methinks I feel a more than ordinary Motion about my Heart. Ha! my Pulses beat quicker than they used to do; I am much disorder'd, but I believe my Distemper wou'd not prove dangerous were he my Physician; well, if I thought he wou'd be grateful I'd release him. I have a Key will open that Door; besides he knows my Lady's Gallant, and perhaps they may force him to discover who he is, and where he lodges; and if he falls into

into Don *Lopez's* Hands, fare him well, and farewell my Fees too; now if I convey him out, I may prevent future Mischief, and may be get a Love of my own, or at least I cannot fail of Rewards from all Sides. I'll do't, I'm resolv'd. [Exit.

*Enter again with Marplot.*

*Marg.* Well Senior *Engliffe*, what think you of finding out Secrets again?

*Mar.* For my Part I shall hate every thing that is but spell'd with any one Letter that belongs to it: Have you no Bowels of Mercy for one neither? Ah! *Seniora*, for honest *Charles's* Sake let me go; you see I brought you off, then prithee take some Pity on me.

*Marg.* Fie, Senior, a Lady may compassionate your Person for your own Sake. To do you Justice, you are a clever young Man, and may make your Fortune.

*Mar.* I wish I cou'd make my Escape.

*Marg.* Suppose a Lady should take a liking to you, cou'd you be kind?

*Mar.* Kind! ods heart, is it possible for a Man to think of Kindness, when the Knife's at his Throat——What the Devil does this old Hag mean? [Aside.

*Marg.* But set the Case a Woman shou'd procure the Liberty of your Person, what Charms must she be Mistress of to captivate your Heart?

*Mar.* Charms! Egad if she had never a Nose, I shou'd think myself bound in Honour to be grateful.

*Marg.* Tho' she was not altogether so young?

*Mar.* Nay, tho' she were as old again as thou art, I wou'd love her monstrously. I fancy 'tis herself she means; egad I begin to conceive Hopes of Liberty. [Aside.

*Marg.* Indeed! and do you really think you cou'd love me, Senior?

*Mar.* Do you really think you can let me out?

*Marg.* It lies in my Power.

*Mar.* Why then t'other shall lie in my Will: And to prove my Love, there's Gold for thee, old Girl.

*Marg.* This is as it shou'd be now, nothing like Earnest, to bind a Bargain——Well, Senior, upon Condition you'll meet me whenever I shall give you Notice, I'll take Pity on you, and let you escape.

*Mar.* My Angel, my Life, my Soul, odd I'm wondrous full of Raptures of a sudden.

*Marg.* Hark, I hear somebody coming, follow me quickly. [Exit.

*Mar.* With all my Spirit. [Exit.

*Enter Don Perriera and Don Lopez.*

*Don Lop.* Stupidity! Give a Villain fair Play for his Life, that wou'd rob you of your Honour! What Business cou'd this Fellow have in your House? and by so clandestine a Way as the Chimney? where is he? give him to my Revenge.

*Don Per.* Not for the World; you wou'd not kill him now, when he is willing to be converted; just when his Eyes are opening? that wou'd be to destroy his Soul with his Body.

*Don Lop.* His Soul! I'd rather give a hundred Moidores, to have it pray'd out of Purgatory, than lose my Revenge. Open the Door, I say, or I will force it open.

*Don Per.* I say you shall not see him 'till the Corrigidore comes, I'll deliver him into the Hands of Justice; I will not have a Man murder'd without a just Cause: Touch the Door if you dare, I'd have you know I am Master of my own Lodgings.

*Don Lop.* And I'd have you to know, Sir, that I'll batter your Lodgings about your Ears, before I'll suffer in my Honour: Where is this Salacious Woman, this adulterous Sister, this contaminated Fair-one, this Viper of our Family?

*Don Per.* Safe enough out of your Reach. I know she's innocent of this, and therefore will preserve her. Pray mitigate your Passion, Senior, and you shall have all the Satisfaction in this Matter you can desire from a Brother.

*Don Lop.* Brother! Damn the Alliance, I scorn the Title.

*Don Per.* Right, just as my Wife said—he does hate me heartily—

*Enter Servant.*

How now, is the Corrigidore come?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, he's without.

*Don Per.* Bring him in.

*Enter*

*Enter Corrigidore and Guards.*

I charge you, Senior *Don Garcia Pedro Compofello*, to keep the Peace, and protect the Prifoner which I fhall deliver into your Hands from the Fury of Senior *Don Lopez*, whose fiery Temper hurries him on to execute, before he knows the Nature of the Offence.

*Cor.* Sure you miftake, Senior; Rashnefs has no Connection with true Courage; and I look upon *Don Lopez* to be a Perfon of a fingular good Conduct.

*Don Lop.* Rot your fawning Praise—Do Juftice, demand your Prifoner; let me fee the *Englifh Dog*.

*Cor.* Nay, Senior, if you are in Earneft, I am oblig'd by my Office to keep the Peace: difarm him.

*Don Lop.* A curfe of your Authority.

*Cor.* Now, *Don Perriera*, bring out the Offender.

*Don Per.* That I will. Here, open that Door, and bring him hither.

[*Gives a Key to a Servant; who exits, and returns.*

*Serv.* Here is nobody within, Sir.

*Don Per.* How! nobody within? Ah, thou art a blind Booby.

[*Goes in and returns haftily.*

Mercy upon me! The Rogue was in the right, there is nobody there, 'twas certainly the Devil, and he's gone through the Key-hole; for no human Creature cou'd get out; blefs me how I tremble!

*Don Lop.* The Devil! I wifh I had met with that Devil, I'd have try'd to have made him mortal for the good of Mankind.

*Cor.* Pray let's fee this Room from whence he escap'd, perhaps he may be hid fomewhere.

[*Exit Corrigidore with Don Lopez.*

*Don Per.* O, it is to no Purpofe, there is nothing to be feen.

*Corrigidore, and Don Lopez return.*

*Don Lopez.* Hark ye, *Don Perriera*, if your Wife be not vanish'd too, prithee ask her what Species he was compos'd of; I warrant ſhe can tell you, he had no fulphurous Scent about him,

*Cor.* 'Tis very odd; was the Door lock'd are you fure?

*Serv.* Yes, Senior, I'm sure I unlock'd it.

*Don Per.* I lock'd it myself, and have had the Key in my Pocket ever since.

*Don Lop.* But all your Locks are not secur'd, by carrying the Key about you, I doubt Senior; I hope I may put on my Spado again.

*Cor.* Pray be certain of your Criminals, Senior, the next Time you send for me. [Exit.]

*Don Per.* S'death! am I flouted—I have lost all Patience, I'd give my whole Estate to know which Way this Dog escap'd, if he were Flesh and Blood.

*Don Lop.* Ask your Wife that,—Confusion.

[Exit in a Passion.]

*Don Per.* My Wife! If I shou'd find my Wife guilty, I'd practise such unheard of Cruelties on her, as shou'd out-do our Inquisition. [Exit.]

### A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the* Terriera de Passa.

*Enter Col. Ravelin and Charles.*

*Rav.* **H**A, ha! certainly this Fellow is the most mischievous Rogue that ever liv'd; which Way got he down the Chimney?

*Cha.* Nay, that's past finding out, as also what's become of him: I could have cut his Throat with all my Soul just then, and yet I can't help being concern'd for him now; I fear he is kill'd.

*Rav.* I shou'd be sorry for that, tho' in my Conscience he deserves it: this busy Humour of his is as natural to him as his Food; he follow'd me home this Morning. I was forc'd to use him very roughly to get rid of him; for you must know, I have a Trap-door in my Chimney, thro' which I descend into a back Street, where I am conducted by an old Negro to an Angel of a Woman; I had her Summons; and the Hour of Assignation was come when he enter'd my Chamber.

*Cha.* A very unseasonable Visit faith, Colonel.

*Rav.* Ay, was it not? but I quickly dispatch'd him, tho' how he stumbled upon you afterwards, and in so odd a Manner, is a Miracle.

*Cha.*

*Cha.* If he lives we shall know when next we meet ; I never catch'd him in a Lie, which is the best Qualification he has. But, Colonel, did not you promise to introduce me to your *French* Mistress ? What, this Lady incog. has not beat her out by the by, has she, Colonel ?

*Rav.* No, no, she maintains her Ground too well ; there's more Danger of my raising the Siege, than her beating the Chamade ; she has so many Retreats of Pride, Vanity, and Affectation, that without some lucky Accident toss a Granade into the Magazine of her Inclination, there'll be no Hopes of the Town.

*Cha.* Storm, then, Colonel, storm.

*Rav.* I rather choose to block her up and starve her out, suffer no Admirer to enter ; and if once a Woman of her Temper want the Provision of Vanity, she surrenders of Course.

*Cha.* An admirable Stratagem, but prithee let me see her before you put it in Practice.

*Rav.* It shall be now, if you please, *Charles.*

*Cha.* With all my Heart : Is it far ?

*Rav.* At that House yonder.

*Cha.* Lead the the Way then.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Marplot.*

*Mar.* Lead the Way—where the Devil are you going ? Now can't I help having a violent Desire to follow them, tho' I escap'd so narrowly in my last Project : Yonder they go ; ha ! they are enter'd already, that is no publick House I'm sure : Egad, may be it is some private Bourdel, or what Business can both of them have at one House ? Well, *Charles*, tho' you were so barbarous to desert me in my Afflictions, I won't serve you so, I'll not stir from this Place 'till I see you safe out—Od, upon second Thoughts I'll knock at the Door, and ask for him, perhaps three may be as welcome as two.

[*As he is going to knock, enter Isabinda in Boy's Cloaths.*]

*Isab.* Ha ! *Marplot* here, this is lucky. [*Aside.*] *Mr. Marplot*, fortunately met.

*Marp.* That's more than I can tell yet, for I don't know you, Sir.

*Isab.* Nor wou'd I have you. [*Aside.*] But you know those

those that do; can you tell me where Mr. *Charles Gripe* is to be found?

*Marp.* Ha! my Mind misgives me plaguily that this is an Envoy from the old Man's Wife; pray Heaven he has never a Summons from my old Matron too; for tho' I comply'd with all she ask'd to purchase my Liberty, I am sure I shall have no Stomach to perform Articles.

[*Aside.*]

*Ifab.* Don't you hear me, Sir?

*Marp.* Yes, yes, Sir, I hear you—what the duce shall I say to him? he must not know that *Charles* is gone into your House; for Women here, they say, are cursed jealous, and that may be a Means to have his Throat cut. [*Aside.*]

*Ifab.* Why don't you answer? where does he lodge?

*Marp.* Where does he lodge?—this must be some new Intrigue, for doubtless t'other knows his Lodgings: Look ye, Sir, one good Turn deserves another; let me know what Business you have with him, and according as I like it, your Question shall be answer'd.

*Ifab.* *Marplot* still, I find he's no Changeling. [*Aside.*] Why then, Sir, if you must know, I have a Letter for him from a Lady who is desperately in Love with him.

*Marp.* So, here's another Intrigue popt into my Mouth. In Love with him? Prithee, dear Youth, who is she? where does she live? what's her Name? is she Maid, Wife, or Widow? young, or old? black, brown, or fair? short or tall? fat or lean? this Country, or a Foreigner? quick, quick, quick, my dear little Rogue, let me into the Secret, and I'll carry you to his Lodgings immediately—Egad this Discovery will make my Peace with *Charles* compleatly.

*Ifab.* I can only answer him these Questions, Sir; I am no Blab, you must excuse me if I'm silent.

*Marp.* So must you me, Sir; I'm no Blab neither, Sir, if you go to that, I'd have you to believe I can keep my Friend's Secrets when intrusted; I don't know his Lodgings; find them out if you can.

*Ifab.* You are very short, Sir; I have nothing to say against your Secrecy, but it wou'd be Impudence in me to run the Hazard, besides forestalling your Friend's Generosity, he ought to have the Disposal of his own Secrets.

*Marp.*



*Marp.* Ay, if it comes into his Hands once, 'twill cost me more Pains to find it out, than 'tis worth.

*Isab.* Pains to find out? I hope you never endeavour to find out what other People wou'd conceal?

*Marp.* No? Yes to chuse; why the duce shou'd any Man know more than myself? We came into the World alike, and I can see no Occasion for his superior Knowledge.

*Isab.* I admire you are not for leveling Estates too; how can you bear any Man to be richer than yourself?

*Marp.* Oh with Ease, my Wealth lies in my Mind; I had rather fathom the Depth of a Man's Thoughts, than his Pocket; yet to shew you I can suppress my Curiosity, let me read the Letter, and I'll excuse the rest.

*Isab.* It is as much as my Life is worth to open the Letter.

*Marp.* Pox take his Life—tell me what's in't then, or may I be carbonado'd if you know his Lodgings. I'd give a Finger to have this Intrigue rightly. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* I must not let this Fellow know me, if I intend to conceal my being in *Lisbon*; I'll humour him a little, and try what Discovery I can make. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, if you'll promise to be secret, I'll let you into this Affair.

*Marp.* Secret as a Priest, Child—Egad I shall have it; pray Heav'n *Charles* does not come out before he has done; if he shou'd, I should be undone. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* Why, then the Lady I belong to is a rich Merchant's Daughter near the Convent of *Santo Ficante*; her Name is *Donna Cephisa*, she saw your Friend at Church, is extremely charm'd with him, and resolves to marry him.

*Marp.* Marry him! ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Lady! why now to return Secret for Secret, he's married already; but perhaps he may prick her down amongst the rest of his Mistresses: You understand me?

*Isab.* Too well—the rest of his Mistresses? has he such Store then?

*Marp.* As many as he can well manage, I believe.

*Isab.* Oh my Heart! the Danger of intriguing in this Place alarms my Fears, and shocks my very Soul.

*Marp.* What I have said makes you thoughtful, — I perceive;

perceive ; will nobody do but *Charles* ? what think you of me ?

*Isab.* Why, really, Sir, were I a Woman, I shou'd prefer you before him, but I can't answer for my Lady ; if you please I'll mention you.

*Marp.* Your most humble Servant, Sir—Egad there may be new Pleasure in having an Intrigue of one's own, for aught I know, for I never had one in my Life. [*Aside.*

*Isab.* But, Sir, there's one Article in our Agreement which you have not perform'd.

*Marp.* What's that ?

*Isab.* Where your Friend lodges ?

*Marp.* Why he lodges at yon green Windows, where if you have any Service from your Lady for your humble Servant, you'll find me there also.

*Isab.* I kiss your Hand, I'll do my best to serve you. [*Exit.*

*Marp.* Sir, I kiss yours—I'm glad he's gone before *Charles* came out ; this is a nonsensical Secret, tho' methinks I'd rather know what the Colonel and he is doing in yon House—Shall I knock at the Door or not ? If I shou'd, ten to one but I do Mischief—and shall be beaten again : To prevent which I'll wait within fight for their coming out, so when they are pass'd by, I may with more Security make my Enquiry. [*Exit.*

S C E N E changes to *Mademoiselle Joneton's Longings* ;  
She dress'd fantastically modish, with her Sister *Marton*,  
and *Sufan*.

*Mad.* *Sufan*, bring me the Glafs.

*Sufan.* Yes, Madam.

*Mad.* Don't I look wretchedly to-day, Sister ?

*Mart.* Your Looks are the same to-day they always are, I see no Difference.

*Mad.* How do you mean that, Sister ? that I always look shockingly, or how ?

*Mart.* She looks too well for my Ease, since she's belov'd by Colonel *Ravelin*. [*Aside.*] I'm sure your Vanity and Affectation does not put that Construction upon my Words, Sister.

*Mad.* Affectation ! pray, what am I affected in ? nay, take

take the Glass away again. [*Enter Susan with the Glass.*] My Sister *Marton* says, I'm affected, so I will not look in't, to oblige her: Am I not very complaisant?—One wou'd really think my Sister of *Spanish* Production, she is so formal—I see no Reason why one may not alter and change the Form and Manner of speaking, according to the Company one keeps, as well as the Mode and Fashion of one's Cloaths——Now when I converse with my own Sex, I love to indulge myself, and let my Words fall from me with Indolence and Ease, because their Conversation is insipid, and we only prattle away Time.

*Mart.* Insipid! Ha, ha, ha! pray what relish have the Men's beyond ours!

*Mad.* Oh, that Question is preposterous—But you have no Taste, Sister, you detest Mankind.

*Mart.* Ay, but the Colonel has found the Way to convert that Notion. [*Aside.*] I confess, Sister, I never cou'd see any thing in these lordly Creatures of Force enough to make me submit blindly to their tyrannick Sway.

*Mad.* But there's a vast Pleasure in making them submit to ours, to make so fine a Gentleman as Colonel *Ravelin* obey my Nod, sigh, weep, and kneel at one's Frown, then give him Raptures with a Smile. The Colonel! Oh! the most engaging Man alive—When he comes next you shall see him, Sister.

*Mart.* Not for the *Spanish* Mines—I'm too well acquainted with the Colonel, which she must not know. [*Aside.*] Excuse me, Sister, I shou'd only spoil your Conversation.

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv.* Here's Colonel *Ravelin*, and another Gentleman to wait on you, Madam.

*Mad.* Bring 'em up. [*Rising in a Hurry, and running to the Glass.*]

*Mart.* Ha! the Colonel! oh my Heart: I must be gone; I wou'd not have him know me for the World—Well, Sister, I'll leave you to your desirable Company.

[*Exit.*]

*Mad.* Adieu, ma Soeur.——

*Enter*

*Enter Colonel Ravelin and Charles.*

Ah! Monsieur le Colonel!——

*Rav.* Ah Mademoiselle *Joneton*!——

*Mad.* Ha, ha, ha! I have a most comical Story to tell you, ha, ha, ha! such an Amour, ha, ha, ha! such a Letter, ha, ha! such a Conquest;—what makes me so merry? I am sure I have Cause enough to the contrary; my poor Paroquet is dead, Colonel.

*Rav.* Dead!

*Mad.* Dead, it died upon my Hand, it talk'd and buss'd me to the last Moment; oh my Heart is broke, oh, oh, oh, oh. [Weeps.]

*Cha.* So, she's resolv'd to play over all her Tricks I see. [Aside.]

*Mad.* Oh I can't contain myself when I think on't, oh, oh.

*Rav.* Oh unlucky Accident; give her Air.

*Cha.* In my Opinion she has already too much of that.

*Rav.* Mrs. *Susan*, loose her Lace; within there, bring some cold Water. [Enter Servant with Water.] She revives; for Heaven's sake how do you do, Madam? Come, I'll procure you another Paroquet.

*Mad.* Oh not so divertisant, it had a thousand pretty Actions; one Day as Monsieur le Markee de *belie Jambe* was entertaining me with a Recital of his Amours—ha, ha, ha! I have a pleasant Tale to tell you of him too, ha, ha, ha, ha! he's marry'd, ha, ha, ha!

*Cha.* Upon the Titter again, deliver me from such a Medley I say. [Aside.]

*Mad.* To a thirty thousand Pound Fortune, ha, ha! but the Estate lies in Terra Incognita; I have recommended Imagination for his Steward, and Philosophy for his Equipage, ha, ha, ha!

*Rav.* The Marquis let me into the Secret, ha, ha pray who is the Lady that has done him the Favour?

*Mad.* Oh my Stars, what ails me? ah Maria Mater, the Room goes round.

*Rav.* A Chair there, Mrs. *Susan*; repose yourself a little, Madam, 'tis only Vapours, and will off again; these Affectations in another I shou'd hate, but here I'm fated to the Folly.

*Cha.*

*Cha.* Most fantastical: the Duce take me if I can bring myself to the Complaisance of asking her how she does.

[*Aside.*]

*Rav.* How do you, Madam?

*Mad.* Oh much better, Colonel, 'tis impossible any Malady can stay long in your Company; I admire your Friend can be so melancholy with a Companion so diverting.

*Cha.* I confess the Colonel is of a singular good Humour, Madam, for an *Englisshman*; we, generally speaking, are dull, heavy, thinking Animals, not mov'd by the losing of a Father.

*Mad.* Most unpolite! such a Lover as this, wou'd make me as splenetic as fourscore.

*Rav.* Alas, Madam, he's married.

*Mad.* Married! nay then I forgive him;—yet upon second Thoughts, I won't neither, for he ought to have left his dogged Humours at Home, and not stamp Wife in the Forehead of every Woman he meets.

*Cha.* He's mad that wou'd stamp any thing upon thee I'm sure. [*Aside.*] Since I offend you, Madam, I humbly take my leave. [*Going.*]

*Rav.* I beg you wou'd excuse the Bluntness of my Friend, Madam; he's a very honest Fellow. Oh that I cou'd look upon her with Indifference. [*Aside.*]

*Mad.* Oh fie, Colonel, why that Request? your Friend is a fine Geneleman—Nay, you shan't go, Monsieur; you-being a married Man, must understand every Thing that belongs to our Sex. [*Runs and pulls him back by the Coat.*]

*Cha.* Heav'n deliver me from the Study. [*Aside.*]

*Rav.* Ha, ha, ha! poor *Charles*, how he frets. [*Aside.*]

*Mad.* Here! give me your Opinion, how do you like these Cloaths?

*Cha.* As I like every thing else that belongs to them, Madam.

*Mad.* A very odd Expression that—but don't you think our Airs plus Engageant, than the Ladies in *England*, Monsieur? how did your Lady dress to catch your Heart?

*Cha.* I never minded the Airs of her Person, Madam, she had other Charms for me.

*Mad.* This Fellow will give me the Hip confoundedly,

if he goes on thus—If all his Sex were such mortifying Animals, what a Number of fasting Days shou'd we have in the Calendar : we shou'd have no need of Indulgences, Pardons, and Penances. we shou'd live Saints, and die without the fear of Purgatory.

*Cha.* Colonel, you'll excuse me, if I leave you, for faith she has tired my Patience. [*Aside to Rav.*]

*Rav.* No, prithee tarry a little longer.

*Mad.* What are you two whispering about? You shan't go till you have drank some Tea; *Susan*, get Water for Tea, and set the Table ready.

*Susan.* 'Tis ready in the next Room, Madam.

*Rav.* My Friend is a Lover of Tea, and was just enquiring of me where I thought the best was to be got.

*Cha.* The Devil take his Excuse, now there is no getting off. [*Aside.*]

*Mad.* That I am Mistress of any Thing worth his Admiration, is no small Pleasure to me; I dare be vain to say, I can recommend him to the best in *Portugal*, along.

[*Sings a Minuet, and dances out.*]

### SCENE, *The Terriera de Passa.*

*Enter Marplot solus.*

*Marp.* Methinks they stay a cursed while—Egad I'll e'en ask for *Charles*; the Story this young Fellow brought of a Letter will be a rare Excuse. [*Going up to the Door.*]

*Enter Bravo with a Letter,*

*Bravo.* What Countryman are you, Sir?

*Marp.* Countryman, Sir? why I am an *Englishman*, Sir, I'm not asham'd of my Country.

*Bravo.* I have a Letter for an *Englishman*, but those that sent it don't know his Name.

*Marp.* From a Lady I warrant? Egad here's another Intrigue of somebody's popt in my Way now; I've a good mind to own the Letter, open it and see what's in't; but if should come from an old Woman—Pray, Sir, does it come from Youth or Age?

*Bravo.* From Youth and Fire I assure you.

*Marp.* Because I expect a Summons from a very beautiful young Lady myself.

*Brav.* Your Description is just, Sir.

*Marp.*

*Marp.* Say you so, Sir? why then I believe it is for your humble Servant, Sir. Discoveries come thick to-day; I am a lucky Dog, faith.

*Bravo.* Not unlikely; there it is, Sir.

[Gives him the Letter.

*Marp.* Ah Colonel, ah *Charles*, what wou'd you give to be in my Place now? But hang it, I'm good-natur'd, she shall fall to one of your Shares, for I wou'd not give a Halfpenny for the finest Woman in *Lisbon* for my own Sake. [Opens and reads,] What's here? The Reader is a Villain, and deserves to have his Throat cut. Surprising! upon my Soul, Sir, this Letter does not belong to me. I am a lucky Dog now indeed.

*Enter Don Lopez.*

*Don Lop.* Upon my Soul, Sir, you lie. Draw, Sirrah, or I'll rip your Guts up. [Draws.

*Marp.* Draw, Sir? for what, Sir? Oh bloody-minded Wretch, what will come of me? [Aside.

*Don Lop.* For opening the Letter, Villain.

*Marp.* A pox on my Curiosity——The Devil take the Letter, 'twas none of my seeking, the Fellow said it was for an *Englishman*, an, an, an I did not know but it might have been for me, as well as another, I ask your Pardon with all my Heart.

*Don Lop.* Rot your Compliments; if it had come from my Sister, it had been for you, Sir; therefore draw, or by *St. Anthony*——

*Marp.* Sister! as I hope to be fav'd, Sir, I know never a Man's Sister in the Universe.

*Don Lop.* Cowardly Dog, [beats him.] dare to lie with a Man's Wife, and not dare to fight for her?

*Marp.* Mercy upon me, I lie with a Man's Wife! Oh, Sir, you are the most mistaken in me that ever you was in your Days, Sir; upon my Faith, I never knew what Woman was, nay, Sir, I never car'd for a Woman, that's more——But indeed here are two or three Gentlemen of my Acquaintance very much given that Way.

*Don Lop.* Are there so, Sir?

*Mar.* Oh exceedingly——now I won't swear it is not one of them.——I wish I were fairly rid of him. [Aside.

*Don Lop.* Your Safety depends upon your Information. Let me know where to find them, and you shall live.

*Enter*

*Enter Col. Ravelin, and Charles behind them.*

*Marp.* Thank you heartily, Sir, — What a cursed Pre-munire I have brought myself into now, for egad I'll not tell where *Charles* lives, if I die for't ——— I'll, I'll, I'll tell him a wrong Place, I'm resolv'd.

*Don Lop.* Come, where do they lodge? What are you studying for? ha! [Slaps him.]

*Marp.* I, I, I, I, can't think of the Name of the Street for my Blood—it is,—it is,—what d'ye call the Street when you turn the Corner of your Right Hand, and then turn again of your Left, and then again of the Right, and so back by the Left, an, an, an, so, an, an, across the what d'ye call 'em, an, and——

*Don Lop.* No equivocating, Sirrah.

[Holds the Sword to his Breast]

*Cha.* I thought it was *Marplot's* Voice. [Draws.]

*Rav.* Since he lives, we'll preserve him. [Draws.]

*Mar.* Ah, good Sir, I, I, I, I, I, ——— Ah *Charles*, dear *Charles*.

*Rav.* Guard your Life, Sir, or cease to affront this Gentleman.

[They beat off Don Lopez, and the Bravos.]

*Marp.* Victoria! Victoria! Faith Gentlemen you came in the lucky Minute, or I had been a dead Man.

*Rav.* Nay, in my Conscience I believe thou'lt never die in thy Bed. Which of your inquisitive Actions brought this upon you?

*Cha.* Was this your Chimney Adventure, or another?

*Marp.* No faith, this was another about a damn'd Letter, and cuckolding somebody, and debauching that *Spaniard's* Sister, and the Devil knows what; I wish one of you two is not at the Bottom of this.

*Rav.* Ha, ha! Come *Charles*, we'll to your Lodgings, where he shall give us the whole Relation of his Adventures.

*Marp.* With all Sincerity ——— and I have something else to tell you, *Charles*; there's a Lady in Love with you, and has sent you a Letter; but mum, you shall promise to let me into the Secret, or you shall know no more on't.

*Cha.* How brisk the Rogue is again already! I thought you might have had enough of Secrets.

*Marp.*



*Marp.* Oh, the Mind you know is never satisfied.  
 Were all the Joys that Nature could bestow  
 Within my Power to taste, I'd rather know  
 What every Man endeavours still to hide ;  
 And having that, wou'd care for nought beside.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T IV.

S C E N E, Charles's Lodgings.

*Enter Charles, Col. Ravelin and Marplot.*

*Rav.* A Very pretty Account, ha, ha, ha! what do  
 you expect will be the End of your Cu-  
 riosity, *Marplot*?

*Marp.* No good in this Country I fear, yet for my  
 Blood I can't help it.

*Cha.* What, can't you help dogging People, and open-  
 ing Letters of no concern to you?

*Marp.* O' my Soul, I have made Resolutions upon Re-  
 solutions to the contrary, but to no Purpose; there is  
 a tickling Desire runs thro' my Veins, which is always  
 craving as my Stomach—and makes these Discoveries as  
 necessary as my Food. Tho' faith I never mean any  
 Harm—why this Letter now, who the Devil dream'd of  
 a consumed Challenge?

*Rav.* You should always dream of the worst, Sir.

*Marp.* That's not my Maxim, Colonel; methinks ill  
 Luck comes fast enough. Look ye Gentlemen, 'tis as  
 much your Fault as mine, if you wou'd take me with you,  
 or tell me the Bottom of Things, I should trouble my  
 Head no further; but here you leave me in the dark, and  
 nothing to do, but entertain my Fears, which are strong  
 for my Friends; and most of the Mischiefs I do, proceed  
 from my Concern for their Safety; and here I got thump'd  
 and beaten for my good Intentions, and that's all, on  
 every Side.

*Cha.* And all you deserve; ha, ha, ha!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There's a Gentleman below enquires for you,  
 Sir, he has Business for you from *England*, he says, Sir.

*Marp.*

*Marp.* From *England!* who the Devil can this be now?

[*Aside.*]

*Cha.* Bring him up.

*Enter Isabinda.*

*Isab.* I have a Letter and Packet for Mr. *Charles Gripe.*

*Cha.* I am the Person, Sir. *Robin*, reach a Chair; pray be pleas'd to sit, Sir. [*Opens and reads the Letter.*]

*Marp.* From *England!* Ha, ha! Sir your humble Servant; why this is the very Gentleman I told you of, *Charles* —— So, so, well, well, and how does *Dona Cephisa?* What, she will have him then? and nobody else? what does she say to you, *Charles?* ha? How does she write? ha? Nay, egad you shall let me into this Business, Mun——for I have been chief Promoter of it I am sure, therefore no shuffling, *Charles.*——

*Cha.* No, no, I scorn it, *Marplot*; there, read, read.

[*Throws him the Letter.*]

*Marp.* Why that's civil now——Let me see how these *Spanish Dames* express themselves——My dearest Life——Humph——As frank and fond, as if it came from an Inhabitant of *Covent Garden*, egad——I hope this will find you safely arriv'd in *Lisbon* ——ha, *Lisbon* —— why what the Devil does she mean? Let's see what's at Bottom: from your ever loving Wife, *Isabinda Gripe.* A murrain *Gripe* you —— Pish, pox, I wonder'd you was so ready to show it me indeed. [*Throws it down.*]

*Cha.* Ha, ha! what, does not the Secret please you?

*Marp.* Please a Fiddlestick; why, what did this young Dog mean? Egad I wish *Charles* wou'd beat him for the Disappointment. [*Aside.*]

*Cha.* Pardon my Memory, Sir, I have seen your Face somewhere, but cannot recollect where. [*To Isab.*]

*Isab.* Heav'n continue his Ignorance. [*Aside.*] Very likely, Sir, I have liv'd most of my Time in this Place.

*Mar.* Ay! why how in the Name of Wonder did he come by this Letter then? [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* A Factor to my Uncle, Sir *Francis Tradewell*, from whom I receiv'd that, with Orders to deliver it to you.

*Marp.* Oh, so it came. [*Aside.*]

*Cha.* I know Sir *Francis* very well, and for his Sake, Sir, I shou'd be proud of being better acquainted with you.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Sir, you honour me \_\_\_\_\_

*Marp.* Pies of his Acquaintance, I say.

[*Aside.*

*Rav.* I hope your Lady's well, *Charles.*

*Cha.* At your Service, Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ she has sent the Papers I told you I forgot; now I shall dispatch my Business very quickly, she longs to see me, she says—'tis a poor good-natur'd Tit, and I lov'd her heartily 'till I married her; but whether her over-fondness, or the easy Access every Man has to his Wife, takes off the Edge of my Appetite, but methinks I see her not with half that Desire I us'd to do, when I scal'd her Window for a Kiss; the Memory of it is still pleasant.

*Marp.* Ay! my Shoulders remember that Time too.

*Isab.* Ungenerous Declaration! 'tis very unjust in my Opinion to slight the Thing that loves you, I'm sure 'tis what I could not do.

*Marp.* I fancy you never try'd the matrimonial Strength of Inclinations yet, Sir, therefore can be no Judge: Nature abhors Constraint.

*Rav.* Ay, ay, Inconstancy is a Fault in Nature, and who can help it?

*Cha.* Right, Colonel! and when you marry Mademoiselle *Flutter* yonder, you'll have a Proof of what I say.

*Marp.* Mademoiselle *Flutter*, who's she? I never heard of her before.

[*Aside.*

*Rav.* Let her look to that—I thought *Charles's* Wife had been a Favourite of yours, Mr. *Marplot*, but I don't hear you make the least Enquiry after her Health.

*Marp.* Look ye, Colonel, I hate to be balk'd, for that puts every thing out of my Head,—Hark ye, what did you mean by telling me such a confounded Story upon the *Terriera de Passa*, of a rich Merchant's Daughter, *Donna Cephisà*, and I can't tell who? What, was it all but a Sham then?

*Isab.* Why really, Sir, you was so inquisitive, that I had no other Way to dismiss you, and it is not my Custom to let one Man into the Affairs of another.

*Rav.* Poor *Marplot*, thou art balk'd every way; ha, ha!

*Marp.* Well, there was never good Times since this shuffling and lying came in fashion.

[*A Letter tyed to a Stone, is toss'd in at the Window; Charles takes it up, and reads to himself.*

*Marp.*

*Marp.* Hey day! where the Devil came that from?

[*Runs to the Window.*]

*Isab.* I fancy it came from that Fellow, which looks up yonder; [*Seeming to look out.*] there is nobody else near—Ha, my Eyes deceive me, or he belongs to somebody in the House where I lodge—I'll home, and make the best Observation I can in this Matter. Ah, poor *Charles*, these Courses are more dangerous than thou art aware of; I'll not discover myself yet, perhaps I may satisfy my Curiosity better as I am.

[*Aside.*]

*Rav.* An Affignation, *Charles*; send thee better Fortune than last Time.

*Cha.* 'Tis from the same Woman, Colonel—No, no, 'tis only some roguish Boy, tossing Stones about in Pieces of his Copy-Book.

*Marp.* Humph, but that Sham won't take tho'. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* Oh well dissembled—Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

*Cha.* Sir, I hope I shall have the Honour to see you here again.

*Isab.* Sir, the Honour will be mine. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Ravelin's Servant.*

*Serv.* The Trap-door is unbolted, Colonel.

[*Half aside.*]

*Marp.* What's that of a Trap-Door now? Odds Heart here's two confounded Intrigues on foot; and I am out at both, and they'll be hang'd before they'll let me into one of them.

[*Aside.*]

*Rav.* I'll be there immediately. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Marp.* Where, Colonel? I wish I cou'd split myself in half now, that I might follow them both.

*Rav.* Again at your Impertinence? Ha, ha!

*Cha.* He can't help it for his Soul.—Tho' we take different Posts, I fancy 'tis one and the same Action. Prosperity to yours.

*Rav.* The same to thine. Mr. *Marplot*, adieu.

*Marp.* What shall I do between both? Pox on't, 'tis very unlucky.—Then you won't let me into the Secret, Colonel?

*Rav.* Positively no.

[*Exit.*]

*Marpl.* Nay, nay, nay, *Charles*, you won't both leave me, will you?

[*Catches hold of Charles.*]

*Cha.*

*Cha.* Indeed, *Marplot*, I have extraordinary Business.

*Marp.* Do but tell me what it is, nay, tell me but something relating to't, and I'm satisfy'd.

*Cha.* Why then to be ingenuous, the Letter which was to's'd in is a Challenge, and I am going to seek for a Second; now if you cou'd fight, you'd save me the Labour.

*Marp.* Ah, the Devil take it, that I never learn'd to fence.—Why did you not engage the Colonel?

*Cha.* Because I saw he had Affairs of his own to pursue.

*Marp.* What wou'd I give for Courage now!—Pies on't, what is it that makes Men so stout? Egad I'm ready to weep to think I can't serve my Friend; I have the Theory of fighting, methinks—I only want the practic Part.

*Cha.* So, I have found the Way to drop him at'last—well, I hope you are satisfied.

*Mar.* Satisfied! no faith, *Charles*, I am not satisfied. Ods life, I'll tell you what I can do, I'll charge my Brace of Pocket Pistols, and shoot him—if you will.

*Cha.* Oh fie, there's a dishonourable Action, indeed.

*Marp.* The Devil take Honour when Life's concern'd, what will a Man get by it?

*Cha.* I have not Time at present to clear that Question. Farewell. [Exit.

*Marp.* Farewell! Egad 'twou'd be faring very ill tho', if he shou'd be kill'd. I wish I knew where to find Colonel *Ravelin*.—Oh Lord, oh Lord; I never thought to ask *Charles* where this Duel was to be fought, and then whither cou'd I send him? Well thought on, yonder he goes; I'll follow till I fix him, and then I'll soon call Company enough to part them—Egad I love my Friend, as I love my Life. [Exit.

### S C E N E *the Street.*

*Enter Charles with a Rope-Ladder, Marplot at a Distance.*

*Cha.* Let me see, she has chang'd her Apartment, she has sent me Word—her Window now is over the Door, this must be it.

*[Throws up his Ladder, which falls down again.]*

*Enter Margaritta.*

*Marp.* Humph, I see what kind of Challenge it is now; a Man

a Man must have a rare fighting Stomach, that will scale the Window of his Antagonist.

*Marg.* Here, here, Senior, the Coast is clear, come in at the Door boldly, my Lady is all Impatience to see you.

*Cha.* Mine is the greatest ; in, in my dear. [Exit.

*Marp.* [Sings.] Ah, put her in mind how her Time steals on—Oh, *Charles*, the Devil a Second did you want ; that was only a Sham to get rid of me. Ha, ha, ha ! how comically Things jump in my Way ! I'll secure the Ladder tho' for him ; this is a great House, but whose it is, is the Query ? If I thought I shou'd not have my Bones broke, I wou'd make bold to enquire——who

*Enter behind him Don Perriera, and Don Lopez.*

have we here ? They seem in deep Consultation——Oh bless me, one of them is the Bloody-minded *Spaniard* ; egad it is not safe to be seen. [Exit between the Scenes.

*Don Per.* I have done all you order'd me to a Tittle, and have taken Leave of my Wife for three Days, under Pretence of Business at *St. Ubes*.

*Don Lop.* That's well. I can't find who this Villain is, but I warrant we shall have him fast enough. Now do you return, and cunningly convey yourself into the Anti-chamber Closet ; there lie concealed, he'll not be long absent, if he's not there already ; in the mean time I'll wait in the Street, with two or three trusty Fellows, that shall dispatch him if he falls in our Way. [Exit.

*Don Per.* And if I find myself a Cuckold, Fire, Blood, and Brimstone, if I catch 'em, I'll send them both to the Devil. [Exit into the House.

*Marplot comes forward.*

*Marp.* Mercy upon me, what an Oath was that ? Why certainly, they think Murder a venial Sin here, and make no more of killing a Man, than cracking a Nut. This is certainly *Charles* which they threaten, for the old *Cademon* is gone into that House. Which way shall I give *Charles* Notice of his Danger ? I have a good mind to cry out Fire ; but when they find there is no such Thing, they may burn me perhaps. Hark, I hear somebody coming, 'gad I shall be beat again.

[Exit. Enter on the other Side.

My

My Fear hears double, I think, I can see nobody.—Odd I'll make Use of this Ladder; he talk'd her Apartment was over the Door, so that perhaps I may give him Warning at the Window, and he may come down the same Way.—Oh Lord, which is the House, now? Is it this, or this, I wonder? Choke me if I can tell; what a blundering Sot was I not to take better Notice! this must be it certainly. [*Seems to throw up the Ladder between the Scenes, and Exit.*] Heav'n send me good Luck, for I tremble horridly. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *draws and discovers Marton's Apartment.*

*Marton and Colonel Ravelin.*

*Rav.* Nay, this is starving a Man in Sight of Plenty; how many times have you put me off with Excuses and fair Promises of the next Time?

*Mart.* And how often have you sworn Constancy, Colonel?

*Rav.* Humph! Look you, Madam, I am a true Protestant, and have a mortal Antipathy to Confession; I bear the Queen's Commission, and will entertain all that will fairly list under me; then let me have no more of these little Jealousies; I'll make as good Provision for thee as for any Lady in *Portugal*, so prithee let's come to a right Understanding: if thou art plagu'd with an old superannuated Husband, who wants a young Fellow to aid and assist him, here he stands; if thou'rt a Widow, and wants one to manage the Affairs of Love, I'll give you my Word you can't have a better; I'm an Arithmetician, as well as a Soldier, and can cast accompts as fast as any Man: And if thou'rt a Virgin, egad I'm as good an Engineer. [*Embracing her.*]

*Mart.* You have mistaken your Plan, and may raise the Siege, Colonel, for you'll ne'er carry the Town this Way; I own I love you, and if I said with more Sincerity than she, I fancy I shou'd not injure her Passion; my Birth's as noble, my Fortune not less; you give me some Proofs indeed, that my Person falls short of her Charms to engage the Heart of Colonel *Ravelin*.

*Rav.* Thy Person? Thy Person is a charming Person, and my Heart, and all the rest of the Appurtenances, are

at thy Service, my Dear; thy Birth and Fortune are Things indifferent, so no more to be said about them.

[*Hugging her.*]

*Mart.* Will you marry me then?

*Rav.* Ah! what a Turn's there? Who cou'd have thought, after thy Manner of proceeding, thou would'st have ask'd such Security; why thou art an Usurer in Love, but prithee use Conscience; don't expect a Man to be a Slave all his Life. Marriage! why what confounded Extortion is that! Ods Heart, thou art more mercenary than an Agent; look ye, Madam, I'll give you Heart for Heart, and I think that good lawful Interest, and thou shalt have my Body for Performance of Articles.

*Mart.* Ah, Colonel, you'll bring a Habeas Corpus, and remove it as soon as the Campaign begins. I don't like these Prisoners at large.

*Rav.* And great Souls hate Restraint.

*Marplot in the Balcony.*

*Marp.* I have him faith—ah, how close they are! egad, it grieves me to part e'm—but there is no Help for it.—Fly, *Charles*, fly, there's the Devil and all of Plots against you—here, here, give me your Hand, come this Way through the Window.

*Mart.* Oh! a Man at my Window! Oh! my Reputation is undone for ever.

[*Faints into a Chair.*]

*Rav.* How's that? a Man? [*Looks up and sees Marplot.*]

*Marp.* The Devil! The Colonel!—Zounds, I am certainly bewitch'd—I, I, I, had as good have fall'n into the Hands of *Turks* and *Tartars*. O Lord, O Lord, my Ladder is gone, what shall I do now?

*Rav.* *Marplot!* 'Sdeath you Son of a Whore, I'll make an Example of you, to all inquisitive Rascals in the Universe.

[*Strikes at him with his Sword.*]

*Marp.* Ah, Colonel, for Heav'n's sake save my Life; upon my Soul you'll make me break my Neck, for I hang only by my Hands; may I be slic'd into Collops, if I knew any thing of your being here; certainly I am the most unfortunate Fellow breathing.

*Rav.* Zounds, come down, Sirrah, and cease your bawling, or I'll shoot you thro' the Head.

[*Pulls out a Pocket-Pistol.*]

*Marp.*



*Marp.* Oh, oh, oh ! I will, I will, I will, dear Colonel.

[*Comes down.*]

*Rav.* For Heaven's sake, Madam, don't be frighted ! 'tis an honest foolish Fellow of my Acquaintance; there's no Danger of your Reputation, my Angel.

[*Runs to Marton.*]

*Enter Mademoiselle Joneton.*

*Mad.* What Noise was that ? ha ! what do I see ? my Sister and the Colonel ? ah, ah !

[*Faints.*]

*Rav.* Confusion ! she here ? I'm betray'd : What, ho, within there.

*Mart.* Ha ! my Sister ! nay then I'm compleatly wretched.

[*Aside.*]

*Marp.* Nay now we shall be murder'd—Oh Lord, what do you mean by calling out, Colonel ?

*Rav.* 'Sdeath, what did you mean, Rascal, by coming here ? This Mischief is all owing to you. I have a good mind to cut your Throat. [*Runs to Marton.*] Madam, Madam; ods Heart was ever Man in this Condition ? What shall I do between 'em ? Run, Sirrah, and call somebody.

[*Kicks him.*]

*Marp.* Lord, Colonel, have a little Patience ; see, see, she revives.

*Mad.* Is this your Reservedness, this your Modesty, this your hating Mankind, Sister ?

*Rav.* How's that, her Sister ? I have made a fine Piece of Work, faith : Rascal, I cou'd find in my Heart to break your Bones.

[*Boxes him.*]

*Mad.* You have decent Inclinations for a Nun ; you had a mind for a Taste of the World before you left it, Sister.

*Mart.* The World—the World is surfeited with your Impertinence, and I wou'd avoid tasting what may breed a Fever, but I resolve to let nothing ruffle that Calmness with which my Soul's possess'd at present, for this Day shuts me from the World and you for ever.

[*Exit.*]

*Marp.* What does she mean by that now ? But Colonel, Charles will be kill'd.—Upon my Soul, Colonel, Charles is in Danger.

*Rav.* What do you mean ? 'Sdeath I'll toss you out the same Way you came in, you long to spoil all.

*Marp.* Spoil the Devil—I tell you he is in one of these Houses, I saw him go in, and heard an old Cuckold swear what he'd do if he caught him with his Wife; and then egad went into that very House. My Eagerness to give, *Charles* Notice of the Danger, tumbled me a-top of you a Pies on't. Egad I think no Man meets such barbarous Returns for his Good-nature, as I do.

*Rav.* Nay, if *Charles* is really in Danger, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Mr. *Marpot*.

*Mad.* What is this Consultation about? Et bien Monsieur, who are you thinking of?

*Rav.* Of you, Madam; Inclination and Honour holds Dispute, Inclination chains me to your Presence, but Honours calls me to the Rescue of my Friend: And I hope his Distress will excuse my abrupt Departure. Adieu. *ma chere Ange.*

*Mad.* And will you then precipitate yourself into Danger? This Gentleman will go.—

*Marp.* She's very charitably inclin'd towards me, I thank her. [Aside.]

*Mad.* Won't you, Sir?

*Marp.* Why, look ye, Madam, I, I, I will go with all my Heart, but, but, but, but, —————

*Rav.* But a single Arm is weak Assistance, where the Danger is so strong—besides it wou'd be a Reflection upon my Honour.—You are my Guardian Angel, if you smile I shall return in Safety. [Exit.]

*Marp.* Faith is the main Point of Religion: Pray take me into your Protection too, Madam. [Exit.]

*Mad.* So, he is gone then; now wou'd not I give a Dish of Tea for a Lover that I cou'd not make sacrifice every thing to me. These *Englishmen* have too much Sense to make Husbands of:

For only he shou'd to our Sex be dear,  
Who from a Look is capable of Fear.

The Man of Courage lords it every where. [Exit.] }

S C E N E *the inside of Don Perriera's House.*

*Enter Donna Perriera, Charles and Margaritta.*

*Donna Per.* I like the Description you have given me of *England* extremely, and envy the pleasant Life your Ladies

Ladies live. I wish their Husbands cou'd teach ours their Complaisance.

*Cha.* We had rather teach their Wives, Madam, who have much more Docility.

*Donna Per.* We! Why, are you in the Number of marry'd Men?

*Cha.* I have a Breviat to act as one, Madam, in the Absence of your Husband, if it is not your Fault. Come, my Angel, we shall be interrupted again.

*Donna Per.* Why! you have no more Friends to come down the Chimney, have you?

*Marg.* If you have, I wash my Hands of him; no more Deliverance from me, I assure him. I hate to have a Scheme balk'd, that is so well laid.

*Cha.* No, no, *Seniora Margaritta*; what I apprehend is the Return of your Master.

*Donna Per.* He's safe for three Days, which Time I expect you'll pass with me. I have several Doubts to be resolv'd, and as many Articles to make, ere I give myself entirely to your Power.

*Cha.* What Agreements are we to make, I wonder? All Secrets, I suppose. The next Room is more private, I fancy; there I'll do my endeavour to solve your Scruples.

*Donna Per.* *Margaritta*, bring Wine and Sweetmeats into the next Room.

*Cha.* Well thought on.

The amorous Feast of *Cupid* soon wou'd cloy,  
If *Bacchus* did not join the fainting Boy. [Exit.

Enter Don Perriera.

*Donna Per.* *Margaritta*, bring Wine and Sweetmeats.

*Don Per.* And is it then true at last? am I a Cuckold? Oh Vengeance! Vengeance! Oh *Anthony*, thou Guardian Saint of *Lisbon*, give me Patience; let me have christian Charity upon their Souls, for I shall have no Mercy upon their Bodies. I have sent for two Priests to take their Confessions, and then they die: Here I'll wait their coming; shou'd I enter, my Eyes wou'd let loose my Revenge too soon: 'Tis enough that I have

them secure, and that my Ears have heard a Man's Voice with this vile Adulteress. [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to the Terriera de Passa.*

*Enter Isabinda sola.*

*Isab.* As I suspected, he is here in this House; thro' the sovereign Power of Gold I have discover'd all; but for my Ease, wou'd I had been ignorant still. O *Charles*, who can boast of Honour, that starts not at the Breach of Vows? Who have we here?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* Methinks I never went so heavily of an Errand in my Life; I am sorry for this *Englishman*, and heartily sorry for my Mistress; for, to give her her due, she is the best-natur'd Woman to her Servants living: And faith I can't blame her for loving this Gentleman better than that old gouty, pthificky, crook-back'd covetous Hunks my Master.

*Isab.* Ha! this is the Servant which I brib'd. Of what Errand is he sent? [Aside.]

*Lor.* What Saint shall I invoke, to save this wretched Pair? I know *St. Anthony* is engag'd on *Don Perriera's* Side—— Let me see, there is some She-faint that has been a Sinner this Way herself; if I cou'd think of her Name, she'd be the fittest Person to do their Business.

*Isab.* Their Business! Oh, my boding Heart foretells some Mischief. *Lorenzo*——

*Lor.* Ha! Who's there?

*Isab.* 'Tis I, fear not: What is the Cause of your Complaint?

*Lor.* Oh! is it you, Senior? Oh, your Countryman's undone. My Master pretending to go to *St. Ubes* for three Days, conceal'd himself in the House unknown to every body, and has discover'd all. I am sent this Moment for two Monks from the Convent of *Sante Vincente* to confess the Criminals, and then you know what follows.

*Isab.* Death! Oh Distraction! Which, oh, which Way, ye Powers, shall I save this perjurd Man?

*Lor.* Ay, dear Sir, think, if it be possible.

*Isab.* Oh *Charles*! little dost thou think how dear thy unlawful Joys are purchas'd; three Lives for a momentary Bliss. For, in spite of all the Cause thou hast given me, thou'rt still as dear as Virtue to my Soul, and Life with-

out

out thee is not to be borne. Oh, hear me, Heaven, that knows my chaste Desires, and pity the Distress that tears my Breast : instruct me how to ward this fatal Blow, and save a Man that may return to thee. Ha ! methinks I feel the inspiring Thought, and Hope begins to feed the Springs of Life———*Lorenzo*, first bring the Priests to me. If you perform this Business with Success and Secrecy, I'll double twice this Sum. [*Gives him Money.*

*Lor.* May I meet the Fate design'd for them, if I'm not faithful to you. [*Exit.*

*Isab.* If by this Plot I save this perjur'd Man,  
I give the greatest Proof of Love that Mortal can. [*Exit.*

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Don Perriera solus.*

*Don Per.* **W**HAT a cursed while this Rascal stays ; if he comes not instantly my Rage will get the better of my Reason, and I shall dispatch the foul Adulterers without Confession.

*Enter Lorenzo, and Isabinda in a Priest's Habit, and one of the Priests with her.*

*Lor.* I have obey'd your Orders, Senior, here are the Priests.

*Don Per.* But very slowly, hang-dog. [*Strikes him.*

*Priest.* Peace be to you, Son. [*Ex. Lor.*

*Don Per.* That's not your Business, Father ; try if you can administer Peace to my falacious Wife and her young Amouretta within there : but do you hear, Father, dispatch the Business of their Souls as speedily as I will that of their Bodies : But if Heaven has no more Mercy than I shall have, your Labours might have been spar'd.

*Priest.* Speak not so irreligiously———which is the Room ? Keep your Distance. [*Ex. Priest and Isab.*

*Don Per.* Make haste then, or I shall take your Work out of your Hands. Now let me consult my Instruments of Death, for I'll have no Bounds to my Revenge. I'll, I'll, I'll, flea 'em alive.

S C E N E *draws, and discovers* Donna Perriera and Charles.

*Donna Per.* Is it the Unreasonableness of my Request, or

the Smallness of your Respect, that causes this Hesitation, Senior? sure if I give myself entirely to your Arms, I may deserve to be freed from the Embraces of a Wretch I hate. I'll not be chargeable to you in my Passage, I have Jewels of a considerable Value to defray that Expence; I insist upon a Promise, that you will convey me to *England*, and then I am yours.

*Cha.* Why then to deal ingenuously, Madam, I am married in *England*, and shan't well know how to bestow you there——But whilst I am here, Child, I am thine.

*Enter Isabinda and Priest.*

*Donna Per.* Oh, we're undone, this Hour is our last.

*Cha.* Ha! what are you? [Laying his Hand  
to his Sword.]

*Priest.* Our Habits shew what we are, and your Guilt what you have need of.

*Cha.* Priests! Nay, then our Condition is worse than I expected.

*Isab.* Come, Son, consider the great Work you have to do, Death waits without, therefore examine yourself within.

*Cha.* The Work must be all my own, Father, I have no Occasion for a Journeyman, so you may spare your Pains.

*Priest.* How, a Heretick! Alas poor Soul, how much it troubles me.

*Cha.* Pray Father express your Trouble somewhere else, I have no Faith in your living Doctrine, and resolve to have nothing to do with you in Death, therefore don't trouble me——Is there no Way to escape? and must I die cowardly? No, that I will not. [Draws.] The first that advances dies; I'll have Company at least.

*Isab.* A weak Defence, alas, shou'd I desert him——Put up your Sword, in pity to your Ignorance, and in Hopes of converting you to the true Faith, I'll deliver you from this Hazard.

*Cha.* But can you save her-too?

*Isab.* How, Son! is this a Time to dream of future Pleasures?

*Cha.* I'll give you mine Honour, Father, never to see her more; but as I am Partner of the Guilt, I wou'd not have the Punishment be only her's.

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* Well, I'll endeavour to preserve her too; observe my Orders well, turn your Face, here put on this Garment, my Brother there will conduct you to a Place of Safety, where I desire you'll wait till I come; look not behind you, nor speak as you pass to the Husband of that Lady.

*Cha.* This Priest is an honest Fellow. [*Puts on the Cloaths.*] Nothing like the Habit of Sanctity to cover close Designs, I shall observe your Directions most religiously, Father.

*Priest.* Come, Son, your Hand—Madam, I leave you one to comfort your Distress. [*Exeunt Priest and Charles.*]  
S C E N E *shuts, then draws and discovers Don Perriera listening.*

*Don Per.* How still they are at Confession! I fancy the Penance I shall enjoin them will quicken their Voice. So,  
[*Enter Priest and Charles.*]  
so, your Parts are done then, Fathers? now for mine.

*Priest.* Done! I'm afraid, Son, you are not right in your Senses, you have given us the Trouble of coming to confess two Adulterers, you said; but how you can make two Women such, I leave to you, for there is no Male Thing in that Room by my Priesthood; take care you put no more Affront upon our Cloth. [*Exit.*]

*Don Per.* Women! I'm amaz'd! Women! Egad I'm ravish'd, transported, nay, translated methinks above the Stars; I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, od I know not what I am, I'm so glad to find myself no Cuckold—Ah, but how shall I look my Wife in the Face tho' for having blam'd her wrongfully? Ay, there's the Devil now—Pox take her Brother for instilling these Jealousies into my Head, I fear she will never forgive me—and indeed 'tis more than I deserve—Oh that ever I shou'd suspect her Virtue.

S C E N E *draws and discovers Donna Perriera on her Knees to Isabinda.*

*Donna Per.* Oh, Madam, you have set Vice and Virtue in their proper Light, from whence I see the Deformity of one, and the Beauty of the other; your generous Forgiveness is all I want, to raise my Soul above a second Fall. I have injur'd you, but—

*Ifab.* No more of that; the good Inclination which you shew wipes out all Faults with me, and your Perseverance will give you as large a Share in my Breast, as if you never

had offended. Rise, Madam, I hear the Door unlock, prepare your Husband according to my Direction, and leave the rest to me.

*Enter Don Perriera.*

*Don Per.* Ay, there they are—both Women by Saint Anthony—that ever I shou'd be such a Dunce to think myself a Cuckold—which Way shall I speak to her now? Oh, my poor dear innocent Lamb is all in Tears, nay thou hast Cause to weep, that is the Truth on't.

*Donna Per.* What have I done, my Dear, that you shou'd expose me thus?

*Don Per.* That thou hast done nothing at all to merit it, is my Grief.—Nay do not weep, thou wilt break my Heart, indeed thou wilt; I wish with all my Soul thou had'st cuckolded me; I think in my Conscience I cou'd forgive thee now.

*Donna Per.* What Reparation can you ever make me, for the Stain you have cast upon my Fame? expos'd me to the Priests! cou'd you have found no other Way?

*Don Per.* I was to blame indeed, Wife; Oh forgive me, [*Falls on his Knees*] or my Heart will burst: Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Isab.* Nay, now, Madam, you must forgive him.

*Don Per.* Ay do, dear Madam, intercede for me; I'll never rise, except my dear virtuous Spouse will say she pardons me.

*Enter Don Lopez with his Sword drawn.*

*Don Lop.* What! Hangman like, are you asking Pardon ere you dispatch her? I'll lend you a helping Hand, since you are not Master of your Resolution.

[*Don Per. rises hastily, and catches down a Blunderbuss, and cocks it at Don Lopez.*]

*Don Per.* Zounds, put up your Sword, or by Saint Anthony, I'll shoot you thro' the Head.

*Donna Per.* Do you start, Brother? Cou'd you inflict that on me which your own Courage starts at? Cruel Man.

*Isab.* A Brother shou'd rather reconcile, than blow the Coals of Strife; 'tis barbarous in Strangers, but much more so, in those ally'd to us by Blood: Revenge, tho' just, excludes Religion, and he that pursues it, poisons all his Morals, and impudently affronts that Power which gave him Breath to threaten.

*Don Lop.*



*Don Lop.* Hey Day! what Philosophy have we here?

*Don Per.* Out of my Lodgings, I say, without one Question more, and never set Foot into them again, as you hope to keep your Guts in. I'll be plagu'd with no more of your Jealousies, I warrant you.

*Don Lop.* Fine! your Lodgings!—but hear me, Don, dare not, for your Soul, say you match'd into my Family, or you Mistress,—boast of any Blood of mine, as you value those Eyes—for from this Day I hold you as a Bastard, and may Perdition seize you both. [Exit.

*Don Per.* Was ever Man so plagu'd? Come, dry thy Eyes, my Dear, and mind him not; I'm glad I'm rid of him—and if thou dost but forgive me now, by this Kiss I'll ne'er offend again. [Kisses her.

*Donna Per.* Then I am happy.

*Don Per.* Pray Wife, who is this Lady?

*Donna Per.* Heav'ns! what shall I say now? [Aside.

*Isab.* Hold, Madam,—Let me intreat your Presence, with your's, Sir, in my Apartment, which is directly under this, and that you would suspend your Curiosity'till that Time.

*Donna Per.* This is certainly an Angel in Disguise.

[Aside.

*Don Per.* We'll wait on you.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's Mademoiselle Joneton to wait on you.

*Don Per.* Bring her up.

*Isab.* I'll take my leave, and shall expect you with Impatience.

*Don Per.* The Desire of knowing how to treat you as I ought, Madam, will give me Wings to follow you.

[Exit Isab.

*Enter Mademoiselle Joneton.*

*Mad.* My Dear, I'm glad to see you—O Senior, are you there? Pray, when do you intend to return to your House? will it never be finish'd? It is enough to murder one to come up this high—Positively I'm as much out of Breath as a Trumpeter. Ah pest, it has given me a Colour like a Cook-maid:

*Don Per.* Thou art more impertinent than a Valet de Chambre—My House will be finish'd next Week, Madam,

dam, and 'tis to be hop'd these Disorders which you complain of will cease.

*Mad.* Very probable they may — I am horribly chagreen'd to-day, my Dear, I have made twenty Visits within this Hour, and can meet with no Conversation to my Goût : the Vanity of the Men gives me the Spleen, and the Insipidness of the Women makes me sleepy — I came just now from my Lady *Betty Trifle's*, where I set the whole Room a Yawning ; ha, ha, ha !

*Donna Per.* Impertinence — a Person of your polite Conversation, must not expect to be diverted every where : How does your Sister, Madam ?

*Mad.* Alas ! she's dead.

*Both.* Dead !

*Mad.* Metaphorically speaking, she has inclos'd herself, where she intends to mortify with Hymns and spiritual Songs, and has left me the whole World to range in.

*Don Per.* And I warrant you think that but a Garden.

*Mad.* If the Sea cou'd be drain'd, 'twou'd make a very pretty Park, Senior.

*Don Per.* Humph ! this is a Woman of a copious Fancy — Well, my Dear, I'll go before you. [Exit.]

*Donna Per.* Not for the World. Madam, if you please, since you are upon the visiting Pin, I'll introduce you to a new Acquaintance — I'd rather take her with me, than suffer him to go without me.

*Mad.* With all Satisfaction, I love new Acquaintance extremely ; — is it a Man ?

*Donna Per.* No ; a Lady.

*Mad.* What has she to recommend her ? — But no Matter, I'll wait on you. The Devil take this Colonel, I can't get him out of my Head ; I'm half afraid, I endure him more than I imagin'd. [Aside.]

*Donna Per.* Madam, will you give me Leave to wait on you down ? [Exit.]

The SCENE draws, and discovers Charles solus, in Isabinda's Apartment, looking about.

*Cha.* What will be the Issue of this Affair, Heav'n knows. To what End am I order'd to stay here, under the same Roof ? and why is this Priest so long a coming ? My Mind misgives me, it was no Priest — but some Rival, jealous

jealous of her Favours, found the Way to surprize us, and contrary to the Custom of a *Portuguese*, has Honour enough to dispute it with me fairly; faith I wish that may be the worse on't.

*Enter Colonel Ravelin, and Marplot.*

*Marp.* Egad, here he is—*Charles*, I'm glad to find you alive with all my Blood ———

*Cha.* The Devil! Ha! Colonel *Ravelin* there too! you surprize me? how did you find me!

*Rav.* By *Marplot's* Direction, you know he's a very good Finder, he assur'd me you wanted my Assistance—

*Marp.* Ah, *Charles*, which got the better in the Duel, ha? what Weapons did you fight with.

*Rav.* I can't tell what Engagement thou hast been in, *Charles*, but by thy Looks, I fancy it hath not pleas'd thee.

*Cha.* I have run some Hazard since I saw you, Colonel; but if I had caught you dogging me, I'd have hamstring'd you, Rascal ———

*Marp.* Very fine—See what a Man gets for his Good, will now—But if I had not thought you in Danger of Hamstringing, and Heartstringing too, the Devil a Step wou'd I have fetch'd. I'm sure the old Cuckold frighted me out of my Wits with his Threats, and the Colonel here has almost broke my Bones, and all for you—and thus you reward me.

*Cha.* The old Cuckold? what do you mean?

*Marp.* Nay, let the Colonel tell you what I mean, for my Part, I'll have nothing to do with you, as long as I live again—Bless me, what do I see? The very old Dog that swore by Fire, Blood and Brimstone, he wou'd send you to the Devil—Oh Lord, oh Lord, draw Gentlemen, draw, put yourself upon your Guard, *Charles*; oh, dear Colonel, stand by him; ods Life I tremble so, I cannot get my Sword out for my Blood ———

*Enter Don Perriera.*

*Cha.* Ha! what are you, Sir? [Draws.]

*Rav.* Get you behind me, you timorous Puppy. [Draws.]

*Don Per.* What do you mean, Gentlemen, to murder me?

*Cha.* I mean that you shan't murder me, Sir.

*Don Per.* You, Sir! I don't know you, Sir,

*Marp.* Not know him, Sir, what a confounded lying old Thief

Thief you are. I'll take my Oath I heard you and that bloody-minded *Spaniard* threaten what you'd do to this Gentleman, if you catch'd him in your House; egad, *Charles*, knock him down.

*Don Per.* Oh, Mr. Sweep-chimney, are you here? *St. Anthony* defend me, what Ambuscade am I tumbled into? This was certainly my Wife's Gallant, and has impos'd upon the Priests, as well as me, in Petticoats, and now has trapan'd me here to murder me——Help, Murder, Treason, Murder, Help——

*Cha.* Cease your Bawling, old Lucifer, or expect no Mercy. [Points his Sword to his Breast.

*Rav.* Confess your Design, and produce your villainous Gang, and they shall have Satisfaction equal to their Merits.

*Don Per.* Gang! By *St. Anthony*, I have no Gang; I came hither to wait on the Lady who belongs to this Apartment, but little thought of meeting with my virtuous Wife's Gallant. I suppose I am decoy'd hither to have my Throat cut, therefore come on both of you, old as I am, I yet can stand a Push. [Draws.

*Marp.* Oh, oh, Murder, Murder. [Runs off.

*Don Per.* I wish I had known you in Petticoats.

*Cha.* Ha, this must be *Don Perriera*; but what does he mean by Petticoats? Hold, Sir, --what is the Lady's Name of this Apartment?

*Don Per.* I know not; it was to be informed of that I came, but I suppose you are the Lady, Sir.

*Rav.* This shallow-brain'd Whelp has made a damn'd Blunder here—this is a very odd Riddle, Sir, pray——

*Enter Marplot running.*

*Marp.* Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost——

*Don Per.* *St. Anthony* defend me, a Ghost? where? [Crosses himself.

*Enter Habinda, Donna Per. Mademoiselle, and Margaritta.*

Oh, Madam, is it you? this is the Lady I came to wait on, Gentlemen.

*Cha.* Ha! she here! [Marg. whispers Cha.

*Marg.* That Lady in the Habit of a Priest, deliver'd you——do you know her?

*Cha.* Know her? yes——delivered by my Wife!——

*Made*

*Mad.* The Colonel here too? I'm not displeas'd with this Visit. [*Aside.*]

*Rav.* My Mistress!—a pretty kind of Rencounter.

[*Goes to her.*]

*Cha.* Oh let me fly into thy Arms, my *Isabinda*, my charming Love, thou holdest more Virtues in thy Breast; than thy whole Sex can boast: Canst thou forgive me, *Isabinda*?

*Isab.* As freely as thou canst ask it; but hush, we shall be observ'd; let not the Company know this is our first Meeting. I was loth to trust the Writings with Strangers, so brought them myself.

*Cha.* Thou art all Goodness.

*Isab.* I thought I heard Murder cry'd out, as I enter'd, Senior.

*Don Per.* Why, truly, Madam, if you had not come as you did, I was in Danger of my Life here.

*Cha.* 'Twas only a Mistake, my Dear: I ask your Pardon, Sir.

*Marp.* Egad, and so it is; a Pox of my Zeal——

*Don Per.* Pardon, Sir? This is a very odd Mistake, Sir.

*Isab.* I hope all Mistakes will be clear'd, Sir. I know you lov'd my Father, Sir *Jealous Traffick*; and so for his sake, I hope you'll know my Husband.

*Don Per.* What! my old Friend? yes faith will I; Sir, I am yours; but I must kiss your Wife. My Dear, why did not you tell me who she was before?

*Donna Per.* A good Reason, because I did not know it. [*Aside.*] You saw she forbad me, my Dear.

*Marp.* Now, you are all acquainted, I'll tell you how I came to mistake this Matter: I did not know this was a House of Lodgings, and that my Friend had remov'd hither, till I found him out by Accident, upon my Honour, Senior——

*Cha.* The Rogue will stumble out an Excuse.

*Don Per.* Honour! Pray, Sir, upon your Honour tell me how you got out of my Room?

*Marg.* For your Soul, no Squeaking— [*Aside to Marplot.*]

*Marp.* No, no; never fear me. Egad, what shall I say now? Why, Sir, you must know I am a Chymist, and have found out a Secret that will open and shut all Locks whatever; that help'd me out, Sir.

*Don Per.*

*Don Per.* Say you so, Sir? Pray will you communicate?

*Marp.* Not for your whole Estate, Sir.

*Don Per.* I'll have this Fellow sent out of Town, for by the Help of this Secret he'll cuckold all the Men in *Lisbon*.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! what a Lie has he lit of — Colonel, won't the Lady capitulate upon honourable Terms?

*Rav.* She desires two Days Consideration, a great while for a Man to fast, that is almost starv'd already.

*Mad.* Well, Colonel, to shew you that I am good-natur'd, I'll put it to Arbitration.

*Cha.* Nay, then, Madam, we shall all give it against you.

*Don Per.* What's here, a Wedding on foot? Prithee let's have it just now to reconcile all Differences, and, tho' I have not danc'd these forty Years, I'll take a Turn among you.

*Marp.* So! I'll be hang'd if this is not *Mademoiselle Flutter* now. Pox of these matrimonial Intrigues — but egad we will have Dancing—I'm resolv'd. [Exit]

*Rav.* Faith, Madam, the Cannon of Constancy is a heavy Carriage, and if I shou'd summon my Senses to a Council of War, and make Reason Judge-Advocate, 'tis odds but I raise the Siege.

*Mad.* Well, Colonel, if I surrender Prisoner of War, remember I expect to be generously us'd.

*Rav.* You shall have no Cause to complain.

*Omnes.* We wish you Joy, Colonel.

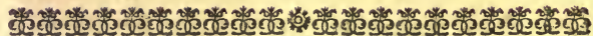
*Don Per.* Now for a Dance.

*Enter Marplot.*

*Marp.* And I have brought the Musick. [A Dance.]

*Cha.* Come, Colonel, Marriage is the only happy State, when Virtue is the Guide.

*Isab.* In vain we strive by haughty Ways to prove  
Our chaste Affections, and our duteous Love.  
To smoothe the Husband's rugged Storms of Life,  
Is the Design and Business of a Wife;  
Men from Example, more than Precept, learn,  
And modest Carriage still has Power to charm.  
After my Method, wou'd all Wives but move,  
They'd soon regain, and keep their Husbands Love:  
Our kind Indulgence wou'd their Vice o'ercome,  
And with our Meekness strike their Passions dumb.



THE  
PLATONICK LADY.

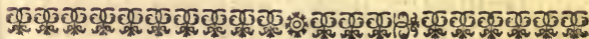
A  
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.



# P R O L O G U E.

By Captain *Farquhar*.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

**R** Ejoice, ye Fair, the British Warriors come  
Victorious o'er, to your soft Wars at home.  
Each Conqueror flies, with eager Longings fraught,  
To clasp the darling Fair, for which he fought.  
He lays his Trophies down before those Eyes,  
By which inspir'd, he won the glorious Prize.  
Prouder, when welcom'd by his generous Fair,  
Of dying in her Arms, than conquering there.  
O! cou'd our Bards of Britain's Isle but write  
With the same Fire with which our Heroes fight:  
Or cou'd our Stage but represent a Scene,  
To copy that on great Ramilla's Plain;  
Then we with Courage wou'd assert our Plays,  
And to your glorious Laurels join our Bays.  
But our poor Pegasus, a Beast of Ease,  
Cares not for foraging beyond the Seas:  
Content with London Provender, he flies,  
To make each Coxcomb he can find, a Prize:  
And after trudging long, perhaps he may  
Pick up a Set of Fools, to furnish out a Play,  
To make him eat, and you to entertain,  
That for his Safety fought beyond the Main.  
Your Courage there, but here your Mercy shew;  
The Brave scorn to insult a prostrate Foe.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

**T**O you, the Tyrant Criticks of the Age,  
To you, who make such Havock on the Stage;  
Assault with Fury every coming Scene,  
Like Heroes arm'd at Ramillies, or Turin.  
Whilst vanquish'd Wit, shrunk from her native Glory,  
Like the cow'd Gaul, too weakly stands before ye.  
Since then the Poets play this Losing-game,  
I, a poor Suppliant in the Muses Name,  
Beg to avert our trembling Author's Fate;  
And, like the sad Bavarian Advocate,  
Resistance vain, we to your Mercy fly,  
And court you now to lay your Thunder by.  
Of slaughter'd Wits let the Effusion cease,  
We, like the humble Lewis, sue for Peace.

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# EPILOGUE.

Design'd to be Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle,  
but came too late. Written by the Author  
of Tunbridge-Walks.

**W**Hat mighty Pains our scribbling Sot has shewn,  
To ridicule our Sex, and praise his own,  
As if we Women muster'd all our Charms,  
To tempt an odious Fellow to our Arms.  
One Lady proves so fond, or rather mad,  
She'd fain confess a Child she never had.  
Alas! how many Nymphs about this Town,  
Have pretty Moppits, that they dare not own?

Then

# E P I L O G U E.

*Then a West-country Damsel trots to Town,  
And talks of Paint, false Hair, and Rumpt-up Gown,  
Things which to Men shou'd never be reveal'd,  
But equally with Cuckoldom conceal'd.  
Yet, tell me, Sirs, don't you as nice appear,  
With your false Calves, Bardash, and Favourite's here?*

[Pointing to her Forehead,

*Nay, in Side-Boxes too, I've often known,  
'Mongst Flaxen-Wigs, Complexions not their own;  
Who his good Plays, and to Camilla fly,  
Draw out their Pocket-glasses, squint, and cry,*

[Sings.] *These Eyes are made so killing, &c.*

*Young Templars too, with upstart forward Graces,  
When Pumice-stone has travell'd o'er their Faces.  
March hither, where Mobb'd-Hoods too often ply,  
And want a Lodging, tho' six Stories high;  
Where the fond Youth the modest Dame implores,  
And at Day-break ejects her out of Doors.*

*Some Cheapside-Bobbs too trudge it to our Play,  
Faith Jack, this Hay-Market's a cursed Way,  
What signifies the Quality or Wits,*

*The Money, Daniel, rises from our Cits.*

*Who, like Cock-Sparrows, hop about the Benches,  
And court, with Sixpences, fat Orange-Wenches.*

*In short, you Men have more fantastick Ways,  
More Follies, than can e'er be stuf't in Plays:*

*But since all Satire's for your Mirth design'd,  
Excuse all Errors, which to-night you find,  
And to this Play be generous, just, and kind.*

# EPILOGUE.

By Mr. Norris as Drawer.

*Y*our Servant, Masters, I'm sent on a Message,  
From some desponding Ladies in the Passage,  
They wait your kind Approaches to the Rose,  
And want——Hark'e——a Supper I suppose; [Softly]  
And who this Day cou'd no Affair transact,  
Begg'd me, to pass my Word for the last Act,  
Assuring me, that when the Play was done,  
It shou'd be worth to me full half a Crown:  
We Drawers are Men of Parts in our Vocation,  
And countenance the crying Sins o'th' Nation,  
That is, since Vice first grew a Recreation:  
We imitate the hungry Lawyer too,  
Take Fees on both Sides, and both Justice do,  
I mean, if we think proper to do so;  
Nay, we're in Fee with them, and on occasion,  
Are sent to witness some damn'd Obligation.  
Thus all the World by different Ways wou'd thrive,  
And foolish Poets think by Plays to live,  
They're the worst Customers that we receive;  
They score, and score, and brag of a third Day,  
And then they'll certainly——hum——never pay.  
Much more I have to say, but never stir—— [Bell rings.  
O lack, I'm wanted at the Bar——Coming up, Sir. [Runs off.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Sir <i>Thomas Beamont</i> , Uncle to <i>Beamont</i> and <i>Lucinda</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Sir <i>Charles Richley</i> , contracted to <i>Isabella</i> when young,		
Captain <i>Beamont</i> , under the Name of <i>Belvil</i> , in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Sharper</i> , a Man of the Town.		
<i>Robin</i> , Servant to <i>Belvil</i> ,		Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Equipage</i> , Servant to <i>Sharper</i> ,		Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
		Mr. <i>Norris</i> .

## W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda</i> , Niece to Sir <i>Thomas</i> , in Love with <i>Beamont</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , an Heiress, in Love with <i>Beamont</i> , but contracted by her Father to Sir <i>Charles</i> in her Childhood,		
Mrs. <i>Dowdy</i> , a <i>Somersetshire</i> Widow come to Town to learn Breeding,	}	Mrs. <i>Willis</i> .
<i>Toylet</i> , Woman to <i>Isabella</i> ,		
<i>Betty</i> , Maid to <i>Lucinda</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Signal</i> .
<i>Peeper</i> , Maid to Mrs. <i>Dowdy</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
Mrs. <i>Brazen</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Lee</i> .
		Mrs. <i>Bullock</i> .

Mantua-Women, Milliners, Match-makers, Tire-Women,  
Singing-Masters, Dancing-Masters, Porters, &c.

## S C E N E, L O N D O N.



THE  
PLATONICK LADY.

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ACT I.

*Enter Mr. Sharper, and Equipage his Man.*

*Equi.* **A**S I was saying, Sir, I have advanc'd the Expences of our Summer's Expedition from *Epsom to Tunbridge, from Tunbridge to the Bath*, and from thence to *London* here; where instead of Board-wages, I have liv'd upon Hopes that some of these Places wou'd furnish you with a Bubble, and me with Money; but I see no Appearance of it: Therefore pray let you and I discount.

*Sharp.* Prithee, *Equipage*, have but Patience to see what this Winter produces.

*Equi.* No, Sir; the Affront you put upon me at *Tunbridge* I can't forget, when you had lost fifty Guineas to the Knight upon Honour, and pretended you had sent me Post to *London* to your Escutore for the Money, and that I had robb'd you and run away with your Keys; when you ordered me to keep out of the Way till he had left the Town.

*Sharp.* Thou know'st I had no other Quibble to avoid paying the Debt, and quitting the Place with Honour: Come, don't reflect upon my Misfortune; we have seen better Summers.

*Equi.* In troth, Sir, I thought *Bath* promis'd well; I am sure 'twas very full of Company; and if you had not fallen in Love, you might have paid me out of the Subscription.

*Sharp.*

*Sharp.* How must I have liv'd like a Gentleman then, Sirrah? I shall break your Head.

*Equi.* I have done upon that Subject, Sir; I only desire my Discharge and Wages; that's all.

*Sharp.* Do you know what you ask, *Equipage*? A Gamester and a Soldier are both Sons of Fortune; now to quit my Service, is directly to embroil yourself with Fortune.

*Equi.* I have been embroil'd with her from the first Day I enter'd into your Service: but I thank my Stars I am above Fortune, and design to forsake the World.

*Sharp.* Ha, ha! forsake the World!

*Equi.* Yes, Sir, I have lately made some moral Reflections on the Uncertainty of worldly Pleasures. I am weary of being well beaten, and ill fed; of passing the Night at a Tavern Door, and the Day in carrying Messages from one Miss to another. In short, Sir, I am weary of the subservient Title, without the subservient Money, and resolve to marry; that is, when I can find a Woman that deserves me.

*Sharp.* A difficult Matter truly.

*Equi.* So it is, Sir; but this Digression makes you forget that there is a small Rule in Arithmetick to be adjust'd. I have serv'd you these eight Years at twenty-five Crowns a Year, which in plain *English* is forty-two Pounds Sterling; of which I have received now and then a broken Pate: Nevertheless there remains two and forty Pounds; which I desire you'd give me immediately, Sir.

*Sharp.* Two and forty Pounds—a great deal of Money—eight Years Service; Mercy upon me! How have I had Patience to endure this Dog so long?

*Equi.* How have I had Patience to stay thus long for my Wages?

*Sharp.* Are not you a Rogue, Sirrah?

*Equi.* Yes, Sir.

*Sharp.* And deserve to be hang'd?

*Equi.* As Affairs stand now it seems. Whilst I was silent I was a very honest Fellow; but now I ask for my Wages, I'm fit for the Gallows: Faith, Sir, you might be a Duke by your Conscience.

*Sharp.* Well, Sirrah, you know I am good-natur'd; hang

hang me if I am not very unwilling to part with thee: I will not turn thee away; go get my Cloak.

*Equi.* Turn me away! why, 'tis not you that turn me away; 'tis I that turn you away, if you go to that.

*Sharp.* Well, well, we won't dispute about that; thou shalt not leave me.

*Equi.* Be pleas'd to pay me then; for I design the Money for my Wife's Jointure: Look ye, Sir, here's the Receipt ready.

*Sharp.* The Devil's in the Fellow, I think; thy Noddle runs of nothing but thy own Business; prithee let's think a little of mine. Mrs. *Brazen* the Match-maker is to help me to a *Somersetsbire* Widow worth fifty thousand Pounds; she's just come to Town.

*Equi.* But pray, Sir, consider my Business.

*Sharp.* I tell you, I am in haste to see her.

*Equi.* 'Tis done in one Word, Sir; my Wages.

*Sharp.* Well, since you are so resolute, we will part, tho' it trouble me never so much. Give me the Receipt: Let's see how you have drawn it.

*Equi.* There, Sir.

[Gives it him.]

*Sharp.* Now begone; I discharge you.

*Equi.* But my Wages, Sir.

*Sharp.* Ah, *Equipage, Equipage*, the parting with thee softens me even into Tears. If I stay I shall unman myself: Farewell. [Exit.]

*Equi.* The Devil! did not I know him well enough not to trust him with the Receipt till I had the Money? But, egad, I'll be even with him one Way, I'll have his cowardly Bones well beaten, if my Project takes. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to *Isabella's Lodgings.*

*Enter Isabella and Toylet.*

*Toy.* I can't imagine from whence proceeds this Change. You that us'd to love Parks, Plays, Balls; Drawing-Rooms, Picquet, Bassett, and such nice Conversation: You'd not endure my Lady *Lockup*, because she entertain'd you with nothing but railing at her Servants; of their Waste, and her good House-wifry; nor Mr. *Self-love*, because he always got to the Glas before you; my Lady *Wrinkle* laid on too much White, and my Lady *Blouze* too much Red; and Mrs. *Coquet* engross'd the whole Com-

pany: My Lady *Prattle* fill'd your Ears with the Beauty and Wit of her Children.

*Isab.* And is there any thing so disagreeable on Earth, as the Sayings of Miss and Mafs repeated? But what of all this?

*Toy.* Why then, I wreck my poor Brain in finding out why you spend so much Time with your Country Cousin, Mrs. *Dowdy*; who is the very reverse of every thing you us'd to admire.

*Isab.* Charity, *Toylet*, perfect Charity. You know my aukward Cousin wants Instructions: She's left a rich Widow, and comes to *London* on purpose to dress and make a Figure.

*Toy.* Born and bred in *Somersetshire*; never five Miles from Home before, wore the Cloth of her own spinning, deign'd to make her own Butter, paid the Labourers their Wages on Work-days, and took a Jigg with them on Holy-days. She will make a Figure indeed, by that Time the Fashion-mongers have done with her. Pardon me, Madam, if I can't help thinking you have some stronger Motive than Charity.

*Isab.* What does your Wisdom guess?

*Toy.* Why, truly, Madam, I should guess your Ladyship may have some small Pulse for the handsome young Officer that Mrs. *Dowdy* is so much afraid you should see, and thrust you into the Bed-Chamber, when he came into the Dining-Room: I remember with what Fury you catch'd up the red-hot Poker, and burnt a Hole through the Door to look at him: *Belvil*, I think they call his Name.

*Isab.* Upon my Life thou hast hit it, Girl; I'll not conceal my Plot, since I design thee chief Instrument. If you remember. I told you that five Years since I was in *France*; and my Mother's Sister being of the *Romish* Persuasion, had enter'd herself among the *Augustines* in *Paris*: She over-persuaded me to board there too, hoping (I suppose) from her Endeavours to make me quit my Religion, and make myself a Nun. During my Abode there, this very Gentleman us'd to make me frequent Visits at the Grate; the first Time I saw him he came along with another that paid a Compliment to a young Lady of the same Convent: Our Acquaintance held near two Months. 'Twas then, *Toylet*, that I felt the Force of Love, but  
not



not without a thousand Protestations of the same from him. But my Father hearing of my Aunt's Design, and apprehending my Youth, (for I was then not full sixteen) might be prevailed upon to change my Faith, sent for me to *England* in such Haste, that I was not permitted to stay one Hour in the Monastery after the Messenger arrived; so had no Opportunity to inform *Belvil* of my Departure.

*Toy.* I presume you've kept a Correspondence ever since.

*Isab.* No, I knew not how to direct to him; he told me he had been bred in the *Spanish-Netherlands*, and came to *France* only for his Pleasure: his Parents (he said) were *Englisb*, and he spoke the Language very well.

*Toy.* Nor did not you inform him of your Family?

*Isab.* He often prest it, and I promis'd to satisfy him; but my Father's unexpected Commands broke all our Measures; and from that Day, till I saw him here, I never heard of him.

*Toy.* And what is your Design now, Madam? I fear he is a Man of Gallantry: besides you know he makes Love to your Cousin; you cannot love him still sure?

*Isab.* Indeed I do; nay more, can love nothing else.

*Toy.* What will you do with Sir *Charles Richley* then? who your Father upon his Death-Bed enjoin'd you to marry, whom he contracted you to in your Childhood.

*Isab.* I cannot love him; it was in my Nonage, and the Barter's illegal; and therefore I'll not mind it; besides I'm inform'd he is in Love elsewhere, and cares as little for me as I for him; and I would not be a Wife i'th' Mode.

*Toy.* In my Opinion, Sir *Charles* has all the Accomplishments of his Sex, and a fair Estate.

*Isab.* I own it; but I have a whimsical Heart, not to be touch'd with Jointures and Settlements.

*Toy.* And if I have any Skill in Faces, *Belvil* is a general Lover.

*Isab.* No Matter; my Conquest will be the greater to get him from them all; besides, I will run any Risk to break this unreasonable Contract.

*Toy.* What you please, Madam; I am ready to convey a Letter or a Message to him.

*Isab.* No, I have a Stratagem to try his Temper, and fathom his Inclinations. I do not intend to discover myself to him, till I have him within my Power, beyond a

Possibility of Retreat. Come in with me and I'll give thee a full Relation, and prepare ourselves for my Design. [*Exeunt.*]

*The S C E N E changes to Belvil's Lodgings; Belvil in a Night-Gown playing on a Flute; he lays it down and looks upon his Watch.*

*Bel.* Ha! 'tis time to dress. *Robin!*

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* Sir.

*Bel.* My Things.

*Rob.* Here's a Letter for you, Sir.

*Bel.* [*Takes it and looks on it, then gives it him again.*]

Lay it by.

*Rob.* Won't you read it, Sir?

*Bel.* No, I kn w the Hand. Egad, it is as hard to get rid of a Citizen's Wife, when list'd in her Service, as Substance out of the Hand of an Agent, who is just setting up his Coach: She's as troublesome as a Dun when our Stock's exausted.

*Rob.* Here's another Letter, Sir; and the Footman stays for an Answer.

*Bel.* *Lucinda's* Character! Slave, how durst you defer my Joy so long?

*Rob.* Oh, Sir, ever whilst you live the sweetest Bit for the last.

*Bel.* [*Reads.*] *The Brightness of the Day tempts me to a Morning's Walk; if you've an Inclination, you'll find me in the Park at Twelve.* *Lucinda.*

An Inclination! Yes, I have an Inclination; I wish you wou'd gratify it. Bid the Footman wait; I'll send an Answer. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Peeper.*

*Rob.* So, Mrs. *Peeper*; what News from *Somersetshire*?

*Peep.* *Somersetshire*, Manners; you shou'd have said *St. James's*; for my Lady is as great a Belle as the best of 'em, I assure you that.

*Re-enter Belvil.*

*Rob.* A Belle! so is a Broomstick.

*Bel.* Carry this Letter to the Footman. Well, Mrs. *Peeper*, what Affair brings you?

*Peep.*

*Peep.* I come from my Lady, Sir : She——

*Bel.* [*Dressing himself.*] *Robin*, my Coat.

*Peep.* Is impatient till she sees you : All the Trades in the Creation are employ'd in her Dress; she spares no Art to charm you ; there's Milliners, Mantua-makers, Tire-women, and so forth.

*Bel.* My Watch.

*Peep.* Amongst a Crowd of Compleaters, a Match-maker has shuffled in, and proposes one *Sir John Sharper* to her ; if you are cold you'll lose her, upon my Virgini-ty you will.

*Bel.* My Sword.

*Peep.* Ha ! how careless you are ! what, not a Word ? In truth, I don't know where you'll find such another Fool, as my Mistress, with fifty thousand Pounds.

*Bel.* My Perriwig.

*Peep.* Sure if you don't value my Lady, you might answer me.

*Bel.* My Handkerchief and Snuff-box. So, am I well now, *Mrs. Peeper* ?

[*Adjusting himself.*]

*Peep.* Well : Ah ! Nature has been but too kind to you. But, Sir, concerning my Lady ; you know I am entirely in your Interest.

*Bel.* Why then to be sincere with thee, I never did, nor never shall care three-pence for her, without one thing.

*Peep.* But her Fortune, Sir.

*Bel.* Shall never tempt me to marry her at a Venture.

*Peep.* No ! Why then to what purpose do you court her ? 'Tis calling your Gallantry in question to suspect an Intrigue,

*Bel.* No faith, *Peeper*, my Design is quite another thing ; and if thou wou'dst assist me ——

*Peep.* In any thing, Sir, within my Power.

*Bel.* Say'st thou ! there then [*Gives her Money.*] When we wou'd have a Lawyer plead heartily, we must not forget his Fee.

*Peep.* You are so generous, that to keep up the Simile, Law-like, I'll spare no Breath to serve you,

*Rob.* But don't you carry the Simile too far, and take Bribes on both Sides.

*Peep.* I scorn it. Instruct me, Sir.

*Bel.* Find some Way to persuade her to let me see the

Writings of her Estate ; tell her 'tis the only Way to fix me ; for whatever we say in commendation of your Sex, Beauty, Shape, Wit, and so forth, is but the Fable ; the Moral is the Money, Girl.

*Peep.* But you won't marry her you say, Sir ?

*Bel.* Not till I am satisfied what she's worth, my Dear ; but these Writings must be seen : Upon Honour, it shall turn as much to your Account, whether I marry her or not.

*Peep.* Nay then——Well, Sir, it shall be done ; when will you prove it ?

*Bel.* Two Hours hence.

*Peep.* Your Servant.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Charles Richley.*

*Sir Cha.* What, just upon the Wing ? I'm glad I've nick't the 'Time, and find you without Company.

*Bel.* Why, have you Secrets to impart ? *Robin*, leave us. [*Exit Robin.*] Come, come, disclose some warm, wishing, kind, consenting Fair : Or is it a plump, soft, wholesome Country Girl thou woud'st consign over to thy Friend ? I'm not nice, nor care who plucks the Rose I smell to, provided it has not lost its Sweetness.

*Sir Cha.* Sure thou thinkest the Business of the World is converted into Wenching.

*Bel.* I'm sure there's no Pleasure in that Business where a Woman is not concern'd.

*Sir Cha.* A Woman is the Subject. But such a Woman——

*Bel.* *Bright as the Morn, when first the World began,  
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man.*

*Sir Cha.* I fear so, *Belvil.*

*Bel.* Then she is in Love with me ? Where does she live ? what's her Name ? how dignify'd or distinguish'd ? by Mistress, Madam, or Right Honourable——Maid, Wife or Widow ? Quick, quick, disclose.

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis *Lucinda.*

*Bel.* The Devil ! have you rais'd my Expectation to this Height, then pall me with an Acquaintance ? But what of her ?

*Sir Cha.* You brought me into the Danger ; I came wounded off, and have no Hopes of Cure, but from your

your roving Temper. You weigh the Sex alike, and without a Pang may give me leave to try my Fortune with her.

*Bel.* This comes of carrying a Friend to see one's Mistress. Why, I thought you had been engag'd from your Childhood. Come, will you be upon the Square? bring me to your Mistress; if I like her as well as I do *Lucinda*, perhaps we may agree upon the Change.

*Sir Cha.* I will: she cannot fail to charm thee; all Eyes, but mine, adore her: And sure 'twas the Malice of our Stars caus'd our Fathers to conclude the Match, where Interest only held the Scale, and gentle Love fled from either Side: But be serious. How far are you engag'd with *Lucinda*?

*Bel.* Faith, 'tis a kind of intricate Story, but you must be satisfi'd. I have been bred a Soldier of Fortune, and am to this Day ignorant who my Parents were. The Man who took care of me, always told me *England* was my native Country, taught me the Language; and for ought I know, some travelling Prince begot me: My Foster-Father was in Battle kill'd, and never gave me farther Light: I had still an Inclination to see this Country.

*Sir Cha.* This Story seems romantic————

*Bel.* You'll think it so before I have done: Being landed, and travelling with my Servant towards *London*, I lost my Way; Night came on; when, at a distance, we discovered Lights and made up to 'em. It proved *Lucinda's* Country House: Her Uncle, *Sir Thomas Beaumont*, kindly receiv'd and entertain'd us.

*Sir Cha.* Lucky Chance!

*Bel.* So it prov'd to them; for that very Night her House was beset with Thieves: Their Number must have prevail'd but for our unexpected Aid; we beat them off, preserv'd their Wealth, and perhaps their Lives. The Lady express'd a thousand Thanks. The old Man grew inquisitive, who I was, and whence I came. I frankly told the Story of my Life: He stood amaz'd, and ask'd me fifty Questions, and seem'd surpriz'd at every Answer.

*Sir Cha.* Well; and what ensu'd upon that?

*Bel.* Why, he has ever since been mighty fond of me, and forc'd Money upon me, which I could scarcely make him take my Note for.

*Sir Cha.* You're establish'd every Way; his Kindness promotes your Interest with his Niece.

*Bel.* Quite contrary: His generous Carriage has oblig'd me to swear to him, never to attempt to marry her, if she should consent without his Leave, which he seems still averse to. I confess I love her beyond the rest of her Sex, except one I saw thro' a Grate in *France*, that I could never hear of since: yet this Restraint keeps me from pressing my Suit of Marriage, and I have too much Respect to attempt the other.

*Sir Cha.* Does she know the Injunction?

*Bel.* No; that he forbid me too — Besides, she is devoted to Platonick Notions.

*Sir Cha.* I never mind that in a handsome Woman: This generous Declaration draws another Question; Why do you address Mrs. *Dowdy*?

*Bel.* That's another Injunction of the old Gentleman's, to procure the Writings of an Estate out of her Hands, that her Husband cheated a Relation of his of. You see, *Sir Charles*, I have a World of Business cut out, and have made you entirely my Confident: No foul Play; do ye hear?

*Sir Cha.* There can be none with a Prince that aims at universal Monarchy. But setting Love apart, last Night after you left us, there came a Fellow into the Chocolate-House, who pretended he had made a Campaign in the Nature of a Volunteer; and amongst a Number of palpable Lies, swore, at the Battle of *Blenheim*, he pursu'd a *French* General over the *Danube*, and took him Prisoner on the other Side, then brought him over upon his Back; the Enemies Cannon playing at him all the while: The Company laugh'd: I confess it rais'd my Spleen, and I cou'd not forbear saying, that Action was too glorious in itself to want a Romance to illustrate it.

*Bel.* So I suppose you brought a Squabble upon your Hands.

*Sir Cha.* No; he swore, look'd big, bluster'd, and walk'd off.

*Enter Robin, and a Porter.*

*Rob.* *Sir Charles*, here's a Porter with a Letter.

*Port.*

*Port.* Sir, a Gentleman that saw you come in here, bid me give you this.

*Sir Cha.* [*Peruses the Letter.*] Very well, I'll come to him: Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Porter.*]

*Bel.* Him! what, 'tis not a Challenge I hope? I must go with you,

*Sir Cha.* Suppose it true, 'tis not fair to carry a Second when the Inviter names none. But 'tis no such thing: Adieu. [*Exit Sir Charles.*]

*Bel.* If this shou'd be a Duel now——I cou'd never forgive myself for letting him go alone, especially if he comes to any Harm.

*Rob.* Why; suppose he should be kill'd, Sir.

*Bel.* Rascal, I had rather suppose you hang'd, Sir.

*Rob.* A sudden Death prevents a great deal of Vexation, Sir, sometimes.

*Bel.* How do you make that out?

*Rob.* Why, when a Man takes his sick Bed, the sad Formalities that attend it, are more dreadful than Death itself: His Friends and Relations all weeping round his Bed; a Lawyer, brib'd by his Spouse to urge the Will: That made, the Sorrow is finish'd; each then enquire after their Legacy: and the disconsolate Wife having borrowed a Weed of her Neighbour, is consulting her Glass to see how it becomes her. Her Thoughts are where to find another Husband; the Servants Heads full of their Mourning: So that if the dying Man calls for a Cordial; flap, they give him a Bolus——He desires to be rais'd——they pull away the Pillow.

*Bel.* Ha, ha!

*Rob.* The Doctor, whose Prescription has poison'd him, orders a double Dose of Opium, to smooch his Passage to the other World; takes his two Guineas Fee, throws himself into his Chariot, and bids his Coachman drive on to the next Patient. Now, Sir, a Bullet, or an Oilet-hole in the Guts prevent all this.

*Bel.* You must preach this when we are raising Recruits, Sirrah; Ha, ha! But I must to the Park to meet *Lucinda*.

*Enter Isabella and Toylet, mask'd.*

*Isab.* Oh, Sir! if you are a Gentleman, protect me.

*Bel.* Ha! from what, Madam? Egad, I shall be famous for delivering distress'd Damsels.

*Isab.* Pursu'd by an old jealous Husband, whom I married by my Friends Command, when I had given my Heart and Vows to another; he begg'd for one kind parting Hour; which I, in Pity, granted: But, Oh! the ill-fated Moment brought both my Husband and my Father to be Spectators of our Meeting; they call'd for Help to seize him, but he leapt the Balcony; and in the Buffle I escap'd with my Woman, but know not whither.

*Tcy.* Bless me! what a Story has she patch'd up!

*Bel.* Fear not, Madam, I'll defend you against all the Fathers and Husbands in *Christendom*.

*Rob.* And I will take your Ladyshiy's Woman into my Protection.

*Bel.* If your Face answers your Shape and Mien, I cannot blame your Husband's Fears: Convince me, Madam.

*Isab.* After what I have told you, if you are generous, you will not ask to see my Face. Give me but Sanctuary here till Night shall favour my Escape to a Friend's House.

*Bel.* Command it, Madam——*Robin*, a Curse of Fortune, to send me a Collation at home, when I'm engag'd abroad: But I must not disappoint *Lucinda*. Madam, Business of the last Consequence calls me out; but my Return shall be sudden. Can I serve you, by enquiring if the Storm be over?

*Isab.* By no means: Enquiry wou'd ruin me. At your Return, perhaps I may inform you more.

*Bel.* Humph! that was kindly insinuated——*Robin*, give Orders that no Person be admitted into my Lodgings in my Absence. Madam, your most humble. [*Exit.*]

*Tcy.* Well, Madam, what's your next Project? The Gentleman shew'd but little Curiosity. 'Tis certainly an Affignation that hurried him hence——or he had been more pressing to have seen your Face; and if he had, he wou'd infallibly have remember'd you, and then your Plot wou'd have been spoil'd.

*Isab.* 'Tis impossible: For having had the Small-Pox since, I am persuaded he will not know me. He says he will return instantly; in the mean time I'll view his Lodgings.



Toy. To what end will you stay? 'Tis ten to one if he comes back these six Hours.

Isab. No matter; I resolve to finish what I once begin. I'll

*Pursue his Steps, and trace 'em with such Art,  
Discover all the Secrets of his Heart,  
The petty Tyrants by my Plots dethrone,  
And there erect an Empire of my own.*

ACT II.

SCENE *the Park.*

*Enter Lucinda and Betty.*

Luc. **W**HAT shou'd be the Reason of *Belvil's* Stay, Betty? I wish I had not sent to him, I'm very uneasy: How calm my Hours were before I knew this Man!

Betty. I thought Platonick Love never disturb'd the Mind, Madam.

Luc. Yes, when the Friendship is nice and particular.

Betty. Nay, nay, I never knew Friendship in different Sexes but came to Particulars at last: See here he is.

*Enter Belvil and Robin.*

Bel. *So the bright Cyprian Goddess moves,  
When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,  
She rides to meet the War-like God she loves.* }

[Embraces her.

Luc. Hey! what Lady have you lavish'd your Wit upon this Morning, that you are forc'd to trade upon other Mens Stocks?

Bel. Hang these poetical Rogues, they publish every pretty Thought, that a Gentleman's forc'd to borrow to express his own Notions.

Luc. Pray how do ye apply the last Line, *Belvil*?

——— To meet the warlike God she loves.

You may be vain enough to think yourself a *Mars*———  
But when did I betray the Weakness of a *Venus*?

Bel. 'Slife Madam! I ask your Pardon, this villainous  
Love

Love is got into my Heart, and dictates so fast to my Tongue, I had quite forgot your Platonicks.

*Luc.* And our Articles last Night too I suppose.

*Bel.* Ah! the Study's as crabbed as the Law——And the Practice as unpleasant as Penance. *Imprimis*, that I must take Pains to make the World understand that our Conversation is only Friendship, and tho' nobody will believe me——swear I admire the Beauties of your Mind——without regarding those of your Person——Protest I have no Desire to kiss those rosy Lips——press that soft white Hand——and sigh my Soul out in your Bosom——

*Luc.* The Devil! how the Fellow talks—— [*Aside.* All this you must positively observe — But then consider the Freedoms I allow ballance the Restraint: I promise you all publick Marks of my Favour; my Conduct is sincere and open, I hate a false Prude that won't know a Gentleman in Company, tho' three Hours before she had held private Conference with him in her Bedchamber; that solemnly declares she never writ or receiv'd a *Billet doux* in her Life, and knows at the same time she keeps a Woman on purpose for the Business.

*Bel.* Like your reforming Ladies, who all the while they are giving a young Fellow Advice against Wenching, their Looks slyly insinuate a liking to his Person.

*Luc.* Or Mrs. *Prim* the Poetical She-Philosopher, whose Discourse and Writings are fill'd with Honour and strict Rules of Virtue; that vows she cou'd not sleep if she was guilty of one criminal Thought——yet terribly wrong'd if she has not twice slept aside for a natural Tympany.

*Bel.* Oh! how I hate the noise of Virtue in my Ears from a Woman——whom I know lives by Vice; and 'tis a Maxim with me——That she who rails most, yields soonest.

*Luc.* I have the same Opinion of those Men who boast much of their Secrecy, only for an Opportunity to gain something to betray——Well, I think our Sentiments agree, therefore I hope you submit to the Conditions.

*Bel.* When one has given a Tyrant Power, 'tis Prudence to obey.

*Luc.* Hold ; one Thing more ; during this League you must address no other Woman.

*Bel.* The Devil ! You'll next prescribe my Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Walking — Nay, even Thinking ! Madam, I suppose you have read of *Æsop's* Ox. 'Sdeath ! Madam I am of *Cowley's* Mind, when I am all Soul, I shall keep your Rules.

*Luc.* Nay, don't believe I am jealous ; but it wou'd touch my Pride ; to have it said the Man I esteem'd worthy to be seen with — was Mistress Such-a-one's Conquest —

*Bel.* So by what I can discover, you'd have no other Affair upon my Hands, but waiting upon you to no purpose.

*Luc.* To no purpose ! Is not Friendship the noblest Aim of human kind ?

*Bel.* Had your Parents thought so, the World had never known your Charms ; Ha, ha, ha ! Well, but when I have sworn all this, what Tie have I upon you ?

*Luc.* Oh you need not fear me — I have an Indifference to your whole Sex.

*Bel.* Heigh, ho !

[*Sighs.*]

*Luc.* Why do you sigh ?

*Bel.* Only reflecting upon the desperate Case of a Friend of mine, who confess'd to me half an Hour ago he was dying for Love of you.

*Luc.* Dying for me ! Who is it, *Belvil* ?

*Bel.* Ha, my Platonick Lady, hang me if I tell you —

*Luc.* Nay, let it alone — I care not — I think I am weary with walking ; you have often importun'd me to see the Collection of Pictures you brought over. Come, my Maid's with me, I'll go now and drink some Tea with you.

*Bel.* Oh the Devil ! What a Time has she chose now —  
*Robin,* Zounds — what shall we do with the Woman that is at home ?

[*Aside to Robin.*]

*Rob.* Ah pox of Ill-luck ; choak me if I know, Sir.

*Luc.* What's that Whisper ? he shan't stir a Step before me — I'll have nothing but Tea.

*Bel.* Dear Madam, let him go, he, he, he, he, sha, sha, shall only get a little Jelly or Sweet-meats or so —

*Robin,* Sirrah, lock her into your Garret. [*Aside to Robin.*]

*Rob.* It shall be done, Sir.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* I say it shall not be done, Sir.

*Rob.* Then we are all undone, Sir.

[*Afide.*

*Luc.* I hate Sweet-meats in a Morning, 'twill spoil my Dinner——There's something more; I read Confusion in his Face.

[*Afide.*

*Bel.* But Mrs. *Betty* does, I'm sure——Pray let him go.

*Luc.* I tell you no Scout shall go before——

*Rob.* What shall I do?——Oh, Sir, why you forget Sir *Charles*, whom you resolv'd to prevent fighting the Duel.

*Luc.* This is a new-born Lye——I'll humour it, but resolve to find it out.

[*Afide.*

*Bel.* True, but this Lady makes me forget all other iends.——

*Luc.* To preserve Sir *Charles* is of greater consequence than my Visit, I'll defer that till some other Time; you'll see me to my Coach.

*Bel.* The Rogue has brought me off——Tho' I hope Sir *Charles* is in no Danger. [*Afide.*] I wou'd not lose the Pleasure of your kind Intention: Let it be to-morrow, Madam.

*Luc.* I'll think on't. Come——

[*Exit.*

*Rob.* So, here's a Guinea flap; for my Master always rewards my Politicks.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Sharper.*

*Sharp.* The Devil! Never Man was so drawn into a Kicking certainly——Ah Hang Dog——

*Enter Equipage.*

Are you there? You are always out of the Way when you shou'd do a body any Service.

*Equi.* Service, Sir?

*Sharp.* Ay, Service, Sir; I was appointed to meet a pretty Lady in *Hyde-Park*, and being there before her Hour, comes me up a blustering Fellow, who pretending I had sent him a Challenge, drew upon me, so I was oblig'd to fight him; and egad if I had not understood Fencing very well, I had been whipt thro' the Lungs, for he had a cursed long Reach——but I clos'd in with him, tripp'd up his Heels, took away his Sword, and gave him his Life.

*Equi.*

*Equi.* Oh the damn'd Lie——This was a Plot of my Contrivance, and I have seen him fairly kick'd. [*Aside.*

*Sharp.* What's that you mutter ?

*Equi.* I was saying to myself, Sir, 'twas very unfortunate, for ten to one but you'd lost the Lady by it.

*Sharp.* Egad and so I did, for she shriek'd out, and drove away like the Devil, when she saw us engag'd.

*Equi.* Where will his Lies end ? [*Aside.*] She was very hard-hearted, Sir, not to send her Coachman to part ye.

*Sharp.* And discover our Intrigue.

*Equi.* True, I'd forgot that——Well, Sir, you know I still follow in Hopes of my Wages.

*Sharp.* I owe you none, Sirrah ; han't I a Receipt to shew——however because you are sometimes an useful——Rascal you shall stay with me, and partake my good Fortune ; I expect an Emiffary with News about the rich Widow I was telling you of.

*Equi.* Shall I believe him or no?——if there were any Hopes I'd stick close. [*Aside*] Nay, Sir, you know what an Affection I have for you

*Sharp.* Yes, you Dog, I know it full well——but Conveniency sometimes makes a Man of Honour pocket Affronts.

*Equi.* What have I done, Sir ?

*Sharp.* Sirrah, you might have kept me out of the Chocolate-House when I was drunk last Night, and brought this Quarrel upon my Hands.

*Equi.* Oh Sir ! but as long as you conquer'd your Man——

*Sharp.* Pèace, here comes Mrs. *Brazen.*

*Equi.* A fit Companion by my Troth.

*Enter Mrs. Brazen.*

*Mrs. Braz.* Good-morrow noble Squire:

*Sharp.* My Genius, my better Angel ! well! how fares my buxom Widow, ha ?

*Mrs. Braz.* Fortune smiles upon my Lad of Iron. I have been with her this Morning, and I have prais'd thee from Head to Foot——I have set her a-gog I'll warrant thee Boy.

*Sharp.* Did you touch upon my Courage ?

*Equi.*

*Equi.* His Courage! Ah, in what Latitude does that lie? [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Braz.* Thy Valour, Boy! I said thou wert a mere *Hercules*, Man, both in Love and War! I told her you had a large Estate, and you were of the ancient Family of the *O'Sharpers* in *Ireland*, dear Joy.

*Sharp.* Pox, why in *Ireland*?

*Mrs. Braz.* Oh! because the *Irishmen* carry away all the Fortunes——I said you kept your own Coach too.

*Sharp.* I hope you said I left it in my own Country then——

*Mrs. Braz.* No, no, here Man——I can help thee to a Coach, Boy, from the Knight's to my Lord Duke's: Why, 'tis my Business I tell thee; if there were occasion I can have half a dozen Footmen in Liveries too.

*Equi.* Hark ye Mistress——observe my Stature——Humph——A'n't I a handsome Fellow? [*Setting himself out.*] Help me to a Fortune now, and you shall go halves.

*Mrs. Braz.* Say you so? I'll put you down in my Book; you are not the first Servant I have rais'd to a Lady's Bed——as 'tis well known in this Town. [*Puts him down in her Book.*]

*Sharp.* But when must I see her, *Mrs. Brazen*? I am impatient.

*Mrs. Braz.* See her?—but look ye Squire, you know the Conditions, when shall we sign and seal?——for you'll grant I must live out of my honest Endeavours. I'm sure I take a great deal of Pains for my thousand Pounds——up early and down late——then Mercy on me, how do I stretch my Conscience when I am setting out one of you young Rogues!

*Sharp.* But are you sure she'll have me?

*Mrs. Braz.* Sure? I can persuade them to any thing let me come at 'em. Hark ye under the Rose, 'tis a Receipt of mine has prevailed with all the old Women to marry of late——

*Shap.* Away! Let's to the Tavern, and over a Cup of mull'd Sack seal to thy Demands.

*Mrs. Braz.* With all my Heart——Come, Sirrah, hold up your Head, you are in my Book you Rogue, and that's the high Road to Preferment, Sirrah.

*Equi.* Along then. A hey for little *Equipage*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Belvil's Lodgings.

Enter Isabella and Toylet.

*Toy.* What think you now, Madam——cou'd any thing but a Mistress make him guilty of such Ill-manners, to leave a Lady in Distress so long.——

*Isab.* Most certain——my Patience is quite worn out——I must go.

*Toy.* Dear Madam, since we have escap'd hitherto undiscover'd, think of him no more.

*Isab.* Don't you trouble yourself about that, I shan't give him over thus——but do you get me a Chair.

*Toy.* Yes, Madam. [Exit.]

*Isab.* Let me examine myself a little. What have I undertaken here? ——Aduce of too much Liberty—— If my old Dad had been alive, I durst not have gone a Rover-hunting thus. Do I value Reputation? ——Yes, as much as any body does——that follows their Inclination——Ay, but whither will that Inclination carry me? Why, not beyond the Rules of Honour; and then ——a Fig for the Censure of the World, I say ——Oh! here he comes.

[Claps on her Mask.]

Enter Belvil and Robin.

*Bel.* Now, Madam, I am entirely yours, pray oblige me with your Commands. I hope you have not been disturb'd.

*Isab.* No Way but by my Grief, Sir——

*Bel.* I long to see her Face. [Aside.] Banish Grief, you are here secure; lay by Constraint——and venture to unmask—— Sparkling Eyes——Lovely Hair——I shall run mad. [Aside.]

*Isab.* I thought I had had your Promise not to ask that.

*Bel.* Promise, Madam! ——'Sdeath, I, I, I, faith Madam, I won't tell your Husband, if I happen to know him.

*Isab.* Indeed——indeed, I shan't put it in your Power.

*Bel.* Robin, run, call out Fire——Thieves, or the Devil——That she may drop her Mask in the Surprize.

[Aside to Rob.]

Rob.

*Rob.* Yes Sir, yes Sir. [Goes and comes back.

Sir, here's Sir *Charles* coming up.

*Ifab.* Sir *Charles*! I am undone. [Aside.] For Heaven's fake, Sir, give me leave to retire; if I am seen, I am ruin'd.

*Bel.* In, in quickly. [Runs in.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

Oh! Sir *Charles*, I have been in some Apprehensions for you, tho' you seem'd to disguise the Matter; it was a Duel: Ha!

*Sir Cha.* Something like it.

*Bel.* I see thy Sword has not fail'd thee.

*Sir Cha.* No, nor my Shoes neither! I have us'd them pretty fairly since I went out——

*Bel.* In walking?

*Sir Cha.* No, in kicking——'twas the very numerical Coward I told thee of——at the Chocolate-House——When I bid him draw, he swore he came to meet a Lady and was not prepar'd for fighting—deny'd the Challenge, and provok'd me to a warm Breathing. And this was the End of my Adventure.

*Bel.* Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if 'twas not Mr. *Sharper*.

*Sir Cha.* The very same——a Gentleman told me so as I came out of the Park. But prithee *Bel-wil* let me go into thy Dressing-Room, to put myself a little in Order after this Heat; Come, *Robin*, help me. [Going in.

*Bel.* Hold, hold, hold! [Stops him.

*Sir Cha.* Why, what's the Matter? You han't a Wench there, have you?

*Bel.* No, then I wou'd not stop you. But 'tis a Woman of Condition.

*Sir Cha.* How my Blood chills——'tis *Lucinda*.

*Bel.* The same; she had a mind to see my Pictures, I know not if she is willing to be seen.

*Sir Cha.* You are a happy Man——Adieu.

*Bel.* Your Servant.

[*Sir Charles going off meets Lucinda and Betty, they both start.*

*Luc.* Sir *Charles*, I am glad to see you in Safety; *Bel-wil* left me abruptly——to prevent a Duel he said you were



were engag'd in——I resolv'd to follow and enquire after it.

Sir *Cha.* I am happy if I created the least Concern in you, Madam. Hark ye, *Belvil*, doubtless you mistook the Lady's Name within. [Aside to *Belvil*.

*Bel.* Confusion ! she here ? then I am caught.

*Luc.* Well, Sir *Charles*, all Danger over, now for the Pictures.

*Bel.* What the Devil shall I say ? [Aside.] Faith, Madam, you have surpriz'd me a little; Batchelors Lodgings are seldom in Order——please to take one Turn in the Garden, and they shall be prepar'd for you. Dear *Charles* bring me off this once, and I'll tell thee all hereafter. [Aside to Sir *Charles*.

Sir *Cha.* Come, Madam, there's as many Curiosities in the Garden, as in the Gallery ; let him set his Things in Order, ha, ha ! [Slyly.

*Luc.* Make haste then, for my Uncle will stay Dinner.

[Going.

Enter *Toylet* mask'd, running to *Lucinda*.

*Toy.* Madam, there's a Chair——I was stop'd——

*Luc.* Sweet-heart, I want no Chair, my Coach is here.

*Toy.* Oh wretched ! What have I done now ? [Amaz'd.

*Bel.* Ah ! the Devil wou'd not let me 'scape——thus——

[Aside confounded.

*Luc.* So, I apprehend the Disorder of your Rooms now, Sir——

Sir *Cha.* Ha, sure 'tis *Toylet's* Voice——then she within shou'd be *Isabella*——if I must marry her my Honour is concern'd, and I shall have occasion for my Sword in earnest——I'll to her House this Moment, ere I upbraid him. [Exit.

*Luc.* Perfidious Man——to use such Artifices to me.

*Bel.* I confess it has a Face against me, but give me leave, and I will tell you the whole Story——

*Isab.* Say you so, but I'll prevent that——

[*Isabella* peeping.

Enter *Isabella*.

*Luc.* No, Sir, you need not, herself will do it.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Gad, with all my Heart—[*Walking about in a Passion.*] Let her tell the plain Truth—How came you here, Madam?

*Isab.* How came I here, why was it not your own Appointment? Are you false? Did you not come with Haste and Rapture, and tell me what Excuses you had made—to get an Hour the happiest of your Life?

*Bel.* 'Sdeath and Hell! What's the meaning of this? Did you not tell me, Madam——

*Luc.* Go, you are base, what Confusion you are in? Pray, Madam, what was your Business here?

*Isab.* My Business, Madam, the same with yours I suppose; if I had not lov'd him, I had not come hither; and if you had not been jealous you had not followed us——My Chair waits—and so farewell, your Servant. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Distraction! Affronted too—very well, Sir.

[*Walking about.*]

*Bel.* Upon my Faith, Madam, 'tis all a Trick——they are two Devils; was ever Man thus abused? *Robin*, run, force them back——I'll unmask them before your Face, and make them confess their damn'd Design. [*Passionately.*]

*Rob.* Yes, yes, I'll bring them back with a Vengeance; put their Shams upon Gentlemen! [*Exit Robin.*]

*Bel.* Madam, hear me but speak——

*Luc.* No! nor ever see thee more—for now I am convinc'd there is not one of all thy cursed flattering Race—that is not perjurd in his turn.

*Bel.* By all the burning Passion in my Breast, which I feel your Anger blow yet higher, these Women came——

*Luc.* No matter why nor whence they came—since I have seen them here—Our Conversation ends, approach me not; for by all the torturing Pangs of jealous Love—for I do find it Love, had I a Dagger I'd fix it in thy Heart or mine, sooner than think of being reconcil'd. [*Exit.*]

*Bel.* 'Tis in vain to follow her. So, I thought by myself, what our Platonicks wou'd come to. But who can this Woman be? She is either set on, or else egad she's another Platonick, that has taken a liking to my Person too.

*Enter Robin.*

Well Sirrah, where are they? what said they? what were they?

*Rob.*

Rob. Devils, Sir, Devils! I believe they vanish'd——  
for I cou'd not find them——

Bel. Sirrah, yon look as if you ly'd.

Rob. Faith and so I do; I got a Guinea to hold my  
Tongue. [Aside.

Bel. Rascal! tell me who they are. [Takes him by the  
Shoulder.

Rob. Upon my Faith, Sir, I don't know; but to con-  
fess the Truth, Sir, the Maid pull'd her Mask off, she was  
very pretty——and said she was in love with me; and  
her Lady was a great Fortune, and desperately taken with  
you, Sir: So I thought 'twas pity to hurt them, Sir, and  
let them go——

Bel. You did so Villain, have they stole nothing? Find  
them out again you Dog, or I'll cut your Ears off——I  
will be justify'd——in love with you, Vermin——I shall  
have a Surgeon's Bill to pay I suppose before next Cam-  
paign; these are common Jilts; call me a Chair, I'll to  
Lucinda's and use her Uncle's Interest for my Peace——  
To be thus plagued for nothing, 'twou'd vex a Stoick——  
'Sdeath, had it been a real Intrigue, there had been some  
Consolation in't. I find Lucinda's Rage gives me real Pain.

*Ask him who most affects the Rover's Part,  
Careless every Fair that will be kind,  
If some one Woman reigns not in his Heart;  
And is the sovereign Mistress of his Mind.*

[Exit:

A C T III.

Enter Mrs. Dowdy, Mrs. Brazen the Match-maker, Mrs.  
Wheedle the Milliner, Mrs. Turnup the Mantua-maker,  
Mrs. Crispit the Tire-Woman, and Peeper her Maid ——  
They all seem talking to her.

Mrs. Dowdy. **W**e'l, we'l la you now, la you now; Shour  
and Shour you'll Gally me.

Turnup. Here's your Ladyship's Mantua and Petticoat.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ladyship, why what a main difference is  
here between this Town and the Country——I was never  
call'd above Forsooth in all my Life——Mercy on me,  
why

why you ha spoil'd my Petticoat mun; zee *Peeper*, she has cut it in a thousand Bits.

*Peep*. Oh, that's the Fashion, these are Furbelows Madam——'tis the prettiest made Coat——

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Furbelows, a murrain take 'em, they spoil all the Zilk——good strange, shour *London Women* do nothing but study Vashions, they never mind their Dairy I warrant 'em.

*Turnup*. Ladies have other Employment for their Brain——and our Art lies in hiding the Defects of Nature——Furbelows upwards, were devised for those that have no Hips, and two large ones, brought up the full-bottom'd Furbelows.

*Millin*. And a long Neck and a hollow Breast, first made use of the Stinkirk——And here's a delicate one for your Ladyship——I have a Book in my Pocket just come from *France*, intituled, *The Elements of the Toylet*——

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Elements, mercy on me! what do they get up into the Sky now?

*Peep*. A learned Author to be sure——let me see that, *Mrs. Wheedle*.

*Millin*. Here, *Mrs. Peeper*, 'tis the second Volume; the first only shews an alphabetical Index of the most notable Pieces which enter into the Composition of a Commode.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Well, I shall ne'er mind these hard Names; Oh Sirs, *Peeper*, what swinging Cathedral Hedgeer is this?

*Peep*. Oh, modish *French* Night-cloaths; Madam, what's here——all Sorts of Dresses painted to the Life——Ha, ha, ha! Head-cloaths to shorten the Face——Favourites to raise the Forehead——to heighten flat Cheeks flying Cornets——four Pinner's to help narrow Foreheads and long Noses, and very forward, to make the Eyes look languishing.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Ay, that *Peeper*, double it down; Oh, I love languishing. [Puts on an aukward Languish.]

*Peep*. Take it and read it at your Leisure, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. I shall never ha done shour zeeing all my vine things. [Tumbling her things over.] Hy day, what's these two Pieces of Band-Box for?

*Turnup*.

Turnup. 'Tis Pafteboard, Madam, for your Ladyfhip's Rump.

Mrs. Dowdy. A Rump, ho, ho, ho! has Coufin *Iſbel* a Rump, *Peep*?

Peep. Certainly, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. If Coufin has one, as I hope to be kiſs'd — I'll have it, Mrs. *Turnup*.

*Criſpit*. Will your Ladyfhip fit down and let me ſhape your Eye-brows? [*She nips her Eye-brows, ſhe flies up and rours out.*]

Mrs. Dowdy. Ods Fleſh, the Devil's in you, I think, what will you tear all the Hair off, a murrain take ye, an this be your ſhaping.

Millin. Be pleaſed to put on the Addition, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. What does ſhe mean now? To pull my Skin off mehap next; ha, *Peep*, are theſe your *London* Vaſhions?

Peep. No, no, Addition is only Paint, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy, Paint, Miſtreſs, od I've a good mind to hit you a dows o'th' Chops, zo I have, what de ye take me for a Whore, becauſe I'm come to *London*, ha? Paint quotha.

Peep. Fie, fie, Madam, Women of the firſt Rank think it no Crime to help Nature in the Complexion.

Mrs. Dowdy. Zay you ſo? Nay, my Skin was ever counted none of the beſt—well we'll zhut the Door then.

Millin. There you are in the wrong again, Madam; our Ladies make no ſcruple of letting all the World ſee 'em lay it on —

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, in my Conſcience and Zoul, they care not what they zhov here —

Peep. Madam, your Dancing-Maſter.

Mrs. Dowdy. O lack, get all you into the next Room, and ſtay for me there.

Mrs. Braz. Madam, you promis'd to hear a Word from me about Sir *John Sharper*— [*Exit Mrs. Brazen.*]

Mrs. Dowdy. Zo I will by and by.

*Enter Caper the Dancing-Maſter.*

Caper. Will your Ladyfhip pleaſe to take a Dance?

Mrs. Dowdy. Pſhaw, I hate your One, Two, Three, teach me a *London* Dance mun.

*Caper.*

*Caper.* I'll lead you a Courant, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, a Rant, with all my Heart, I can't understand the Names, let en be a Dance, and 'tis well enough. [*He leads her about.*] Hy, hy, do you call this Dancing? ads heartlikins, in my Thoughts 'tis plain Walking; I'll shew you one of our Country Dances; play me a Jig. [*Dances an awkward fig.*]

*Caper.* Oh dear, Madam, you'll quite spoil your Steps.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Dan't tell me that—I was counted one of the best Dancers in all our Parish, zo I was.

*Peep.* Ay, round a *May-pole*—There are Fellows now in this Town so wretched, that to purchase this Woman's Wealth, wou'd to her Face swear she's an Angel. [*Exit.*]

*Turnup.* True; but if they had her once, would use her like the Devil— [*This while the Dancing-Master is setting her Arms and Breast.*]

*Enter Peeper.*

*Peep.* Madam, your Singing-Master. [*Exit Dancing-Mast.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* O la, I can dance no more now.

*Enter Singing-Master, [Preparing his Papers.]*

*Singing-Mast.* Are you ready, Madam?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, mun.

*Singing-Mast.* Fa, la, mi, sol.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Louk you Friend, I can't speak Out-landish, but I intend to learn; I'm to have a Master come.

*Singing-Mast.* This is not Out-landish, Madam, 'tis only the Notes to try your Voice.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nay, nay, and that be all, I'll zing you a Zong de ye fee, and show you my Voice shour.

[*Sings a Country Song.*]

### S O N G.

*AS I walk'd forth one May Morning,  
I heard a pretty Maid sweetly sing  
As she sat under the Cow a milking,  
Sing I shall be marry'd a Tuesday;  
I mun look smug upon Tuesday.*

*I prithee Sweet-heart what makes thee to marry,  
Is your Maiden-head grown a Burthen to carry?  
Or are you afraid that you shall miscarry?  
I prithee now tarry till Wednesday.*

*I pray*

*I pray good Sir, don't wish me such ill,  
I have kept it these seven Years against my own Will;  
I have made a Vow, and I will it fulfill,  
That I will be married on Tuesday,  
So I mun look smug upon Tuesday.*

*A Tuesday Morn it will be all my Care  
To powder my Locks and to curl up my Hair,  
And two pretty Maids for to wait on me there;  
So I mun look smug upon Tuesday,  
So fine and so smug upon Tuesday.*

*Then two young Men to the Church will me bring,  
Where my Husband will give me a gay Gold Ring,  
But at Night he will give me a far better thing.  
So I mun look smug upon Tuesday,  
So fine and so smug upon Tuesday.*

*Peep.* Madam, you'll not be drest in your new Cloaths by that Time Captain *Belvil* comes.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ods Flesh well thought on, I can learn no more this Morning. [*Exit Singing-Master.*] But *Peeper*, when did he zay he'd come.

*Peep.* In two Hours, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, I shall charm him zure——odso, but where's Cousin *Bell* to-day; you must vetch her mun to zee my vine Things, she'll tell me an they be vite or not——

*Peep.* Bles me, Madam, she's gone away to the Bath, in my Lady *Flounce's* Coach this Morning.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* How! gone a hundred Miles and ne'er bid one good-bye.

*Peep.* Oh dear, Madam, *London Ladies* ne'er stand upon Ceremony——Why, Sir *Charles Richley* that is to marry her, knew nothing of it——he was here just now to enquire for her, and was extremely surpriz'd.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ad she'll make a rare Wife I'll warrant her—and she has such Frolicks——Well, but you say the Captain will come; but an he don't come soon, Mrs. *Brazen* will bring me a Squire, or a Knight, I tell you that.

*Peep.* Oh Madam, *Belvil* is the sweetest, noblest Gentleman; besides, we should encourage those that defend us.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nay, for that Matter I dan't mind, I like a

Zouldier, but not for that Reason, de ye zee, there's Con-  
veniency in't, for now I have learn'd to be a Gentle-  
woman, I'll do as the Gentle Volk do, I'll not have  
another Husband dangling at my Tail, like our *Roger*, that  
I could ne'er spend a Shilling at a Wake or a Gossiping,  
but I must be call'd to an Account for't; but methinks he  
hangs off mainly.

*Peep.* Shall I tell you, he is reckon'd the handsomest  
Man in Town, all the Ladies are in Love with him; if  
you don't mind your Hits, you'll lose him. The only  
Way for a Widow to secure a young Gentleman, is to let  
him into her Estate; now, Madam, did he once see the  
Writings I have seen, I'd engage him yours.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* But I dan't know if it be safe or no, for I  
remember *Roger* wou'd never let me zee 'em in all his Life,  
but now he's dead—why what care I who zee'n; I'll  
carry him to my Trunk and shew him all—

*Peep.* Oh Madam, do it decently, I'll fetch out your  
Trunk, and you shall pretend to be looking over some  
Mortgage, and ask his Advice in't.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, Wench, that will do, vetch 'em—  
[*Exit Peeper.*] Well, I long till I am dizned, zo I do—  
come, come.

*Re-enter Peeper with the Trunk.*

Zetten down, and let me put on my vine Rigging, Wench,  
Hark! zomebody knocks—

*Peep.* Odso Mr. *Belvil's* here—he's come sooner than he  
promis'd, which shews the greater Passion.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A murrain take these People, they staid  
chattering so long, or I might have been dress'd now; hold  
away. [Runs to the Trunk and takes up the Papers.]

*Enter Belvil.*

*Peep.* I have kept my Word, Sir, there are the Papers  
display'd. [Aside to Belvil.]

*Bel.* Honest *Peeper*—now to keep my Word with this  
old Gentleman, who has once more reconcil'd me to his  
Neice—Ha! Widow, how dost thou do Widow?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Do you understand Law, Captain?

*Bel.* No Faith, the Sword's my Profession, yet there are  
some Cafes I understand; pray what is yours, Widow?

*Mrs. Dowdy.*



*Mrs. Dowdy.* Louk ye, I can't read these Lawyers cramp't Hand de zee, and I'd pray you look 'em over a little, they may be your own another Day.

*Bel.* A long Day first, if thou art an Incumbent upon it — with all my Heart; this industrious Wench has wrought her to my Purpose. [*Aside.*] [*Sits down.*] Let me see. [*Reads.*] An Account of the Estate of um, um —

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Did not I do it right now?

*Peep.* Oh, excellent, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, let me alone for Trivance, and siche —

*Bel.* A Deed of Trust for *James Beaumont* Esquire. Ha, the very Writing Sir *Thomas* mention'd — this must along with me — [*Puts it up.*] Why, you are a Fortune for a Lord, Widow.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nay, nay, dan't joak — I have something to trust to you zee, Captain; you shall have warm Winter Quarters, Captain; Ho, ho —

*Bel.* Well said, Widow, I'll kifs thee for that P'faith.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Pshaw, zee now how you all white a body, but your Breath is zo zweet —

*Bel.* I wish I cou'd say the same by yours. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Od in my Mind a smells like a Nofegay — pray, Captain, let me smell it again.

*Bel.* With all my Heart. [*Kisses her again.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I like him mainly; wou'd it was over once, that I might have'n all to myself. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* Oh, the Monster grows so loving, that if *Robin* comes not to my Rescue, as I order'd him, I shall be smother'd.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zhour, and zhour, you have bewitch'd me, Captain; I'm all in a trembling Fit, and my Flesh glows like an Oven, zo it does.

*Peep.* Oh, her Condition is easily to be gues'd; I have been in such a Twitter myself before now.

*Enter Robin hastily.*

*Rob.* Sir, Sir! the General stays in his Coach to speak with you.

*Bel.* My dear Widow I must beg your Pardon at this Time.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* But when will you come again, Captain? they say 'tis very unlucky to be long a wooing. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* I'll speak to the Man in black this Evening Widow, and then——

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, I know what's to be done then as well as e'er a Londoner of 'em all. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* to *Peeper.*] Hark ye, I don't think her rich enough, manage your Affairs with Sir *John Sharper*; do you hear? But there's thy Fee —— [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, I shall carry a handzomer Man into *Zomersetshire* than the High-Sheriff of the County: Come, *Peeper*, come in and let me dress, for zhour if I had had all this vine Gear on, a would ha married me now——

[*Exit.*

*Peep.* As much as ever ——

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *the outside of Lucinda's House.*

*Enter Isabella dress'd like a Country-maid with Toylet.*

*Toy.* A tight Country Lafs, hang me, Madam, if I shou'd know you.

*Isab.* I wou'd not have you, I ought to be disguis'd for my Purpose.

*Toy.* But, Madam, do you think *Lucinda* does not know her Tenant's Daughter that is coming up to *London*, which you are to personate?

*Isab.* No, no, she never saw her; her Taylor has inform'd me of every Circumstance; him I have brib'd to my Interest; here he comes, get you gone, you have *Belvil's* Key, be ready for all my Orders; act as I directed, and preserve your Acquaintance with *Robin*.

*Toy.* Fear me not——

[*Exit.*

*Isab.* Well Mr. *Shread*, do you think you can manage this Affair?

*Shread.* Manage it, Madam! What is it I can't do for this Purse? Why, Madam, I can work Miracles! I can steal as much out of a Pair of Breeches as will make a Coat; and for telling a Lye with an honest Face, let little *Shread* alone.

*Isab.* I have been so much with my Cousin *Dowdy* since she came to Town, I warrant I hit the Country Dialect —— Come, knock at the Door.

[*He knocks.*

*Enter*

*Enter Footman.*

*Shread.* Sir, pray let your Lady know here's a young Country-maid, Farmer *Rentland's* Daughter, come to wait on her.

*Foot.* Come in and I'll acquaint my Lady. — [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Isabella and Shread as into the House.*

*Isab.* She's coming, and *Belvil's* here, I see his Footman: now if I'm but receiv'd I shall be a Spy upon their Actions, watch all their Turns, and break their Measures.

*Enter Lucinda.*

*Luc.* How de do Mr. *Shread* — is this the Daughter of Farmer *Rentland*, that he writ to me about?

*Isab.* Yes, and please you forsooth, Madam, and I have another Letter from Vather in my Pouch. —

[*Looking for a Letter.*

*Shread.* Madam, the Girl is a little clownish, her Father's my Cousin, he writ to me to meet her at the Carrier's and bring her to your Ladyship.

*Luc.* Very well, your Father's an honest Man, he desires me to let you be in my House till he comes up to Town in order to put you to the Change — you are welcome — she is very pretty. Sweet-heart don't you wonder at this fine City?

*Isab.* I kno'nt how vine 'tis yet, for one can zee nought for Crowd; I suppose 'tis Vair Time, there's zuch — thrusting and squeezing.

*Shread.* She appears rough to your Ladyship, but the Girl has good-natural Parts, and apt to learn. —

*Luc.* I like her Plainness, leave her with me, I'll take great Care of her.

*Shread.* Yes, Madam; good-bye Cousin.

*Isab.* Good-bye — you'll bring my Bundle and my Box — before you wait without for my farther Orders. [*Aside.*

*Shread.* I will. — your Servant, Madam. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* What's your Name, fair Madam.

*Isab.* *Dorothy*, and please you.

*Luc.* And do you think you shall be contented to stay with me till your Father comes to Town, Mrs. *Dorothy*?

*Isab.* Contented forsooth! od zhour, and zhour, I ne'er

saw nought so handsome in all the Days of my Breath.  
Zhour I cou'd look at you all Day.

*Luc.* Does the Country teach Flattery too?

*Enter Belvil.*

*Bel.* Madam, where are you? we shall be too late for the Show.

*Isab.* Zhow! Oh dear forsooth take me with you to see the Zhow — How my Heart beats! [*Aside.*

*Bel.* What pretty Country Girl is this?

*Luc.* One of my Tenant's Daughters; we'll take her with us to your Lodgings.

*Isab.* To his Ladgings, mum — now a Dispatch to *Toylet*. I'll fit you there. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* With all my Heart, there's Innocence and Beauty in her Face; if you please to get ready, Madam, I have only two Words to dispatch with your Uncle, and I'll attend you.

*Luc.* Here he comes, Sir — we'll leave you; Come, Mrs. *Dorothy*.

*Isab.* Yes forsooth —

*Thus conceal'd, if none my Plot discover,*

*This Country Girl may cheat you of your Lover.* [*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Thomas.*

*Bel.* Ha, Sir *Thomas*, what wou'd you reward the Man with, that shou'd bring you the Writings you desir'd? ha, Friend?

*Sir Tho.* Say'st thou, my Boy! I wou'd give him, let me see what wou'd I give him — I wou'd give him as much as I have given to the Lawyers to no Purpose, which is full fifteen hundred Pounds. But hast thou got 'em my Hero?

*Bel.* Fifteen hundred Pounds, pish; will you give me your Niece?

*Sir Tho.* Fie, fie, fie, a Wife! Why the Devil should a young Fellow's Head run of Marriage?

*Bel.* Because a young Fellow is very much in Love.

*Sir Tho.* Why, love her, Boy, I wou'd have thee love her, but prithee talk no more of Marriage — but let me see the Writings.

*Bel.* Love! Why, what does he mean? — he wou'd  
not

not have me lie with her sure — See 'em! why here they are — but I must know what Right you have to these Papers, Sir *Thomas*, ere I part with them, for I wou'd not be guilty of a base Action; besides, the Widow and the whole Estate is at my Service — I can marry her.

*Sir Tho.* I had rather see thee hang'd — I'll give you my Honour that nothing shall redound to your Disgrace in this Affair. Surely you may take my Word, young Man.

*Bel.* It never shall be scrupled by me; there, take 'em.

*Sir Tho.* Most joyfully: Ay, these are they, let me embrace thee, my Boy, for this good Service — But hark ye, don't you marry that ill-manner'd Jug, the Relict of a cheating old Rogue, that has not left a Foot of Estate but what he deserv'd to be hang'd for.

*Bel.* In my Conscience, this old Fellow wou'd have me marry nobody; what a Devil does he pretend to? Egad, I wish he does not lay Claim to me for his Son at last.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

Ha! *Sir Charles*, what say'st thou, wou'd not Matrimony agree with thee, if thou lik'd the Woman?

*Sir Cha.* Or with any Man certainly.

*Sir Tho.* Why don't you marry then, *Sir Charles*?

*Sir Cha.* Because I can't have the Woman I like, *Sir Thomas*, and she that I'm destin'd for, neither likes me, nor I her; and to shew the true Nature of a Wife before she wears the Title, she's gone to the *Bath* this Morning without taking Leave.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, if she has such an early Inclination to the *Bath*, thank thy Stars thou art not marry'd Boy, for the *Bath* is a pregnant Place; I know a Virgin that went there to be cur'd of the Green-sickness, and came back with a Tympany, ha, ha, ha!

*Bel.* Why, hark ye, *Sir Charles*, how will you keep your Word then? no Pretensions to *Lucinda*, since you can't produce your Mistress.

*Sir Tho.* How's that? how's that? hast thou a mind to my Niece, Knight? she's a witty Baggage, I tell you that, and a weighty one too, twenty thousand Pounds besides my Blessing; court her, win her, and wear her.

*Bel.* The Devil, what, because he has a Title?

*Sir Tho.* And a good Estate, *Belwil*, put in that.

*Bel.* Sink the Estate, the Brave despise it.

*Sir Tho.* Yet the Bold fight for't.

*Bel.* No, 'tis for Honour we hazard Life, and Ease, to preserve ungrateful Men like you; in what does he merit *Lucinda* more than I——nor shall he dare to think of her while I wear this. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*]

*Sir Cha.* How, not dare! such Language, Sir, I shall not take, tho' from a Friend.

*Bel.* Nor a Friend shan't take a Mistress from me, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Mettled Lads i'faith——A Mistress, Sir! pray what Hopes have you had relating to that Affair?

*Bel.* Hopes, Sir, did not you give me leave to love her?

*Sir Tho.* But as I take it, that was not leave to marry her.

*Bel.* Did you not take Pains to reconcile us to-day?

*Sir Tho.* True, because I thought her in the Wrong.

*Bel.* And have you not promis'd she shall come to my Lodging to see the Ambassador go by? Do you make any Scruple of letting her be seen in my Company?

*Sir Tho.* No, for I don't think thee scandalous, and she shall come to thy Lodgings, and I'll come with her; yet this is nothing to the Purpose——Thou art a pretty Fellow faith——but a little too impudent to expect twenty thousand Pounds, with nothing but a red Coat and a Commission.

*Bel.* Is this your Probity? I shall begin to suspect every thing; I find why you extorted the Promise from me, never to marry her without your Consent.

*Sir Tho.* You shall have no Cause to blame me: I am, and will be thy Friend——*Sir Charles*, you are out of Humour, never mind the young Warrior; by *Mars* the God of War, thou hast my Consent; address her, Man.

*Bel.* So has all the Creation, I think——What a Pox does this old Fellow aim at!

*Sir Cha.* I am not to be deter'd by his Threats; but 'tis *Lucinda* must decide this.

*Bel.* No, even if she consent, you shall dispute the Prize with me.

*Sir Cha.* Let it come to that, ye Fates, and see how gladly I wou'd meet thee.

*Bel.* If you are so hot, let us dispatch it now.

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*]

*Sir Cha.*

Sir Cha. With all my Heart——

Sir Tho. Hold, hold, I'll have no Fighting this Day, to-morrow as you please.

Bel. Well then, to-day we have done.

Sir Cha. I am always to be found ; Farewel——[Exit.

Sir Tho. Come, put off your ill Humour, and let's go see the Show, Boy——

Bel. Egad, this is a strange unaccountable old Gentleman. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Mrs. Dowdy dress'd extravagantly in French Night-Cloaths and Furbelows, with Peep.

Mrs. Dowdy. **L**A yee now, la yee now, stand away from the Glass, will you, loke, loke, I shall ne'er adone staring at my zelf, I'm zhour I'm viner than any of our Volk in Taunton ; good Sirs, if old Roger Dowdy were alive, and seen me thisen, he wou'd zwear I was going to fly away.

Peep. Ah, Madam, he understood no better—— I think you look as well as any Lady at Court.

Mrs. Dowdy. Nea, nea, I always thought I should look like other Volk an I was but clad as vinely, and zo I us'd to tell Roger ; well, and do I zeem zo vitty, Peep ; don't thik Band-box thrust out ones Tail rarely ? Od one one might carry a Grift to Mill on't, as well as on a Pack-fadde ; ho, ho, ho !

Peep. You are exact from Head to Foot.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, an't I mun, zee my Shoes ; [Pulls up her Coat a little.] But these zilken Hose are woundy cold ; han't I got too many Beauty-spots on ; in my Mind now my Vace louks just like a Plumb-cake var all the World——Zhour I shall ne'er like thik Head-gear, one must always louk vore-right, vor the Duce a bit one can zee of either Zide——Faugh, I hate this red Stuff upon my Lips, I can't vorbear licking 'em, and it may be Poison for ought I know.

Enter Mrs. Brazen.

Mrs. Braz. Good-morrow to your Ladyship ; blefs me, sure I'm mistaken, 'tis not the same !

*Mrs. Dowdy.* The very zame *Mrs. Braxen*; but am I zo chang'd indeed now?

*Mrs. Braz.* Chang'd! why you are a Cherubim.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* 'Parel Sheaps you know.

*Mrs. Braz.* Why you'll kill Sir *John* at first Sight, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Oh dear, I hope not.

*Mrs. Braz.* He waits without, poor Gentleman, but little knows the Danger he is in——Shall I admit him, Madam?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Why really now, *Mrs. Braxen*, I am zorry the Person of Quality shou'd lose his Labour, but I can't help it——He shou'd ha com'd zooner, de yee zee, for I'm engag'd.

*Mrs. Braz.* How, Madam, you han't serv'd me so I hope!——Make a Fool of a Gentleman of his Fortune, that keeps his Coach, and four Footmen, besides a Valet-de-Chambre, it's a Shame——He cou'd have made you a Lady, Madam——

*Mrs. Dowdy.* His own Coach, and a Lady, zay yee; nay, nay, don't be in a Passion——Od I shou'd like a Coach, and Ladyship hugely——Shall I zee him, *Peep*?

*Peep.* By all means see him, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, but won't the Captain think me valse hearted then?

*Peep.* Falso hearted, Madam! Why Ladies here are distinguish'd by the Number of their humble Servants——

*Mrs. Braz.* And scarce know two Hours before they marry which to chuse——There was my Lady *Waver* had three Gentlemen fancied her Wedding-cloaths, and then threw Dies which of the three shou'd have her——

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ha, ha, ha! by the Mafs that's very pretty; why let him come then——But do you really think the Captain won't break his Heart?

*Peep.* Oh, no, no, you need not fear that, perhaps he has two or three Mistresses.

*Mrs. Braz.* My dear Lady, I'll fetch him this Minute——

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zay you zo? nay an it be the Vashion, I'm resolv'd to have as many Zweet-hearts as I can get——Here, put up my Ban-Box, zet my voretop, and brush my Gown and make me vity——

*Peep.*



*Peep.* So, so, you are exact now, Madam.

*Enter Mrs. Brazen, and Sharper.*

*Mrs. Braz.* There's the Lady, Sir *John.*

*Sharp.* You need not tell me which is she, such Beauty is remarkable, her Eyes cast a Lustre, bright as the Meridian Sun, which dazzles all Beholders.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Mercy on me, what high Speaking is this? — Zo I suppose they talk at Court — Oh dear Sir, you Gentlemen are zo vull of your Jears, that we Country Volk don't know what to zay to you.

*Sharp.* What a Shape is there!

*Mrs. Dowdy.* That's my Ban-Box ——— [Aside.

*Sharp.* What a Complexion!

*Mrs. Dowdy.* That's my Paint ——— Vor they zay my Complexion was but zo zo. [Aside.

*Sharp.* What Ruby Lips!

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I'm glad to hear that — I was afraid I had lick'd it all off. [Aside.

*Peep.* I swear he is a well bred Gentleman.

*Mrs. Braz.* A Courtier every Inch of him.

*Sharp.* Oh *Mrs. Brazen*, if you have brought me to the Sight of all these Charms, and she shou'd prove inexorable.

*Mrs. Braz.* Goodness forbid.

*Sharp.* Oh I'm a dead Man, *Mrs. Brazen* ——— No Compassion, Madam, for a poor dying Lover ———

*Mrs. Braz.* Speak Comfort to him, Madam, he is just ready to swoon.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Why, what can I zay, *Mrs. Brazen*? — Will the Gentleman drink a little Cherry-Brandy? —

*Mrs. Braz.* Brandy, Madam, ads heart, is that a Cordial for a dying Lover ———

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Why 'tis my Cordial when I'm not well; *Mrs. Brazen.*

*Mrs. Braz.* A Word, a Look, a Smile revives him.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Good Sirs, is it possible you can be zo zmitten, Sir?

*Sharp.* It is the first Wound I e'er received, tho' I have given thousands, and met my Enemies in Clouds of Smoak, and Sheets of Fire, and with this good Sword have made my Way ———

*Mrs. Dowdy.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ah dan't draw it good Sir———He is a brave Souldier I warrant him.

*Peep.* I protest, Madam, I begin to pity him———You can never let such a great Man die.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay but then the Captain will die, what shall I do ?

*Mrs. Braz.* Do, Madam? let's go into your Closet, and taste some of your Cherry-Brandy ; oh dear, oh dear———I am very faint, take her by the Hand, Sir *John.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Indeed I can't, for to tell you the Truth, I am promis'd———

*Sharp.* Promis'd!———I'll hunt the World but I will find my Rival out, rip up his Breast, and upon my Sword's Point send you the Heart you doat on.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Oh hold you, hold you, good Sir *John*———What shall I do to prevent Murder ?

*Mrs. Braz.* Give him your Hand, and take him into your Closet, I say, there we'll appease him I warrant you.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, well, come into the Closet then ; mercy on me, I was never so lov'd before zhour. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Braz.* Now for my thousand Pounds——— [*Exit.*]

*Peep.* Pretty well for the first Time ; now to try how generous he'll be to me———If you don't disburse, Sir *John*, for all your go-between, I'll sooner match my Mistress to your Valet, I promise you that. [*Exit.*]

- S C E N E *Belvil's Lodgings.*

*Enter Belvil, Sir Thomas, Lucinda, Isabella and Robin.*

*Sir Tho.* Well, and what hast thou got to treat us, Boy ? ha!

*Bel.* You shall have what you will, Sir *Thomas*, this Lady shall name.

*Luc.* Uncle, you retain the old Country Custom, all for eating and drinking ; I am for the Show.

*Sir Tho.* But what says my little *Somersetshire* Lads, I warrant a Cheefecake wou'd go down with you now.

*Isab.* No I thank you, Zir, my Belly's full evads, my thinks this is a huge vine House.

*Sir Tho.* And in troth thou art huge pretty ; are all the Farmers Daughters in *Somersetshire* thus handsome ?

*Isab.* Yes indeed, and handsomer too.

*Sir Tho.*

Sir Tho. Niece, I'll gather your Rents next Year in that Country myself——I will.

Luc. So, Mrs. Dorothy, I think you have made a Conquest here.

Isab. I don't know what you mean, Madam.

Sir Tho. I'faith this is a pretty Rogue.

Luc. But this Room does not look upon the *Pall-Mall*.

Bel. No, Madam, but the next does ; open the Door,

Robin.

Rob. [*Aside to him.*] I never saw the Key since the strange Women were here.

Luc. What, whispering again !

Bel. You careless Rascal, here, take my Key.

Rob. The Devil, the Devil——

[*Robin goes to open the Door, flies back, and cries out.*]

*Enter Toylet richly drest, and mask'd.*

Toy. Inhuman Monster, must I be expos'd——

Luc. Expos'd ! 'tis I am expos'd ; Confusion, another Woman.

Sir Tho. How, how's this, *Belvil* ?——What, forgot to let your Mistress out this Morning ? ha !

Bel. My Mistress ! s'death, Hell and Furies——

Luc. Do not counterfeit Surprize ; this is a palpable Abuse.

Sir Tho. Why truly Niece it does appear a sort of an Abuse as a Man may say ; but let's hear what Defence he can make——

Bel. Defence !——I hope it needs none ; what End cou'd I have in this ?——I'm sure it looks more like a Trick upon me.

Luc. What mean you, Sir, do you suspect I'd give myself the Trouble to put a Trick upon you——Oh audacious !

Sir Tho. Hold, hold, no hard Words before we know for what.

Isab. [*Going up to Toylet.*] Get you off, get you off.

Rob. Nay, nay, egad I'll see whether you be Flesh and Blood, Spirit, or the Devil. [*Stops her.*]

Toy. Ah, if this Fool persists we are discover'd——I must shew him my Face——You know not what you do, 'tis I.

Rob.

*Rob.* I! and how came I hither?

*Toy.* I long'd to see you, and that I might charm you the more, I drest myself in my Mistress's Cloaths, and came in hopes to meet you alone; being caught, I was forc'd to say any thing; let me go, or we shall never meet again.

*Rob.* Get you gone, if my Master finds it out, my Bones will pay for it. [Exit Toylet.]

*Luc.* Absurdity! It has indeed a Face of Truth to have People haunt your Lodgings that you know nothing of.

*Isab.* Nay, now I zee 'tis true what we Country Volk zay, that the *London* Men are all as valse as the Devil.

*Bel.* What, gone again——Rascal, which Way went she? Why did not you stop the Fiend, for 'twas a Fiend I am sure.

*Rob.* If you think so, Sir, why shou'd you be angry? For who cou'd stop the Devil?

*Bel.* I'll make you fetch the Devil, Sirrah, if she be gone. [Looking about.]

*Rob.* I'll try, Sir. [Going.]

*Isab.* Nay, nay, that's sending the Devil after his Dam, as we zay in *Zomersetshire*; my poor Judgment tells me, he's no vit Person to zend after her zhour.

*Luc.* Right, his Man doubtless is in the Secret——Even this Innocent can find out your Deceit.

*Bel.* Deceit! stay here, Dog.

*Rob.* With all my Heart.

*Bel.* Madam, send who you please——'sdeath! [Stamps, and seems to persuade Luc.]

*Isab.* Let me go forsooth, I'm zhour I know her Gown-agen——I minded her when she sliv'd off.

*Sir Tho.* Ay, ay, let little Rosy Cheek go——Why what a Bustle is here about a Gipsy——But thoul't not find the Way back my Girl.

*Isab.* Oh never veare me, I've an English Tongue in my Head——I've vound the Way over Heaths, Copses, and Commons you'd be maz'd in. [Exit.]

*Luc.* Your Words are vain, back to the Nations you have been bred in, where Women are so coming to your Wishes, there needs no Truth nor Constancy.

*Bel.* Truth——I think Truth's my Foe, for I never made so much Use of her to so little Purpose in my Life. I believe

believe you wish'd a Quarrel, and wanted only Opportunity, else what I have said wou'd have convinc'd you.

*Luc.* Believe so still, and see my Face no more. [*Exit.*

*Sir Tho.* Why, Niece, Niece, won't you stay for little *Somersetshire* — She's gone — Look ye now, did not I tell you Matrimony wou'd not agree with you, yet you wou'd marry I warrant — Take my Word for't you are not made for one another.

*Bel.* I wish we had never seen one another. [*Walking about disordered.*

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* I ha vound her ifaith.

*Bel.* Ha, and who is she?

*Isab.* A very vine Lady I assure you that, but where's Mistress? var I shan't tell you what zhe zaid to me.

*Sir Tho.* Oh she's gone stark mad, Child — Prithee tell us reasonable Folks —

*Bel.* Said! why did'st thou speak to her?

*Isab.* Yes marry did I, and she got into a huge vine Coach, zo zhe did, and call'd me in to her, and pull'd off her Vizard, and zhow'd me the vinest Vace that ever I zaw; zhour and zhour, 'twas as bright as the Zun, she zaid she was in Love with you to distraction, mun, and vow'd she wou'd have you whatzomever it cost her.

*Rob.* What a confounded Lye has this Country Toad told? And egad I dare not contradict her. [*Aside.*

*Sir Tho.* Why, hark ye, *Belvil*, don't your Chops water at this Story, ha? My Hero! adod thou wert wrapt up in thy Mother's — Faith thou wert I faith Boy —

*Bel.* Pshaw, she does not know a Woman of Condition from an Orange Wench — Some tawdry Drab in a Hackney-Coach.

*Rob.* He makes very bold with my Mistress truly. [*Aside.*

*Isab.* Nay, this was no Stage Coach, I'm zhour, it was as rich and as full of Tossels, as Squire *Penfilly's* last *Exeter Zize*.

*Sir Tho.* What, not warm yet? Why, it may be a Dutche's for ought you know —

*Bel.* The Devil — *Sir Thomas*, either reconcile me once

once more to your Niece, or by *Jove* I'll discover the grand Secret, and set the Widow upon your Back.

*Sir Tho.* Here's a Dog now; in my Conscience, I believe you'd make a good Statesman — Sirrah, what the Action you do in the Morning, will you be such a Rogue to peach in the Afternoon?

*Isab.* I'm out at all this ——— Sure he was born without Curiosity ——— or is grown constant to torment me. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, zhant we go home to my Lady? Mahap zliche may be zick she's vext zo.

*Bel.* And, pretty Creature, won't you speak for me?

*Isab.* No by my Troth shan't I, I believe you are valse, zo I do.

*Sir Tho.* Come along *Dolly*. [*Takes her by the Arm.*] Ah such an Eye, an such a ——— Come along *Dolly* ——— Let me see you in the Evening, de you hear, *Bel-wil*, and if the Lady comes again with Squire *Penfilly's* Coach, strike her Boy, strike her. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* Your Zervant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Bel.* What will be the Event of this? ——— What Woman cou'd this be?

*Rob.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bel.* Why do you sneer, Sirrah?

*Rob.* Ah Sir, I wou'd tell you, if I durst ———

*Bel.* What is't you wou'd tell me? Out with it.

*Rob.* Ay, but will you forgive me, Sir?

*Bel.* If thou can't explain this Riddle, I will.

*Rob.* Why then, Sir, all that this Country Wench has told you, is a notorious Lye.

*Bel.* How do you know that?

*Rob.* Because, Sir, the Woman that was here is a Mistress of mine, who lodges at the next Door.

*Bel.* A Mistress of yours, Sirrah, in that Garb! — What was her Business, and how do you know it?

*Rob.* Sir, she shew'd me her Face, and told me she came to see me; the Cloaths she said were her Lady's; I suppose she had a Mind to captivate me; 'tis the very Maid to that very Lady that you left in your Lodgings to-day, Sir; and she told me too by the by, Sir, that her Mistress is no more marry'd than you are.

*Bel.* There must be something in this more than I can find

find out——Egad, I'll endeavour to see her at least——  
Hark ye, Sirrah, fetch me this Woman instantly.

*Rob.* Od so, yonder she goes—— [Exit.

*Bel.* They may talk what they will of *Spain*, but for my Part, I think the *Englisb* Women can manage an Intrigue with the best of them.

*Enter Robin and Toylet.*

*Rob.* Hére she is, Sir, trembling ripe; answer for yourself now.

*Bel.* Pray tell me, Mistrefs, why is my Lodgings your Rendezvous, and what do you design by those Appearances?

*Toy.* Dissembling Varlet, to betray me to thy Master—— Look ye, Sir, since I'm caught, the Truth shall out; for my Part, I only obey'd the Commands of my Lady, as we Servants must, you know.

*Bel.* Very good, but prithee, who is your Lady, Child?

*Rob.* Ay, there's the Query——

*Toy.* It's my Lady *Elizabeth Lovemore*, a great Heirefs, and very beautiful; but I can't help saying, I think her a little mad to run after you, when there's fifty dying for her.

*Bel.* Humph!——And is she so very handsome dost thou say?

*Toy.* A reigning Toast——admir'd even by her own Sex, and then you must allow she's handsome indeed——

*Rob.* Now I question if it would not puzzle *Partridge* the Almanack Maker, to find out whether this Wench lyes or not?

*Bel.* And where does this beautiful Lady of thine live, ha?

*Toy.* In *Golden-Square*, the third House of the Right-Hand.

*Rob.* There I have trapt you Gentlewoman, don't you lodge at next Door.

*Toy.* Yes, what then? Can't my Lady lodge me at any Door that she pleases, when 'tis a-propo.

*Bel.* This is a whimsical Tale; however I resolve to see the End of it; name your Time when I may see this fair Incognita; I'm not obdurate faith, she shan't die, assure her that.

*Rob.* If she does he must have chang'd his Nature with the Country.

*Toy.*

*Toy.* A Messenger in the Evening shall bring you to the House.

*Bel.* I'll expect it; 'tis in vain for me to think of Constancy, the Devil is sure to throw something in my Way, to hinder my pious Resolutions.

*Rob.* I'm of your Mind, Sir, and for my Part I have not found this singular Passion turn to any Account with me; since you begun, therefore, Sir, if you'd take my Advice, e'en arm yourself with a Bottle of Burgundy, that you may attack your new Mistress with the better Courage.

*Bel.* But Pox! I find *Lucinda* still sticks here—*[Pointing at his Heart.]*

*Rob.* Nothing like a Glass to wash her away, Sir.

*Bel.* It shall be so —

I'll sing, and drink, and drown her in Champaign,  
Then warm'd with Wine, I'll break the slavish Chain,  
And she shall sue to conquer me again—— } *Ex.*

SCENE changes to *Lucinda's House.*

*Enter Lucinda and Betty.*

*Luc.* Good Heavens, who wou'd wish to be a Woman? Nature's unerring Laws are still the same as when she form'd the Order of the World — But Custom has debauch'd her Rules, and given Tyrant Men Pretence to glory in their Falshood—— What Libertine e'er lost a Friend for being so? Nor stands he less in fame for perjur'd Vows, that has betray'd a thousand trusting Maids, whilst we for every trifling Fault condemn'd, become the Subject of licentious Tongues, yet sure our Crimes are register'd alike in the great impartial Book above——

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* Madam, Sir *Charles Richley* to wait on you.

*Luc.* Bring him up—*[Exit Foot.]* tho' I'm in no Humour to entertain——

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Cha.* Do I not invade your Privacy, Madam? There seems a Melancholy settled on your Brow.

*Luc.* I confess, Sir *Charles*, I'm under some Disorder.

*[Sighing.]*

*Sir Cha.* Happy the Man for whom those Sighs are paid, as I am wretched in Despair.

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Ha!

*Sir Cha.* Oh, *Belwil*, unworthy of such Love or Beauty!

*Luc.* Nam'd you not *Belwil*, Sir? What of him?

*Sir Cha.* I did — May not a Wretch that's raving in a Fever express his eager Wishes for the Bowl, which he sees his healthful Friend pass by untasted.

*Luc.* I understand you not.

*Sir Cha.* Why shou'd I conceal the burning Pain, when perhaps another Opportunity may never offer — I love you, Madam, not with a loose unguarded Flame, but all the Faculties of my Soul are center'd in you.

*Luc.* How — Wou'd you supplant your Friend? Is this like a Man of Honour?

*Sir Cha.* Oh I had died in Silence, had not he, the happy he provok'd me; he threaten'd me like a Boy, he threaten'd me, if I presum'd to own my Passion —

*Luc.* Then 'tis me he loves above the rest; alas! how apt are we to flatter our Disease. [*Aside.*] And cou'd you hope, that I shou'd listen to an ungrateful Man?

*Sir Cha.* Alas! too much you do — and since when next *Belwil* and I meet — Fate only knows the Consequence — Let me beg this Favour, tho' I confess 'tis Boldness, to ask if you design *Belwil* for your Husband?

*Luc.* You take indeed a Liberty beyond what I expected from you; but I'll not disguise the Truth, of all Men living, *Belwil* made the first Impression in my Heart, and cou'd he clear himself of this late Accident, I think I shou'd prefer him.

*Sir Cha.* Now who's ungrateful, he or I? Had I such Hopes, what Crowns shou'd bribe me to forswear the Marriage? [*Half aside.*]

*Luc.* How's that? Take heed how you traduce him; am I so cheap, that he shou'd Swear he wou'd not wed me! Confusion! 'tis false, and were he here, you durst not for your Soul affirm it.

*Sir Cha.* Yes, since you have heard me, if a thousand Points were levell'd at my Breast, I wou'd maintain it, and in the Face of Death proclaim he said, he had Sworn never to marry you.

*Luc.* Sworn! oh Impudence! Oh Weakness in myself to listen to an unknown Villain; his mercenary Soul ne'er harbour'd generous Thoughts: he shou'd have been with Gold

Gold rewarded for the Business of his Sword, and the Defence he made against Midnight Robbers paid with Money, not a Heart. What, did his base degenerate Soul hope I shou'd yield to loose Desires? And durst he make his Friend his Confidant? Distraction! The bare Idea warms me to Revenge; and turns me all to Fury.

*Sir Cha.* What have I said? Oh let me, Madam, tho' against myself, attest, that in all our Conversation from our first Acquaintance, I never knew him swerve from Honour, whate'er his Reasons were to swear it ———

*Luc.* Revoke not what thou hast said, but, hence begone, and leave me to myself; for Tygers, Wolves, and Serpents are less hurtful than thy barbarous Kind.

*Sir Cha.* Your Commands do like the Hand of Fate forbid my Stay ——— But oh! remember 'tis the faithfullest of your Slaves obeys you. [Exit.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* So, *Sir Charles* is gone ——— His *Exit* is my Cue, may his Love succeed I say ——— I'll keep it as forward as I can ——— What an Air she gives herself ——— The very bare Imagination of slighted Love is the Devil I find ——— Oh vorsooth an't you well? will you pleasen that I shall get you zomewhat ———

*Luc.* Alas, poor Innocence, 'tis not in thy Power to assuage the Torment of my Mind ——— Didst thou e'er meet with an ungrateful Swain?

*Isab.* No, no, they are all true in our Country, I heard of but one valse, and he had been at *London* ——— But you don't ask me about the toping Lady I vollow'd from the vine Gentleman's Lodgings.

*Luc.* I had forgot, didst thou see her ———

*Isab.* Did I? yes I did zhour.

*Luc.* And what was the Creature?

*Isab.* Nay, he can tell you that vorsooth better than I, for they are mainly well acquainted, I vound that ———

*Luc.* Ha! how didst thou find it? Did the ugly thing tell thee?

*Isab.* Nay in troth, she is not ugly vorsooth ——— tho' I hate her for your Sake ———

*Luc.* Faithful, kind, good-natur'd Creature. ———

[Hugs her.  
*Isab.*

*Ifab.* She gin me this Silver Book, and writ down where the lives, and desires you of all Love to let her zee you this Evening, and she'll tell you all; I did not zay one Word to him on't. ——— [Gives her the Book.

*Luc.* A plain Direction ——— I thought never to have concern'd myself with this vile Man's Affairs, but I'll detect him thoroughly ——— then throw him from my Heart for ever ———

*Ifab.* I hope so ere I have done. [Aside.

*Luc.* How bleit, how happy, is this rural Maid?  
All Cares are banish'd from thy peaceful Breast:

Thou never wert to luckless Love betray'd,  
Unknowing of the Racks that break my Rest.

Thou ne'er the flattering Wiles of Men believ'd,  
Deceiving none, thou art by none deceiv'd.

[Exit leaning upon her Arm.

S C E N E changes to Mrs. Dowdy's Lodgings.

Enter Mrs. Dowdy, Sharper, Mrs. Brazen, Peeper, and Equipage.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, I protest you are a waggish Man, Lord how you have rouzl'd and touzl'd one? ——— All my Rigging hangs as if 'twas zhaked on with a Zhed Vork, as the old Zaying is ———

*Mrs. Braz.* Ay, there's a Man for you now, Widow; ah, wou'd I were in your Place! a brisk young Dog I'faith; I ask your Pardon, Sir *John*, I'm a little free ——— But 'tis my Way, and Madam's Cherry-Brandy was so good ———

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Will you have t'other Cup, Mrs. Brazen? Ads lid my Heart's open.

*Sharp.* Nay then take a Soldier in that will defend the Breach, Widow. [Embracing her.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zhaw you spoil all one's Rump, you zqueeze one zo ——— In troth I think him main handsome ———

[Aside.

*Equi.* Matters go rarely; if no Devil cros it, I shall come in for my Wages at last. [Aside.

Enter Belvil drunk, and Robin.

*Bel. Sings.]* If a Nymph proves peevish and coy,  
Turn off thy Glafs, never mind her:  
Take Bacchus in Room of the Boy,  
Drink till the Goddeffs grow kinder.

How stands *Taunton Dean* now, Widow? [*Hickups.*]  
What's here, a-Rival?

*Sharp.* Oh the Devil! this fighting Fellow here! we are all unravell'd I doubt. ——— [*Aside to Mrs. Brazen.*

*Mrs. Braz.* I fear so too——I hate this Spark, he has too much Sense for me to get any thing by him. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* Let me see who are you? [*Hickups.*] What do you pretend to, ha? Hold up your Head, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Peep.* Oh dear Sir, what do you do, you'll spoil all, did not you say—— [*To Belvil.*

*Bel.* Look ye [*Hickups.*] I don't care what I said, I'll take care of the Widow.

*Sharp.* Ah dear *Belvil*, don't prevent my Fortune.

*Bel.* Don't tell me of your Fortune, was not you kick'd this Morning? [*Hickups.*] Answer me that.

*Equi.* So, if my Contrivance ruins all now, I shan't come in for a Souce. [*Aside.*

*Peep.* A duce take you for bringing your drunken Master here, when we were upon the point of concluding.

[*Aside to Robin.*

*Rob.* What wou'd you have me do with him?

*Bel.* Widow, why Widow I tell you [*Hickups.*] this Scoundrel shan't have you, Widow.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Stand away, *Mrs. Brazen*; look yee, Sir, matters are gone varder than you think vor, and don't show none of your drunken Frolicks here; de yee zee, for I value them not a Rush — What zhour I ne'er broke Gold with yee ———

*Bel.* No matter for that, I'll show you your Bargain, Widow, and then I have done — He is ———

*Sharp.* A Plague of Ill-luck.

*Bel.* He is, Widow ———

[*Hickups.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* What is he? uds lid dan't you affront any civil Gentleman in my House; I dan't love yee well enough de yee zee to bear that; what is he now, what is he? he is Man I hope.

*Sharp.* Sweet Captain.

[*Softly.*

'Sdeath, Sir, what do ye mean? [*To Belvil in a loud Voice.*

*Bel.* Don't exalt your Voice, Sirrah; [*Hickups.*] don't I know you for a very Poltroon, noted for your Cowardice, and kick'd you out of Conversation for your Lying?

So,

——— So, Widow, I have warn'd ye —— Now, *Robin*,  
I'll go Home and sleep till the Hour of Affignation ——

[*Exit Singing, If a Nymph, &c.*

*Mrs. Braz.* A Rival's Rage, stark mad, he has lost you,  
Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Come, how de yee, Sir *John*, od my  
Heart goes apit apat, I was woundy afraid yee wou'd  
have fit.

*Sharp.* No, no, he knew your Prefence hindered me  
from drawing, else I'd ha made a Cartridge of his Skin,  
and pounded his Flesh into Gun-Powder.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A dod he has a World of Courage.

*Mrs. Braz.* Ah, Madam, you'd say so, if you had seen  
what I have seen.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Od I am glad I 'scap'd this drunken  
Rogue; but hold yee, hold yee, he can't ha no Claw up-  
on my Estate, can ha, 'cause I ha kept him Company?

*Mrs. Braz.* He? —— Marry Sir *John*, Madam, I'll en-  
gage ye secure.

*Sharp.* Come, Madam, speak a kind Word, my Coach  
waits at the Door, let's go take the Air.

*Mrs. Braz.* And a Glafs of good Canary.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Of all Liquors indeed Zack Wine pleases  
me best. For the Air, de yee zee that's but little, it all  
zmells of Zea-Coal.

*Equi.* So, there's Hopes again.

*Peep.* Do, Madam, go.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I don't know how to deny them, they are  
fuch courteous Volk.

*Peep.* Mrs. *Braxen*, before the Marriage is over, you  
must secure me my hundred Pounds.

*Mrs. Braz.* I will, I will.

Thus by our Art are Women bought and sold,

They run the Hazard, but we share the Gold ——

S C E N E *Isabella's new House.*

*Enter Isabella in a rich Night-dress, with Toylet.*

*Toy.* WELL, my Wit will let me no farther into  
this Design; when you have brought 'em hi-  
ther, do you imagine it possible to deceive 'em any longer,  
Madam?

*Isab.*

*Isab.* If I please it is——But my Plot draws towards an End——If when I discover myself, he shou'd still retain his Love for her——I have reap'd this Advantage however by it, I shall get rid of that odious Contract, for I can prove that Sir *Charles* made violent Love to *Lucinda*, and will force him to release me; on that Pretence I'll fix the Reason of my Frolick, if *Belvil's* false, but never think of Love again.

*Toy.* I wish the Pains you have taken to get free from one, and try the Constancy of the other, does not cast a Reproach upon your Fame.

*Isab.* That I weigh'd before; the Censure of the World is guided by Prejudice, or Partiality, and not worth my Care; I depend on none, and can justify my Conduct to myself——

*Toy.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart, I fancy you'll have a Tryal of Patience, for I dare swear *Belvil* and *Lucinda* are reconcil'd again; they will find you out, Madam, in your Roguery.

*Isab.* If they be, I fancy I shall break the Peace once more, and make the Breach yet wider. Is every thing in order? have you told my Footmen what Name I wear at present?

*Toy.* Yes, Madam, and they have put on all their strange Liveries, and stare, and ask a thousand Questions, but I seal'd their Mouths with your Ladyship's Gratuity.

*Isab.* Very well, be ready to admit her, for I know she'll instantly be here, I left her upon the Teaze.

*Toy.* Bless me, Madam, she's coming.

*Isab.* Now for my Tragical Face. [*Runs and sits down on a Couch.*]

*Enter Lucinda and Betty.*

*Luc.* She appears indeed no common Beauty. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* I doubt not, Madam, your Surprize at my Desire to see you here, but when you shall know the Ties I have to that false Man, ungrateful *Belvil*, I'm sure you will forgive me.

*Luc.* Our Sex are too apt to credit the Appearances of Truth from the protesting Tyrants——I have Reasons to suspect *Belvil* base, and long to know your Story——Sure my Eyes deceive me, or she resembles much the  
Country

Country-Maid I have at Home——But 'tis impossible ;  
*Betty*, take the Coach and fetch *Dorothy* hither.

[*Aside to Betty.*

*Bet.* Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* I ask your Pardon,——Some Orders to my Maid ;  
 and now I'm all Attention.

*Isab.* Humph, I guess those Orders, but no matter.  
 [*Aside.*] Madam, I was born many Leagues from hence,  
 in *Flanders*; my Name is *Donna Clara*; 'twas my hard  
 Fate to see this Captain *Belvil*, there he conquer'd me, as  
 few I think can make Resistance to his Charms; I marry'd  
 him, gave him my Heart and Fortune, the last was I'm  
 sure too great to be despis'd.

*Luc.* Marry'd! oh the harden'd Villain !

*Isab.* Nay, and what shou'd have endear'd him more  
 to me, my Wedlock Joys were blest with a lovely Boy,  
 his perfect Image, in his Parents Time become a Orphan.

*Luc.* Oh the detested Monster ! What a Precipice have  
 I escap'd! ——Go on thou injur'd Fair, and be assur'd I  
 will assist thee.

*Isab.* He said his Business call'd him to this Country,  
 and left me with the firm Promise of his endless Faith ——  
 I writ, and writ, but still no Answer came; at length, di-  
 rected by my headstrong Love, I follow'd him; but oh  
 how cold was my Reception! He forthwith charg'd me  
 I shou'd change my Name, and as I priz'd my Life, not  
 to declare my Marriage——I obey'd in all, nay even  
 supply'd him to my own undoing; but being inquisitive to  
 find the fatal Cause of this sad Alteration, I learnt 'twas  
 you.

*Luc.* Oh how I hate myself for being the innocent  
 Author of such Wrongs.

*Isab.* 'Twas I caus'd that Disturbance in his Lodgings,  
 nor durst I shew my Face, dreading his Rage; I have no  
 Friend in *England*, and am most forlorne—— [Weeps.]

*Luc.* Methinks there's Sympathy in Woes like these  
 which melt me into Pity——Which Way can I retrieve  
 me in your lost Opinion, or how redress your anxious  
 Sorrows ?

*Isab.* He sent me Word he'd instantly be here; tell him  
 the Ills he has committed, but reproach him gently.

*Luc.* Be sure I'll tell him.

*Ifab.* And doubtless he'll deny it with Imprecations, but I'll be near to second you.

'The Devil's in him now if he don't long to see the Woman has made all these Stories on him—— [*Aside.*

*Enter* Toylet.

*Toy.* Madam, my Master—— [*Exit.*

*Luc.* The perfidious Traytor shoeks me.

*Ifab.* A Trembling seizes me all o'er, permit me to retire till you have taxt him. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Do, and compose yourself.

*Enter a Footman shewing* Belvil *in.*

*Bel.* Well, where's this loving Lady of yours?

*Luc.* Ay, too loving for you, base Man.

*Bel.* Ha, *Lucinda*—— trapt again—— now sparkling Champaign assist me—— Why this is kindly done—— and yet faith 'tis not fair neither, why did not you send your own Name? I did but gallop now, I shou'd have flown then.

*Luc.* Oh unparallel'd Confidence, how cam'st thou by that honest looking Form? hast thou not a cloven Foot?

*Bel.* Humph ha! egad I think not. [*Looking on his Feet.*

*Luc.* Stand off thou vile Contagion, bear to thy injur'd Wife thy boasted Passion.

*Bel.* Wife!

*Luc.* She well deserves whatever thou canst pay.

*Bel.* The Devil she does.

*Luc.* Nor can thy future Life atone the Wrongs thou hast done her.

*Bel.* Done her! who a Pox is she?—Wife!—Death, what do you mean, Madam?

*Ifab.* [*Peeping.*] Ay he may well ask that Question.

*Luc.* Oh Assurance! You don't know *Donna Clara*, whom you espous'd in *Flanders*?

*Bel.* *Donna Clara!* *Donna Fury*, Madam, this is too much.

*Luc.* Too much indeed thou steel'd Impostor; could'st thou abandon so much Beauty in her blooming Pride, even when Nature to augment thy Joys had blest thee with a Son.

*Bel.* Death, Madam, you make me mad; a Son! it may be



be so, tho' hang me if I know any thing of the Matter.

*Luc.* Nor you don't know that you're in her House I suppose neither.

*Bel.* Not I faith——I don't know whose House it is, nor do I care three Farthings; go on with your Banter—  
*Donna Clara!*——A Son! Wife! and the Devil!

*Luc.* Come forth, Madam, and confront the Traytor. Now, Sir, do you start?

*Enter Isabella.*

*Bel.* Ha! who's this——What does she intend?

*Isab.* [*Kneels*] Forgive me, Sir, that I have reveal'd the Secret! but my impatient Love no longer cou'd endure a Rival.

*Bel.* Secret, what does she mean? Egad she's very handsome; pray, Madam, who are you, *Donna Clara*, or the Lady *Elizabeth Lovemore*?

*Isab.* Oh wretched! am I then forgotten?

*Bel.* Sink me if I remember you.

*Luc.* Oh that my Uncle now were here, that I at once might blast his Hopes, and banish him our House for ever——Rise, Madam, he is not worth your tender Care——Does not thy Soul reflect upon thy Actions, and shew thy Guilt as black as Hell?

*Bel.* Damnation! Madam, what design ye by these Pre-  
tences? [*Walks about in a Passion.*]

*Luc.* What did you design, base Man, in your Addresses to me?

*Isab.* 'Twas your Beauty, Madam, made him false; oh do not chide him, cruel as he is I love him still.

*Bel.* 'Gad I'll have some Revenge for her Plot. [*Aside.* Do'st thou so my dear pretty Creature; well, thy Virtue has overcome me; here, where are my [*Hugging her.*] Servants? let the Bed be made this Minute, I'm impatient till I have thee in my Arms, Madam; you'll fling the Stocking? I'll fancy it is again my Wedding Night, and my beauteous Wife not yet enjoy'd.

[*Kissing and embracing her all the while.*]

*Luc.* Oh! you know her now, Sir.

*Isab.* Heavens! what shall I do now, what have I drawn upon myself here?

*Bel.* And how does my charming Boy, is he with you?

*Isab.* Sir, I, I, I.

*Luc.* Ha, she stammers and blushes.

*Bel.* By all my Joys thou art more charming than when I first embrac'd thee, thy Breath is Jessamine, thy Bosom sweeter than Beds of Roses. [*Embracing her.*]

*Isab.* For Honour's sake stand off, hear me and I'll confess the Truth.

*Luc.* Ha!

*Enter Betty.*

*Bet.* Oh Madam! *Dorothy's* gone, the Servants tell me she call'd for a Coach in another Air, and away she flung like Lightning——

*Luc.* More Riddles.

*Bet.* But here's your Uncle and Sir *Charles.*

*Enter Sir Thomas, and Sir Charles.*

*Isab.* Ha! Sir *Charles!* I shall be expos'd—— but must resolve to bear it out. [*Turns away.*]

*Luc.* Oh Uncle, I am glad you are come to prove the Baseness of your Favourite.

*Sir Tho.* How, how, my Boy base?

*Luc.* He's marry'd, yet impudently deny'd it to her Face; she follow'd him from *Flanders*; there she stands, and I believe you'll think she merited kinder Usage.

*Sir Cha.* Then, Madam, he is not quite so culpable as you imagin'd, he had Reason for his Oath.

*Sir Tho.* And hast thou shot the Gulf of Matrimony my Lad, ha?

*Bel.* So it seems, Sir *Thomas.*

*Sir Tho.* Why let me see thy Wife then——What, do ye turn your Back? You need not be ashamed of my Boy, my Hero, Madam

*Sir Cha.* How, *Isabella!* [*Turns her about.*]

*Isab.* Yes, *Isabella*, I hope you have no Pretensions to *Isabella?*

*Bel.* Pshaw, you mistake Man, this is *Donna Clara.*

*Sir Tho.* Who the Devil's *Isabella?*

*Luc.* I'm surpriz'd; pray explain this to me, for only I am in the Dark.

*Sir Tho.* Why, did not you say it was his Wife?

*Luc.* I thought so——

*Isab.*

*Isab.* He does not or he will not know me—[*Aside.*] I own I have gone beyond my Sex and Quality, but it was to purchase Liberty, and break a forc'd Contract with that perfidious Man who paid his Vows to you.

*Sir Cha.* I shou'd not have put you to this Trouble, Madam, if you had let me known your Mind sooner.

*Luc.* What, am I then a Property, am I a Person fit to be abus'd?

*Sir Tho.* Why then thou art not marry'd, Man—Have Patience, Niece.

*Luc.* I can have none, and will renounce Mankind.

*Sir Tho.* Faith and troth but thou shalt not.

*Bel.* What Devil has possess't thee with such Indifference for a Woman so charming, *Sir Charles?* had not *Lucinda* engross'd my Heart, I cou'd adore this Beauty, and make my only Request to be what but now she call'd me, Husband.

*Isab.* Some kind Angel inform him who I am, and save my Blushes. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Cha.* She never thought me worth her Conquest.

*Isab.* Nor ever will \_\_\_\_\_

*Sir Tho.* Short and pithy \_\_\_\_\_

*Bel.* Now, Madam, I hope my Innocence is clear'd.

*Luc.* I am convinc'd \_\_\_\_\_ I suppose, Madam, you were my Farmer's Daughter too \_\_\_\_\_

*Enter Toylet.*

*Isab.* I was indeed, Madam, at your Service—*Toylet*, and this was the Lady in your Lodgings; when we were there, I keep my Word with you, Sir, you see I confes all.

*Bel.* Now, Madam, since your Uneasiness has discover'd your Love, pray let the Parson make an End of our Platonicks.

*Isab.* What do I hear? [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* I see a real Passion cannot be disguis'd \_\_\_\_\_

*Sir Tho.* Hold, hold, I forbid the Banns.

*Isab.* Blest Sound. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* What! do you know of another Marriage, *Sir Thomas*, ha?

*Sir Tho.* No, but I know that which you don't know, Boy—Why I'll hold you fifty Pound you don't know your own Name \_\_\_\_\_

*Bel.* No? that's very hard indeed.

*Sir Tho.* As hard as it is, 'tis true ———— What's your Name now?

*Bel.* *James Belwit*; I never had any other Name that I know of.

*Sir Tho.* Why look ye there now, did not I tell you you did not know your Name; then there's the Writings again, you young Dog you, which entitles you to two Thousand a Year, and *James Beaumont*, ha, ha!

*Luc.* How's this, my Name?

*Sir Tho.* Ay as sure as he's thy own Brother, Girl.

*Luc.* My Brother!

*Bel.* My Siiter!

*Luc.* What, is this he I have so often heard you lament? Why did you conceal it from me thus long?

*Isab.* Her Brother! oh lucky Turn! [*Aside.*

*Sir Tho.* Because I was resolv'd he shou'd get the Writings of his Estate before he was known, that he might not be plagu'd with Law as I have been.

*Sir Cha.* Then *Lucinda's* free. Oh Transport ———— Dear *Sir Thomas* unfold.

*Sir Tho.* Thus then; my Brother was a Merchant, a thriving Man, there were not so many Privateers abroad in his Time, nor the *French* so powerful.

*Bel.* Very well, go on *Sir Thomas*, — I shall have a Father at last ————

*Sir Tho.* This Daughter upon his Death-Bed he bequeath'd to me; you, his Son, he did not think fit to trust in my Hands, being wheedled by that old Rogue *Roger Dowdy* his Steward, who insinuated that I being next Heir, was not proper for your Guardian, so prevail'd with my Brother to let him have you, and with you the Writings, Care and Management of the Estate ————

*Sir Cha.* Happy Story.

*Bel.* Then you are my Uncle, Sir ————

*Sir Tho.* Certainly, Boy.

*Luc.* But how are you sure this is my Brother, Sir?

*Sir Tho.* If you'll give me Leave, dear Madam, you shall hear. [*Slyly.*] Your Father left Effects in *Spain*, whither *Dowdy* went to adjust 'em, and with him took this proper Fellow then an Infant; at his Return pretended he was dead, and produc'd a forg'd Will, wherein he was left my Brother's

Brother's Heir in Case of your Death; but I had private Intelligence from *Spain*, that he had boarded you there, and changed your Name to *Belvil*—— I have ever since been in Law with him till he dy'd: I got him into *Chancery*, which we call the Court of Equity, but 'tis the Court of the Devil, for the old Rascal brib'd the Lawyers so high, that I have hung there these twenty Years.

*Isab.* Oh how my Heart leaps at this Relation. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Tho.* I sent for you several times, but the Distance of Place, and the Man that had the Care of you being a Soldier, you was still remov'd; at last I lost Intelligence of you in the *Spanish Netherlands*, till that lucky Night that brought you to our House, and being weary of Law, I put you upon that Stratagem to get the Writings.

*Bel.* It agrees with every Circumstance of my Life; thus let me pay you a Son's Duty for your Care; [*Kneels.*] and now Sister, let me embrace you with a Brother's Love.

*Luc.* And all my Passion shall be turn'd to a Sister's Fondness—— Whilst what I as a Lover lik'd, I recommend to fair *Isabella*.

*Bel.* *Isabella!* oh that Name rouzes a Thought within my Breast, which I cou'd wish for ever lost, since the Cause is never to be found.

*Isab.* You do not wish to find it, I presume; our Inclinations may possibly alter with the Air, we do not breathe the same in *London* which we did in *Paris*.

*Bel.* Ha!

*Isab.* You have learnt from the *Beau-mond*, that the Conversation of a Drawing-Room is beyond that of a Grate.

*Bel.* By Heaven 'tis she, my *Isabella*, [*Runs and embraces her*] for whom I've searcht, and sigh'd so long; now I am blest indeed.

*Sir Tho.* What, another Turn?

*Luc.* Pray unriddle this, Brother.

*Bel.* You shall know it all at large within; let this suffice at present, this Lady is my Wife by Promise, five Years ago in *France* we plighted Faiths, and nothing now shall part us.

*Isab.* You must own I have deserv'd you.

*Sir Cha.* With this Embrace take my Consent, [*Embrace*] so thou'lt advance my Interest here.

*Bel.* With all my Soul.

*Sir Tho.* And mine, with all my Spirit.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* Oh, Sir, Mrs. *Dowdy*, and a whole Coach full of Folks; she has been hunting you all the Town over she said, and seeing me at the Door knew you were here, Sir.

*Bel.* Will you give me Leave, Madam, to bring 'em into your House? [*To Isabella.*

*Isab.* With all my Heart, my Time's short in this House, I only hir'd it for this Purpose.

*Toy.* Oh *Robin!* your Master is found Heir to two thousand a Year.

*Rob.* Say'st thou so? then you and I must talk more of the Business; we shall live rarely, Girl, for he's generous as a Prince.

*Bel.* Go, bring 'em up.

[*Exit Robin.*

*Re-enters with Mrs. Dowdy, Sharper, Brazen, Equipage, and Peeper.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Oh Captain! have I vound you? Z'd'slid give me my Writings you stole from me, you cheating Knave you, or I'll zet Sir *John* upon your Back.

*Isab.* I am afraid, my dear Country Cousin, the right Owner has got 'em into his Hands, and won't easily return 'em.

*Pel.* Sir *John*—Ha, ha, ha! how long has he been a Knight? Why this is *Sharper*, a Fellow not worth two Pence; if thou art married to him, Widow, much good may do thee.

*Sir Cha.* The very honourable Gentleman I met this Morning.

*Sharpe.* Pox on her for bringing me here, wou'd I were well out again. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, well, an he be no Knight, I don't care, de ye zee, he is my Husband, and for all you have chouc'd me out of two thousand Pounds a Year, I have enough to maintain him, and make him a Gentleman too, mun.

*Sir Tho.* Hark ye, hark ye, take me along with you—Chouc'd you, did you say? Have a Care, don't you remember a Child nam'd *James Beaumont*, your Husband carried into *Spain*, ha?

*Mrs. Dowdy.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Od, and it troubled his Conscience mainly zo it did——But what of him?

*Bel.* Nothing, only I am that Child it seems, and have made bold to secure my Estate, and henceforth will manage it myself.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zay you zo! nay then 'tis best to be quiet.

*Luc.* I find, Mistress, your Husband was a great Knave——

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zo may your Husband vor ought I know vorfooth——I can't zay much for his Honesty truly, but I'm zhour I was a good Gentlewomen born, as Cozen *Isbell* here can testify.

*Isab.* Don't call me for a Witness; for my Part I was told I was related to you, but our Acquaintance began in London.

*Sharp.* How, two thousand Pounds a Year lopt off! wou'd I were unmarried again.

*Sir Cha.* There's too much for you Rascal yet——

*Sir Tho.* Come, *Jemmy*, you shall go in, and sign Releases this joyful Day, aud forgive her all that's past.

*Bel.* With all my Heart.

*Mrs. Braz.* But hark ye, hark ye, Sir, [*To Sharper.*] how must I have my thousand Pounds?

*Sharp.* When you can secure the Estate you promis'd me, you unconscionable Jade: Your Judgment, Gentlemen? do's she deserve a thousand Pounds for making the Match between us?

*Sir Tho.* I'm afraid she rather deserves to have her Bones broke.

*Sir Cha.* Not a Groat, when the Marriage is over your Business is done.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A thousand Pounds! oh you graceless Puss——Ad's Life, I gin her a hundred zo I did; let me come at her, I'll pull her Nose off——

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Luc.* This is good Diversion.

*Mrs. Braz.* A hundred Pounds! I shou'd have a rare Trade on't, if every old Woman was as sneaking as you in the Matches I have made lately.

*Equi.* Don't let your Clack walk here, *Dol Do mischief*; out, out——[*Turns her out.*] I shall get my Wages. [*Aside.*]

*Peep.* 'Tis best for me to hold my Tongue, lest I be serv'd the same Sauce.

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Come, Spouse, let's down in the Country  
'fore George, I ha paid woundy dear for learning *London*  
*Vashons.* [Noise of Fiddles without.

*Sir Tho.* Ha, the Fidlers smell a Wedding, let's have a  
Country Dance.

## A D A N C E.

*Bel.* Thus for our Good, kind Providence provides,  
Unseen by us through every Labyrinth guides :  
'Twas that which kept me from a Sister's Arms,  
And gave me back to *Isabella's* Charms.







T H E

Perplex'd LOVERS :

A

C O M E D Y.

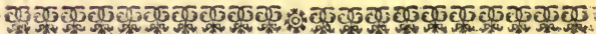
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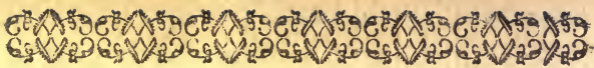
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L in

*D R U R Y - L A N E,*

B. Y

Her M A J E S T Y's Servants.





# P R E F A C E.

**I** AM oblig'd to trouble my Reader with a Preface, that he may not be carried away with false Notions, to the Prejudice of this Play, which had the ill Fate to introduce a new Custom, viz. in being acted the first Day without an Epilogue: It seems the Epilogue design'd wou'd not pass; therefore the Managers of the Theatre did not think it safe to speak it, without I cou'd get it licens'd, which I cou'd not do that Night, with all the Interest I cou'd make: So that at last the Play was forc'd to conclude without an Epilogue. Mr. Norris, who is an excellent Comedian in his Way, was desired to speak six Lines-Extempore, to intreat the Audience to excuse the Defect, and promised them an Epilogue the next Night; but they apprehending that it was the Epilogue design'd for the Play, were pleas'd to shew their Resentment. It is plain the want of the Epilogue caus'd the Hiss, because there had not been any thing like it during the whole Action; but on the contrary a general Clap attended the Conclusion of the Play. The next Day I had the Honour to have th Epilogue licens'd by the Vice-Chamberlain, but by this Time there was a Rumour spread about Town, that it was a notorious Whiggish Epilogue; and the Person who design'd me the Favour of speaking it, had Letters sent her to forbear, for that there were Parties forming against it, and they advis'd her not to stand the Shock; here was a second Blow greater than the first: The sinking of my Play cut me not half so deep as the Notion I had, that there cou'd be People of this Nation so ungrateful as not to allow a single Compliment to a Man that has done such Wonders for it. I am not prompted by any private sinister End, having never been oblig'd to the Duke of Marlborough, otherwise than as I shar'd in common with my Country; as I am an English Woman, I think myself oblig'd to acknowledge my Obligation to his Grace for the many glorious Conquests he has attained, and the many Hazards he has run, to establish us a Nation free from the Insults of a Foreign Power. I know not what  
they

## The P R E F A C E.

they call Whigs, or how they distinguish between them and Tories: But if the Desire to see my Country secur'd from the Romish Yoke, and flourish by a firm, lasting, honourable Peace, to the Glory of the best of Queens, who deservedly holds the Ballance of all Europe, be a Whig, then I am one, else not. I have printed the Epilogue, that the World may judge whether 'tis such as has been represented. So much for that. Now I must acquaint my Reader, that I shall not pretend to vindicate the following Scenes, about which I took very little Pains, most of the Plot being from a Spanish Play, and assuring myself Success from Mr. Cibber's Approbation, whose Opinion was, that the Business wou'd support the Play; tho' Mr. Wilks seem'd to doubt it, and said, there was a great deal of Business, but not laughing Business; tho' indeed I cou'd not have dress'd this Plot with much more Humour, there being four Acts in the Dark, which tho' a Spanish Audience may readily conceive, the Night being their proper Time of intriguing; yet here, where Liberty makes Noon-day as easy, it perplexes the Thought of an Audience too much; therefore I shall take Care to avoid such Absurdities for the future; and if I live I will endeavour to make my Friends amends in the next.

To his Illustrious Highness  
Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

ONE Night with various Thoughts I musing lay,  
Reflecting on the Business of the Day ;  
At length these Words got Passage from my Breast,  
And thus the Sadness of my Soul express'd :  
Oh ! when will *Faction* leave my Native Shore,  
And *Britons* labour to be *Slaves* no more ?  
When shall true Merit meet with due Regard,  
And *Friends* to *France*, be *England's Foes* declar'd ?  
That once perform'd, my Nation wou'd have Peace,  
And all our Troubles and Distractions cease.  
While thus I argu'd, Sleep did gently steal,  
And in soft Slumbers all my Senses seal.

Straight I on *Albion's* chalky Cliffs was laid,  
From whence I *Neptune's* spacious *Realms* survey'd ;  
When lo ! a *Dolphin* hasted to the Shore,  
His Back a *Triton* of Distinction bore,  
Who chose for his Support a *Mountain Wave*,  
And from a Coral *Trump*, he three loud Signals gave.  
Alarm'd *Britannia* came the Cause to learn,  
From whence the *Courier*, and of what Concern :  
To whom the *Triton* bow'd his Head, to show  
How much all Nations to *Britannia* owe.  
Then straight prepar'd his *Embassy* to tell,  
While joyous Waves with Expectation swell.

From *Neptune*, Lord of all the wealthy *Main*,  
I come, great *Eugene's* Entry to proclaim :  
His out-stretch'd Sails the Winds with Pleasure fill,  
And ev'ry saucy Storm's commanded to be still.  
The *Nereids* all around his Vessel play,  
While Shoals of *Tritons* guard his liquid Way.  
Advance, *Britannia*, to receive this Chief ;  
The *Tyrant's* Scourge, and the Opprest's Relief :  
A nobler Weight thy Seas cou'd never boast,  
Since they the great, the Glorious *William* lost :  
Such dauntless Courage, such a Free-born Mind  
Alone are fit to succour Human-kind.

To Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

Thus spoke the *Triton* from his tow'ring Wave,  
And this Command the pleas'd *Britannia* gave :  
To great *Augusta* quick let *Fame* repair,  
And speak the Loud *Eugene's* Arrival there.

On *Thames'* fair Banks I quick as Thought was thrown,  
Where *Fam'd Augusta's* stately Piles are shown :  
Here I beheld a lovely Silvan Scene,  
Nature renew'd, and ev'ry Bough was green :  
Here tuneful Birds their choicest Notes prepare,  
And Aromatick Scents fill'd all the ambient Air ;  
When a bright *Form* expanded on the Wing,  
Did to my Sense Surprize and Wonder bring.  
Her Golden Tresses by the Wind were borne,  
And num'rous Eyes did every Part adorn :  
A Scarlet Robe she had, all spangled o'er,  
A 'broider'd *Cestus* round her Waist she wore,  
And in her Hand a Golden *Trumpet* bore :  
She litt, methought, yet seem'd to grow so high,  
Her Head aspir'd to reach the distant Sky.  
Straight with her Breath she blew a gladsome Sound,  
And Echo joyfully the Notes rebound.

*Augusta* heard, and rais'd her awful Head,  
While *Thamesis* forfook his owzy Bed :  
To welcome *Fame* they both appear'd in View,  
And from her Looks propitious Omens drew.  
Smiling *she* stood, and with a chearful Voice  
Cry'd, Hail old *Thame*, *Augusta* now rejoice,  
Great *Eugene* comes, your Banners straight display,  
From every *Turret* solemnize this Day.  
To Minds like *his*—you all your Safeties owe,  
From Souls enlarg'd your choicest Blessings flow.

*Eugene* and *Marlbrô*, Names to *Europe* dear,  
True *Heroes* born, and Brothers of the War,  
'Their innate Worth immortal Life shall give,  
And make their Fame in spight of Envy, live,  
And even the sharp, and Iron Teeth of Time  
(That must destroy these *Lofty Piles* of thine)  
Shall make their Actions much the brighter show,  
For those Immortal as their Souls shall grow.

Haste, *Britons*, haste, your choicest Youth prepare  
To meet and entertain this *God of War* ;

From

To Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

From *him*, and *Marlbró*, let your Soldiers take  
Such bright Examples as true *Heroes* make :  
Be brave like *them*, like *them* discharge their Trust,  
To *ANNE* be loyal, to their Country just ;  
So shall their *Acts* strike Envy's Censure dumb,  
And thus *Britannia* rival ancient *Rome*.

So spoke the *Goddeſs*, and withdrew from Sight,  
Hiding her fluid *Form* in Folds of Light.

*Auguſta* haſted to diſplay her Pride,  
And *Thame* his Joys expreſs'd with double Tide.

Now was each Street with Expectation fill'd,  
When I a Train of *Britons* Pride beheld ;  
For *Fancy* here again had chang'd the Scene,  
And *ANNA*'s Court appear'd, to welcome great *Eugene*.

Foremoſt in *Worth* did graceful *Marlbró* ſtand,  
Whoſe wondrous *Conduct* fav'd the *Britiſh* Land,  
And *Europe*'s *Ballance* fix'd in *ANNA*'s Hand.  
Spight of his *Foes*, he's ſtill to *Eugene* dear,  
Who knows his Soul, knows every *Virtue* there,  
Knows *Loyalty* and *Courage* fill his *Breaſt*,  
And ſees his *Mind*, with *Truth*, and *Prudence* dreſt.

Again his *Fame* ſhall glitter like a *Star*,  
When *England*'s *Foes* like *Meteors* diſappear ;  
But now behold the lovely *Eugene* here.

And with him comes the *Genius* of our *Iſle*,  
Methinks I ſee her on the *Heroes* ſmile,  
And hear her ſay, Go on *Brave Pair*, ſubdue  
The *Tyrant* only can be cruſh'd by *you*.

Then *Savoy*'s *Hero* ſingly thus addreſt,  
*Hail* valiant *Prince*, far more than *Monarch* bleſt ;  
He wants no *Crown*, who reigns in every *Breaſt*.

*Thy Preſence* here my drooping *Nation* warms,  
While *Belgia* owes her *Being* to thy *Arms*.  
The barbarous *Turk* thy conqu'ring *Name* reveres,  
And more thy *Sword*, than *Mabomet*'s *Curſe*, he fears.  
By *thee*, his choſen *Troops* were put to *Flight*,  
Or cut to *Pieces* in their *Sultan*'s *Sight*.

By *thee*, was *Savoy*'s *Duke* retriev'd from *Fate*,  
His *Foes* by *thee* were *beat*, by *thee* he holds his *State*.

*Hail*, matchleſs *Youth* of the *Soiſſonian* *Line*,  
Whoſe *Actions* bright, as *Roman* *Conſuls* ſhine :

Not more, the *Macedonian* *Chief* renown'd,  
Nor *he*, who through the *Alps* a *Paſſage* found.

## To Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

The *Gallick Tyrant* dreads *thy* vengeful Hand,  
And sees his ill-got *Trophies* tott'ring stand ;  
Tho' freed from *Marlbrô*, still his *Fears* remain,  
Still *Anjou* trembles on the *Throne* of *Spain* ;  
And if I ought foresee, the *Bourbon Race*  
Shall (*forc'd by thee*) to *Austria's House* give place.  
Thus *Britain's Genius* — while the list'ning *Crowd*  
Express their Joys in Acclamations loud :  
Shook with the *Sound*, Sleep loosen'd all his *Ties*,  
And left me waking in a pleas'd *Surprize*.

---

## P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. *BOOTH*.

*T*O entertain this bustling busy Age,  
Our Author now brings *Business* on the Stage ;  
She plots, contrives, embroils, foment's *Confusion*,  
And yet to *Politicks* makes not the least *Allusion*.  
*Business* is now the *A-la-mode Pretence*,  
All wou'd be Men of *Business*, and of *Sense*.  
The faithless *Rover*, when with *Cælia* cloy'd ;  
Still swears, that *Business* has his *Time* employ'd :  
But when she sees him for another leave her,  
Too late she finds her *Business* done for ever.  
The *Cit* for *Business* early leaves his *Bed*,  
And *Spouse*, with other *Business* in her *Head* !  
She rises early too by his *Example*,  
Pretends some *Law Case* with spruce *Colonel Dimple*,  
And gets her *Deary's Business* done — i'th' *Temple*.  
The *Side-box Spark*, — his only *Business* lies  
To read his *Fair-one's Passion* in her *Eyes*.  
The *Ladies* act their own, not mind our *Parts*,  
Their *Business* is, in looking out for *Hearts*.  
The sweet-condition'd *Females* of the *Pit*  
Come not to us in quest of *Mirth* or *Wit* ;  
Nor care they what becomes of a poor *Play* :  
You know their *Business* lies another *Way*.  
To cut my *Business* short then — I'm to pray,  
While here, you'd have no *Business* but the *Play*.  
If in *Attention* your *Applause* is shown,  
You'll do our *Author's Business*, and your own.

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Norris in Mourning.

**O**H Woe is me, oh, oh, oh, what shall I say?  
They charge me here, with sinking of the Play.  
To you I appeal, and pray do me right,  
Cou'd I, Sirs, help your hissing t'other Night?  
I; but said the Poet, I thought your Face  
Might from the upper Gallery find more Grace;  
Since all below cou'd not think it my Fault,  
For all know here, an Epilogue was wrote;  
Nay and sent to be Licenc'd too, what then  
It wou'd not pass, so was return'd again.  
Cou'd you no Credit to poor Scrub afford,  
Or cou'd you doubt your Brother Dickie's Word?  
I said you shou'd have an Epilogue to-day,  
And don't you mind what Men of Honour say?  
Nay, laugh not, Brethren, for our Author's Friends  
On all the Murderers Revenge intends.  
Since she poor Soul is dead, you caus'd her Fall,  
Like Julius Cæsar in the Capitol.  
By two-and-thirty Hisses from that Side,  
Stung to the Heart, the pretty Creature dy'd.  
Good-natur'd Soul! yet midst these dreadful Scars  
She made her Will, and left you all her Heirs.  
First to the Ladies, she bequeaths her Spouse;  
To th' Beaux, some Copies of soft Billet-doux:  
She knew that few of them, alas! love thinking,  
Their chiefest Talent lies in Dress and Winking.  
To th' pliant Girls, and Gamesters of the Pit,  
If they cou'd find it out — she leaves her Wit.  
To all the Soldiers, when the Wars shall cease,  
She leaves her Pen, to purchase Bread in Peace.  
Her Plots, Contrivances, and Stratagems,  
She leaves t' intriguing Wives of Citizens.  
Dramatick Rules, and Scraps of Poetry,  
She leaves those — ay, ay, those she leaves to me.  
Look to't young Men, for I intend to write,  
Egad I'll swinge you off out of pure Spight;  
Therefore be civil you had best to-night.

}  
And



# EPILOGUE.

*And now, Sirs, to conclude our Author's Will,  
She humbly prays, here in the Codicil,  
You wou'd the Undertakers Charge defray,  
By filling up the House upon her Day.*

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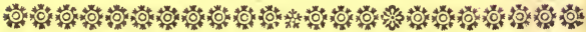
*The EPILOGUE, design'd to have been  
spoke the first Night by Mrs. Oldfield.*

*I***N** these good Times when War is like to cease,  
And Europe soon expects a gen'ral Peace;  
Ye Beaux, Half-Wits, and Criticks, all may know  
I from Apollo come a Plenipo;  
Who well inclin'd to treat, by me thinks fit  
To send Proposals from the State of Wit;  
Against such strong Confederates engag'd,  
An unsuccessful War he long has wag'd;  
And now declares, if you will all submit  
To pay the Charges of his Box and Pit,  
He will no more Hostilities commit.  
In all their Works his Poets shall take Care  
Never to represent you, as you are.  
But on the Critick, Judgment shall bestow,  
Sense on the Witling, Beauty on the Beau.  
This for the Men: next he assures the Fair,  
He grieves that ever he with them made War;  
Or ever in his Plays attack'd their Fame,  
Or any thing disclos'd unfit to name;  
Or Characters of faithless Women drew,  
And shew'd feign'd Beauties, so unlike the true.  
But in all future Scenes the Sex shall see  
Themselves as charming as they wish to be;  
For them he will ordain new Comick Rules,  
And never more will make them doat on Fools:  
And when he rises to the Tragick Strain,  
None but true Heroes shall their Favours gain;  
Such as that Stranger who has grac'd our Land,  
Of equal Fame for Council and Command.

*A Prince*

# E P I L O G U E.

*A Prince, whose Wisdom, Valour, and Success,  
The gazing World with Acclamations blefs;  
By no great Captain in past Times outdone,  
And in the present equal'd but by ONE.  
These fair Conditions will, I hope, compose  
All Wars between the Poets and their Foes.  
Come sign the Peace, and let this happy Age  
Produce a League in favour of the Stage:  
But should this fail, at least our Author prays  
A Truce may be concluded for six Days.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

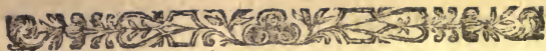
Lord Richlove, in Love with <i>Constantia</i> ,	Mr. Mills.
Sir Roger Merryman, Father to <i>Constantia</i> and <i>Belvil</i> ,	} Mr. Leigh.
Colonel <i>Bastion</i> , in Love with <i>Constantia</i> ,	
Colonel Merryman, Father to <i>Camilla</i> ,	Mr. Bullock, Sen.
<i>Belvil</i> , in Love with <i>Camilla</i> ,	Mr. Booth.
<i>Timothy</i> , Servant to Colonel <i>Bastion</i> ,	Mr. Pack.
<i>Le Font</i> , a French Valet de Chambre to the Lord <i>Richlove</i> ,	} Mr. Bowem.

### W O M E N.

<i>Constantia</i> , in Love with Colonel <i>Bastion</i> ,	Mrs. Santlow.
<i>Camilla</i> , in Love with <i>Belvil</i> ,	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Florella</i> , Maid to <i>Constantia</i> ,	Mrs. Saunders.

## The SCENE, LONDON.

*The Time from Five in the Evening'till Eight in the Morning.*



T H E

# Perplex'd Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

*Enter Colonel Bastion and Timothy.*

*Bast.* **W**H Y you hungry Dog, is nothing to be minded but your Guts, Sirrah?

*Tim.* Why is it reasonable now, Colonel, that nothing shou'd be minded but your Love Affairs till I am starv'd? in short, Sir, I am no Soldier; if your Method and mine won't agree, why e'en let us part fairly.

*Bast.* Why what have you to complain of, Sirrah?

*Tim.* Oh! a Multitude of things; since you have been honourably in Love, you are no more like the Man you were, than a Squib is like a Cannon; sometimes you walk so softly that my Feet freeze in my Shoes; then by and by so fast that a Highlander can't keep Pace with you—and I scarce get a good Meal in a Week; I must fast, because Love has taken away your Stomach; and the Devil a Bottle can I tick, because he has forsworn the Tavern. [*Aside.*] Besides, Sir, you load me with so many Secrets that I shall burst, or get my Bones broke one time or other; therefore, good Sir, discharge me.

*Bast.* Very sad Grievances indeed—So you are resolv'd to part with me then?

*Tim.* Yes really, Sir, without some Amendments on your Side.

*Bast.* Come, what wou'd you have? let's hear.

*Tim.* Why, Sir, in the first Place I wou'd have my Wages; there's a great deal due, Colonel.

*Bast.* How long have you serv'd me?

*Tim.*

*Tim.* [*looks on his Book.*] Let me see, I have serv'd you— I have serv'd you just five Years, four Months, one Week, three Days, two Hours, one Minute, and two Seconds, Sir,

*Bast.* You are very particular.

*Tim.* I love punctual Dealings, Sir: Now my Wages comes to at six Pounds *per Annum*, thirty-two Pounds the five Years four Months, the odd Week two shillings six Pence, the two Hours one Half-penny——as for the half Hour, one Minute, and two Seconds, I'll generously throw them into the Bargain. I scorn to treat a Gentleman dirtily.

*Bast.* You are wonderfully obliging.

*Tim.* Now, Sir, out of these thirty-two Pounds three Shillings and nine Pence Half-penny, I have receiv'd at several Times, the full Sum of——nothing at all; so that there still remains due to me the aforesaid Sum, Colonel.

*Bast.* Very well, Sir, you shall be paid——These are the Extent of your Demands?

*Tim.* Nay hold there! these are but Part of them, Sir.

*Bast.* Be brief then; what more?

*Tim.* Why, Sir, there is Board-wages for those Days I eat nothing——my Pocket has no Reason to enter into Alliance with my Stomach.

*Bast.* Oh! these things shall be rectified. Come, you shan't leave me.

*Tim.* Say you so, Sir? Why then you shall promise me three Meals a Day, and to intrust me with no Secret I may not tell the whole Town; for I lie so much upon your Account, Sir, that I'm shrewdly afraid I shall never die in my Bed.

*Bast.* Can you fall more honourably, Sirrah, than in defence of your Master's Secrets?

*Tim.* Faith, Sir, I desire to shake Hands with that kind of Honour; I heartily wish this honourable Fit of Love may give you an Aversion for the Sex; and then 'twou'd be some Comfort to live with you.

*Bast.* That it has already: I believe I have done with Womankind.

*Tim.* How's that, Sir? Done with Womankind? Ods my Life, you are not struck with Death, are you? Or are you married? No, no, that can't be; for then you'd have an Inclination for every Woman but your own Wife.

*Bast.*

*Bast.* Yes, I am married to the Wars, and intend for *Flanders* to-morrow.

*Tim.* Nay then, Sir, I am your most humble Servant. For *Flanders* quotha! that's out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire: I have had enough of *Flanders*, I thank you.

*Bast.* There your Head won't be burthen'd with Secrets.

*Tim.* No, nor my Body burthen'd with my Head neither perhaps ——— I am afraid you and I must part at last, Colonel; for *Flanders* does not agree with my Constitution; the very Air of a Cannon Ball turns all my Blood in a Moment. But pray, Sir, with Submission, may I not know the Reason of this sudden Resolution? Is there no Hopes of Madam *Constantia* then?

*Bast.* I fear not ——— I have a powerful Rival, *Tim*; my Lord *Richlowe*, her Servant assures me, has made her several Visits, encourag'd by her Father; then what may I not apprehend? he's a Lord, and she's a Woman; Grandeur and Titles charm the Sex beyond the Power of Constancy and Love; her concealing it from me, confirms she likes him. I'll visit her instantly and take my Leave; I shall judge by her Deportment if my Absence wou'd oblige her.

*Tim.* Nay, if he sees her there are some Hopes of our staying in *England* yet ——— but Madam *Camilla* is still your Friend.

*Bast.* I think so, and the Door which opens out of her House into *Constantia's* Apartment undiscover'd, the only way by which I see her. Go you to *Camilla's*, and with my humble Service let her know I intend to wait on her immediately; and humbly intreat *Constantia* may be there.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir. [Exit.

*Bast.* How unequal are the Lots of Fate, and what innumerable Blessings wait on large Possessions? I have nothing but a faithful Heart to ballance his Estate and Title, no Gold to give in Dowry with my Love, no Coach and Six to prounce it in the Ring, no Diamond Bait to glitter in the Box, no thousand Pounds to hazard on a Card; this Sword is all my Fortune, and Love the only Jointure I can make.

Re-enter Timothy.

*Tim.* Sir, Mrs. *Camilla* says, she'll inform her Cousin *Constantia* this Minute.

*Bast.* 'Tis well——  
Now I the Crisis of my Fate shall try,  
This Hour throws the Chance that bids me Live or Die.

[*Exit.*

*Tim.* Oh Life, Life, sweet Heav'n give us Life, say I.  
[*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to Camilla's Apartment.*

*Enter Camilla and Constantia.*

*Cam.* Come, Cousin, prithee be chearful, don't let my Uncle's Proposal make you splenetic, we shall counterplot 'em all, I warrant thee Girl——The Colonel's Sword is as long as my Lord's, and as good Metal too, never fear it.

*Const.* I hope I shall never see the Trial——I wou'd not have the Colonel know of his Lordship's Pretensions ; for by my own Heart I judge the Pains that his wou'd feel —— the bare Suspicion of a Rival wou'd distract me ; and without Vanity I believe our Flames are equal.

*Cam.* The Colonel's Pretensions are still a Secret to your Brother ?

*Const.* And still must be so——for you are not unacquainted with his Promise given to Sir *Philip Gaylove*——with whom he contracted a Friendship in his Travels——He is perfectly recover'd of that Illness which detain'd him behind your Brother at the *Hague*, and is expected in a few Days ; now judge, if I have not a difficult Game to play, *Camilla* ?

*Cam.* You have indeed, *Constantia* ; but whilst I have Power to charm your Brother, you shall not want a Friend to fend that Blow —— I never will be his, till thou art happy.

*Const.* I do believe thee ; and were it not for thy indulging Kindness, my Brain had long been turn'd.

*Cam.* What think you of informing your Brother of my Uncle's Proceedings ; I fancy he wou'd rid you of his Lordship's Visits.

*Const.* My Father strictly forbid me to mention that Affair ; he knows what Regard my Brother has always to his Word, and how far the Knowledge might transport him is uncertain ; perhaps to an open Breach of Duty,  
without

without the least Service to me; for were my Lord remov'd, what Defence have I against my Brother's Friend?

*Cam.* What think you of marrying the Colonel privately, and going to *Spain* or *Flanders* with him for a Campaign or two? Time makes all things easy—You have four thousand Pounds that your Grand-father left you.

*Const.* But in my Father's Hands.

*Cam.* Pho! there may be Ways and Means found to get it out, my Life on't—Ha! here's your Brother.

*Const. Belvil!* Unlucky Minute, which way shall I see the Colonel?

*Enter Belvil,*

*Cam.* Fear not, I'll pick a Quarrel with him, and set him going—So, Sir, you are a Lover I hear!

*Bel.* Cou'd that News be a Stanger to you, Madam, that are so nearly concern'd in it?

*Cam.* Am I concern'd in your Passion for *Belinda!* whom you 'squird to the Masquerade last Night?

*Bel. Belinda!* Pray who inform'd you that?

*Cam.* Those that knew ye both, in spite of your Disguise—I don't envy her Happiness, I assure you; and wou'd advise you to pay your Court there now, for I am not at leisure to receive your Visit.

*Bel.* You are mis-inform'd, upon my Word, Madam; I neither waited on *Belinda*, nor saw the Masquerade last Night.

*Cam.* Your Judgment mis-informs you, if you imagine I'm to be convinc'd by all that you can say; and the best Excuse that you can make, is to leave Room—Perhaps I shall take a Time to do you Justice, without putting you to the expence of Oaths to clear yourself—go mind your Assignations.

*Enter Colonel Bastion and Timothy.*

*Bel.* This Proceeding is very odd, *Camilla*—Ha, who have we here? A new Lover? I have it now! my Visit was unseasonable—You mistook, Madam, 'twas you that had Assignations—Confusion!

*Const.* What shall I do now? He is here. [*To Camilla.*]

*Cam.* I must carry it off—How now, Sir! who

are you, that comes so boldly up without Notice? Who wou'd you speak with?

*Tim.* Hey day! Why, what, is the Woman bewitch'd?

*Bast.* With you, Madam——What is the Meaning of this——*Constantia's* Brother! Mum! I must not seem to know my Love. [Aside.]

*Cam.* Colonel *Bastion!* you surpriz'd me, really I did not know you——

*Tim.* These great Ladies have very short Memories.

*Bel.* Colonel, have you any private Business with this Lady? I am one of the civilest Rivals you ever met with——I'll retire into the next Room till you deliver it——But then must beg a Word with you myself.

*Bast.* Sir, it is a Secret of no such Importance I assure you, as you imagine——All the Affairs I have with this Lady may be done in publick.

*Cam.* Methinks you usurp a Liberty, unbecoming a depending Lover; begone, and see my Face no more.

*Const.* Nay, now *Camilla,* I must interpose! That Task's too hard to suit my Brother's Love——Tho' I wish him gone on any Terms. [Aside.]

*Bast.* Madam, let me become a Mediator, perhaps my Business may relate to him as much as you.

*Const.* What in the Name of Goodness is he about to say now? [Aside.]

*Cam.* Sure he won't tell him he is in Love with his Sister! [Aside.]

*Bast.* To-morrow I intend for *Harwich,* in order to embark for *Flanders;* if you have any Recommendations thither I shall deliver them with Pleasure——Ha! *Constantia* changes Colour.

*Const.* For *Flanders!* oh! my Heart. [Aside.]

*Bel.* If this be all, I ask your Pardon, Colonel, and shall give you the Trouble of a Letter to a Friend of mine in *Lisle.*

*Cam.* And I, of one to my Brother, if you'll let your Servant call for it an Hour hence. Courage, Cousin, this is only a sudden Thought of the Colonel's to take off *Belvil's* Suspicion. [Aside to *Constantia.*]

*Bel.* In the mean time if you'll do me the Honour, Colonel, I'll dispatch mine over a Bottle——I hope you'll



have a better Opinion of me, Madam, when I see you next.

*Cam.* According to the Humour you find me in, *Belvil.*

*Bast.* I'll follow you, Sir: *Tim,* wait for the Lady's Letter; and, do you hear? before you bring me Word how I shall see *Constantia* again. [Aside to *Tim.*

[Exit *Bast.* and *Bel.*

*Tim.* A pox of this Letter for me, now shan't I get one drop of the Wine. Pray, Madam, be as quick as you can, my Master will be very impatient.

*Const.* Does your Master really go for *Flanders,* *Tim?*

*Tim.* Faith I fear so, Madam: But I have no Commis- sion to answer Questions; nor do I believe it possible to know my Master's Mind three Hours together; but if you have any Commands for him, Madam, I am your faithful humble Servant to deliver 'em. But don't let me wait I beg you, Madam; for to tell you the truth, I shall forfeit a Bottle, if I meet not a Friend of mine here by in a quarter of an Hour.

*Const.* Well, not to detain you from your Friend, *Tim,* take this Key, and bid your Master meet me in the Garden half an Hour hence; and lest your Bottle shou'd be in Danger——there is something to defray the Expence.

[Gives him Money.

*Tim.* Good; I like a Person of a clear Understanding; she took the Hint——Madam, I fly to execute your Orders.

[Exit.

*Const.* Now! if he shou'd be commanded away, *Camilla?*

*Cam.* Why, were I in thy Place, Girl, I'd pluck up a Courage, pack up my Awls and march with him.

SCENE changes to the outside of a Garden in the Street.

Enter *Lord Richlove* and *Florella* at several Doors.

*Flor.* Is your Lordship alone?

*L. Rich.* I am, *Florella!* what hast thou to tell me? Dost thou find *Constantia* inclining to my Love? How did she relish her Father's Proposal?

*Flor.* As sick People do the News of Death.

*L. Rich.* Ha! say'st thou? How did she treat me in my

Absence ? Come, I know thou art her Confidant, and shall tell me all.

*Flor.* I have a very great Deference for your Lordship, and much Esteem for my Lady——but my Lord, Self-interest governs the World ; if I favour your Lordship I shall disoblige my Lady, and lose my Place ; Service is no Inheritance, my Lord——

*L. Rich.* I understand you——and assure you whatever Discoveries you make to me shall turn to your Advantage; this to confirm it. [*Gives her a Purse.*]

*Flor.* Ay, there's some Sense in this ; who wou'd not speak for a Man of Quality ? that poultry Colonel never gave me above half a Guinea——Your Lordship is so extremely good, that I declare I can refuse you nothing ; I wish my Lady wou'd say so, my Lord, but 'tis impossible, for she hates you, and vow'd to me this Morning, as I was reading her a Lecture in praise of your Lordship, if there were never another Man in the Universe, she'd die a Maid, and lead you know what, my Lord, before she'd wed you.

*L. Rich.* Is her Aversion so strong, say'st thou ? perhaps she loves elsewhere ?

*Flor.* I have nothing to say to that, my Lord ; but if you please I can put you where you may inform yourself.

*L. Rich.* If thou canst do that thou bindest me ever thine.

*Flor.* This Key opens the back Gate of our Garden, whither she is just now gone.

*L. Rich.* To meet her Lover, ha ?

*Flor.* I never answer Questions of this kind with my Tongue, my Lord.

*L. Rich.* I conceive you, adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Flor.* I want only to serve some Favourite at Court to be a great Woman——twenty Pieces added to my Fortune ! this is no ill Evening's Work : What Advantages the Donor proposes to himself, I neither know, nor care. I have put them together, let them come off as they can. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *the inside of the Garden.*

*Enter Colonel Bastion, Constantia, and Timothy at a distance.*

*Const.* I am glad you had an Excuse so ready before my Brother, or we had been undone ; but that going for Flanders sav'd all —— What will you do with this Letter ?

*Bast.* Deliver it, as I promised.

*Const.* Deliver it! are you in earnest? Must I lose you then so soon?

*Bast.* I fear you do not think it soon enough, *Constantia*.

*Const.* What do you mean, *Bastion*? Why this Indifference? Has my too much Fondness made you cool, or have your Eyes ta'en in some other Love, and now wou'd throw your Guilt on me?

*Bast.* I wish you be not guilty—Oh, *Constantia*, has thy Reason never call'd thy Choice in question, by representing things above their Sphere? Will not the Pageantry of Fortune abate thy Love to me, and make me seem unworthy of you?

*Const.* He talks as if he knew my Lord's Design. Why do you suspect me? In what Action, since our first Acquaintance, have I betray'd a Soul so mercenary? Think you my Taste's so vitiated, that like common Wretches, I cou'd love for Gold? No, Love is a free-born Passion of the Mind, not to be purchas'd at a sordid Price—Those that can make their Bodies subservient to their Interest, were ne'er acquainted with that noble Passion, but like the Brutes submit to Nature's Call, unknowing of Love's mighty Excellence.

*Bast.* Oh, thou hast clear'd my Doubts so fully now, that no one Fear remains—Pardon my Jealousies, since they proceed from Love. Hark! what Noise is that?

*Const.* I hope my Brother has not miss'd me, and come to seek me in the Garden—I'll step to the Parlour Door to avoid being surpriz'd; if all be safe I'll return in a Moment. [*Exit.*] [*A Noise of a Key in a Door.*]

*Tim.* Sir, Sir, Sir, afore *George*, there's a Key in the Door, we are certainly discover'd—and shall be apprehended for Thieves; a Pox take all Intriguing, I say.

*Bast.* Peace, you cowardly Dog, or I'll cut your Throat.

*Tim.* Look you there now, when I am running the Danger of the Gallows for him, he'd cut my Throat for Satisfaction; the Devil wou'd not serve one of these Traders in Blood.

*Enter Lord Richlove; speaks as he enters.*

*L. Rich.* Wait you without.

*Bast.* Ha! my Lord *Richlove*! Amazement! How came he by a Key too? Sure he had it not from her!

[*Re-enter Constantia, mistaking the Lord for the Colonel, and runs into his Arms.*]

*Const.* There's no Danger, my Life——but speak low lest they should hear us, and our meeting be prevented for the future.

*Bast.* What's that of meeting for the future?

*L. Rich.* Oh Transport! oh Extasy! my charming Angel——Humph, 'tis plain she loves——and did expect her Lover here. [*Aside.*]

*Bast.* Hell and Furies! in Raptures?

*Const.* My Lord *Richlove*! which way got your Lordship hither?——Distraction, what shall I do now?

*L. Rich.* Did not you expect me, Fairest?

*Bast.* Expect him! oh perfidious Woman!

*Const.* I expect you, Insolence!

*L. Rich.* What! then I'm not the happy Man to whom you flew! why do you tremble so! oh let me dwell upon these Lips, whose every Touch runs through my Heart with Pleasure.

*Const.* What shall I say? if I cry out my *Bastion* will be found; were he away I'd make an Example of this Monster. [*Aside.*]

*Bast.* She's conscious of her Wrongs to me, and whispers out her Words, lest I shou'd hear her: Oh thou Serpent of thy kind! [*Aside.*]

*L. Rich.* Have I too suddenly surpriz'd thee? Come, let's retire to this Alcove, where in my Arms thou shalt recover Breath, and hear me tell how much I love thee.

*Const.* Away, my Lord, and leave the Garden, and force me not to examine by what Authority you treat me thus.

*Bast.* Now she exalts her Voice to blind my Rage, convey him hence, and so deceive me on——but I can bear no more——Draw, my Lord, and give an injured Lover Satisfaction. [*Draws.*]

*L. Rich.* Draw! who are you, Sir?

*Const.* Ah! Heav'n defend my *Bastion*! Ah! help, Murder! [*Exit.*]

*Bast.* Thus I inform you.

*L. Rich.* Thus I return it. [*They fight.*]

*Tim.* Murder! Murder! Murder! [*Tim. draws and pushes against the Wall, and cries Murder all the while.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Footmen to the Lord at one Door. Sir Roger Merri- man, Belvil and Florella at the other. The Colonel dis- arms the Lord, and throws him his Sword.*

*Bast.* There's your Sword, my Lord — when next we meet preserve it better—Come along, you timorous Rascal.

*Tim.* Ay, with all my Heart, Lights and Liver. [*Exit.*]

*Bel.* Murder cry'd in our Garden?

*L. Rich.* Secure him, Slaves. [*To his Footmen.*]

*1st Foot.* Secure who, my Lord?

*L. Rich.* The Gentleman that fought me.

*2d Foot.* We see nobody, my Lord — ho, yes, here he is. [*Lays hold of Belvil.*]

*Bel.* Villains hold off, or I'll stick some of you.

*Sir Rog.* What! my Son assassinated by Ruffians? Within there! where are all my Servants? My Lord *Rich- love!* how came your Lordship here? Not a Word of your Love to my Daughter, my Lord. [*Aside to Lord.*]

*Flor.* If your Lordship discovers me I'm undone.

[*Aside to him.*]

*Bel.* My Lord *Richlove!* and Murder cry'd! ———  
Where is my Sister, *Florella?*

*Flor.* In her Chamber, Sir.

*Bel.* What Adventure brought your Lordship into our Garden?

*L. Rich.* Now dare not I accuse my Rival, lest I betray myself ——— Why, Sir, coming by your Garden Wall here, I chanc'd to jostle a Gentleman that had got a Lady there it seems, who immediately lugg'd out upon me; the Place being narrow, I thought to clap my Back against the Wall, but happening upon the Garden Door, it suddenly gave way, and in I fell ——— my Antagonist supposing he had kill'd me fled ——— the Woman shriek'd ——— my Servants roar'd out Murder ——— and I call'd out to secure him; which Noise I suppose brought you, Gentle- men.

*Flor.* An admirable Story.

[*Aside.*]

*Bel.* This may be true; 'tis probable.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir Rog.* I hope your Lordship has receiv'd no hurt.

*L. Rich.* Not at all, Sir *Roger* ——— Let me see you by and by at the Corner of the Street, *Florella.* [*Aside to her.*]

*Flor.* Depend upon it, my Lord.

*Sir Rog.* Will your Lordship please to walk into my House, 'till the Street be clear? the Noise may have alarm'd the Neighbourhood.

*L. Rich.* I'm engag'd to the Play, *Sir Roger*—you'll excuse this Trouble which I have accidently given you: Gentlemen, I'm your humble Servant. [Exit.

*Sir Rog.* I am glad your Lordship is safe, the Trouble is nothing.

*Bel.* I like not these Court Weasels fauntring about our House, the Family is seldom lucky where they frequent. [Exit.

*Sir Rog.* I suspect his Lordship had another End in coming here, tho' I know not how he got into the Garden; my Daughter was the Cause—Oh that stubborn Baggage, wou'd she but listen to his Love, she might make her Father a great Man.

*Beauty has many Fortunes made at Court,  
And many Title thanks a Woman for't.*

[Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the Street.*

*Enter Lord Richlove and Le Front:*

*Le Front.* **M**E Lor, you be more dejected for dis-  
Lady, den I ever saw your Lorchip for  
any Lady in me Life.

*L. Rich.* Because there is more Difficulty in obtaining this Lady than ever I met before—I am an honourable Lover now, *Le Front*, and a Slave to one that hates me.

*Le Front.* How does your Lorchip know she hates you? Women are very cunning, me Lor, and when day say day hate a, begar day love best sometimes, me know dat very well.

*L. Rich.* But I am convinced she loves another.

*Le Front.* O de Divel! dat is another ting, masoy.

*L. Rich.* By the Help of her Maid, whom I expect here presently, I got Admittance into her Garden, and surprized her with her Lover, but was so unfortunate not to discover who he was—and tho' my Passion is authorized by her Father, I foresee she never will be mine.

*Le Front.*

*Le Front.* Me Lor, may I ask a you one Question? vil nothing but Marriage cure your Love? have a you take a one Surfeit of Variety? and must a you take a de Course of Physick for Life, me Lor? ah! a Vife is one dam bitter Pill, dat vil never out a your Stomach 'till Death, begar.

*L. Rich.* But Love makes that Bitter sweet, *Le Front.*

*Le Fron.* Love! begar, if your Lorphip were one very poor Man I shou'd believe you——because de pavre Man is always very much in Love with de rich Lady—but de Gens de Quality—never, me Lor, never—day don't mind *Cupid*, begar their gran Figure scorn de little sneaking Bastard.

*L. Rich.* And the rich Ladies scorn poor Men, I'm sure.

*Le Front.* Sometimes, me Lor, sometimes; but there be some generous Ladies that like a de handsome young Fellow very much. Me was very well once wid the rich Widow, me visit her every Day, me stay 'till one, two, three, four de Clock every Morning, me dance vid her, me sing vid her—me kiss her so warn, so warn, so warnly, as me please begar, and me swear me love her very much, because she was very rich, me Lor, and she loves a me very much too.

*L. Rich.* How came you did not marry her then?

*Le Front.* Ah dat was de ting, my Lor, begar she no want Marriage——an de dam cunning Devil knew I wanted noting else——

*L. Rich.* Oh! you shou'd have ta'en an Opportunity to prove her Person was your only Aim.

*Le Front.* Oh begar me give her Prooffe enough of dat, she let me do every thing begar me ask—oh she lov'd to be tickled, my Lord, but fear'd to be expos'd into Manage—she lov'd a me Person dearly, dearly——but begar she lov'd her Money better. She take one Chamber for me in her House begar, to lye at Bed, and Board, but me wou'd not go masoy, me love Marriage my Lor—me no love de Stallion, begar.

*L. Rich.* And so she jilted you!

*Le Front.* Even so, my Lor—now had me been a your Lorphip, me shou'd have had her vid a wet Finger, begar; for de Men of Quality may have any Lady masoy.

*L. Rich.* You have a wrong Notion, as to all Women, *Le Front*; indeed a Woman can't be virtuous that gives a

Man such Encouragement as your Widow did you — for a virtuous Woman will not receive a second Visit from the Person she has no Design upon — Wou'd *Constantia* give me such Liberty, I wou'd not fear Possession one Way or other.

*Le Front.* Nor need you yet, me Lor, if Possession will do your Business —

*L. Rich.* What say'st thou ?

*Le Front.* Mony, my Lor, Mony, will do all Things.

*L. Rich.* Away Fool, she wants it not.

*Le Front.* But her Maid — me Lor — her Maid — ah ! how many pritty Things de Maid can do — she can put a your Lordship into de Bed-chamber of her Mistréss, and hide a you there 'till Midnight ; then you cou'd creep a softly, softly, softly, to de Bed-side, lift a de Cloaths gently, gently, gently, steal into de Bed silently, take a de Lady in your Arms tenderly, and when your Lorship have her there *l'affair 's fait*, begar, ha, ha !

*L. Rich.* Ha ! the bare Imagination gives me Pleasure ; thou hast inspir'd me with a Way to revenge myself of her Disdain. Welcome Dear —

*Enter Florella.*

*Florella,* in thee lies all my Hope : Thou canst inform me who is the happy Man : I prithee let me know my Rival.

*Flor.* To what End, my Lord ?

*L. Rich.* Leave that to me.

*Flor.* You must pardon me there, my Lord, I'll do any that wears no Face of Guilt, because I see your Lordship can carry a thing off at a Pinch — but won't absolutely betray the Secrets of my Lady neither ; in short, my Lord, the Knowledge won't advance your Suit, and he may have a Chance for his Life as well as you — Let this suffice, he is no Coward — for Fighting is Meat, Drink and Cloaths to him, therefore think if I can serve you any other Way, my Lord.

*L. Rich.* Yes, one way thou canst — If thou'lt convey me privately into *Constantia's* Bed-chamber to-night.

*Flor.* Into her Bed-chamber, my Lord ! I fear your Design mayn't be honourable — and I wou'd not have a Hand in my Lady's Ruin for the World.

*L. Rich.* Nor wou'd I attempt it — my only Reason for  
it



it is, that there I may have an Opportunity to declare my Mind, and Prudence will oblige her to hear me——lest the malicious Word reflect upon her Conduct——Come you shall do this. [*Putting a Ring upon her Finger.*]

*Flor.* I think your Lordship has laid a Spell upon me, I have no Power to deny whatever you ask me. An Hour hence expect me here, my Lord.

*L. Rich.* I will.

*Flor.* Odd methinks my Finger becomes a Diamond Ring as well as my Lady's. [*Exit.*]

*L. Rich.* Now Love's great Goddess smile on my Design, And all the Glory of Success be thine. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to Camilla's House.*

*Enter Camilla and Constantia.*

*Cam.* Which way got his Lordship into the Garden?

*Const.* Nay, Heaven knows, nor how the Colonel made his Escape, or if he lives; oh I dread your Maid's Return.

*Cam.* Lives! I warrant him, or we had seen *Timothy* ere this.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* The Colonel will wait on you immediately, Madam.

*Cam.* Very well; wait without to receive him,

[*Exit Maid, and re-enter.*]

*Maid.* Madam, your Cousin *Belvil's* coming up.

*Const.* What shall I do now?

*Cam.* Here, here, step into this Closet, I'll find some Pretence to get him away. [*Exit Constantia into the Closet.*]

*Enter Belvil.*

*Bel.* What the Devil did this Wench run back so fast at Sight of me for?——Ha! sure I saw somebody whip into that Closet——Well, *Camilla*, what Humour is your Ladyship in at present? Dispos'd to be angry still, or how?

*Cam.* No, I think I have a mind to be pleas'd, Cousin, if you don't cross it; nay, I am in so good an Humour, that I could find in my Heart to ask your Pardon for my last Quarrel with you.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* So, now she's upon the wheedle — There is certainly somebody in that Closet — Prithee what Reason had you for that unjust Accusation, *Camilla*?

*Cam.* My dear inquisitive Lover, be not too curious to pry into the Reasons of Women — We have either too many for your Knowledge, or too few for your Quiet; you shou'd never think us in the wrong before Marriage, tho' we seldom think you in the right after it.

*Bel.* A frank Confession; but my Humour is just the Reverse, I can see every Fault in a Mistress, but none in a Wife.

*Cam.* That is, you won't think a Wife's Actions worth Regard. The first Month takes off the Sting of your Appetite, and ever after you become a mere Drone.

*Bel.* Prithee try me, *Camilla*, and from Experience admonish your Sex, and don't let false Notions prevail to the Prejudice of ours.

*Cam.* I'll consider on't; come, shall we take a turn in the Garden? you promis'd to teach me the last new Song.

*Bel.* I'll go into your Closet, and write it down for you.

*Cam.* No, no, no, no, you must not go into the Closet.

*Bel.* Why so? have you a Spark there?

*Cam.* Look ye there now, you will be asking Questions; upon Honour there is no Male thing in that Closet; will that suffice?

*Bel.* Then why am I forbid to enter?

*Cam.* Nay, if you doubt what I say, you'll give me Cause to suspect your Love: There's the Key, satisfy your Curiosity; but from this Moment depend upon it, my House shall ne'er receive you as a Lover more; then take your Choice, the Closet without me, or me without the Closet.

*Bel.* Too well you know your Power, *Camilla*! I'll wait on you to the Garden.

*Cam.* So, now I like you; learn to be tractable, and then one may endure you for a Husband. [Exeunt.

[Constantia comes out of the Closet.

*Const.* I'm glad he's gone, my Heart went pit-a-pat when she offer'd him the Key.

*Enter Colonel Bastion.*

*My dear Bastion!* my Heart has a thousand Fears for thee.

*East.*

*Bast.* For my Lord *Richlove* you mean, Madam ; I had the Advantage, but spared him for your sake, since I cou'd not pierce his Breast without wounding yours.

*Const.* How ill does this Language become a Lover's Mouth?

*Bast.* And how ill does your Carriage become a virtuous Woman ? 'Sdeath, could you not be content to receive his Visits in private, but you must make me Spectator of your Treachery ? Must you triumph to gratify your Pride ?

*Const.* I scorn your Accusations——since you can entertain a Thought to the Prejudice of my Virtue, you are unworthy of my Justification.

*Bast.* I shall not put you to the Trouble of an Excuse, Madam. Laying it upon the Carelessness of Servants leaving open the Door, and his stumbling that Way by Accident, wou'd be to no Purpose, because I know he had the same Passport with myself, a Key ; and who shou'd give it him but you ? and at such a Juncture too, you tim'd it to a Minute.

*Const.* Ha ! a Key, which way got he a Key ?——Ungrateful ; have I refus'd that Lord you mention, when by my Father's strict Commands preferr'd ! and ran the Hazard of a Parent's Hate for thee ? for thee that dares upbraid me thus ?——but thou hast cur'd my Folly ; yes, I will tear thee from my Heart, and throw thee as a worthless Trifle by ; but I owe so much to my Fame, to clear thy gross Mistake how my Lord came by that Key—I know not, nor of his coming to the Garden ; or if I e'er admitted one Thought, that could be favourable to his Love, may foul Contagion seize me ; but what your Usage may inspire me with, Time will produce, for from this Hour I'll never——

*Bast.* [*Falling on his Knees.*] Oh hold, I conjure thee ; keep back that hasty Resolution, my charming Angel ; forgive the Excess of faithful Love. My abject Fortune when compar'd with his, wak'd a thousand racking Cares ; and Fear of losing what my Soul adores, transported me to Madness ; pardon me now, and if I e'er offend again——

*Const.* I must again forgive you, is it not so ? Why do'st thou study to destroy my Quiet ? Is Jealousy so requisite to prove we love ? No sure : Love is a soft and gentle Joy, and

and shou'd be fondled like a tender Infant ; the rude surly Gusts of Passion, like *Eastern* Winds, destroy it in the Bud.

*Bast.* Have I not Reason for my Fears, *Constantia*? when thy Father and thy Brother are both against me?

*Const.* No, not if all the World combin'd, whilst thou hast me.

*Bast.* Thou matchless Woman, how shall I requite thee? Life will be too short to do it. But when wilt thou compleat my Joys, and give thy Person with thy Heart? *Constantia*, I dread the Arrival of thy Brother's Friend; not that I fear thy Change——but he will importune thee, thy Father will command thee, and 'twill be difficult to find Objections against both; but when we are marry'd, and all Arguments fail to rid thee of his Sollicitations, that Discovery sets thee free at once.

*Const.* Have Patience but a while, my Love; I wou'd not do an Act of such Importance without my Father's Consent, if possible.

*Bast.* How dost thou hope to gain it?

*Const.* That I must think of.

*Bast.* But then thy Brother!

*Const.* His Love to *Camilla* will befriend us there; she's ours you know, and will scruple nothing for our Interest.

*Bast.* She is indeed a generous Friend; cou'd she not change your Brother's Purpose?

*Const.* She has not attempted it, and the Reason she gives for it is, shou'd he suspect her to favour any private Inclination of mine, he wou'd certainly prevail with my Father to send me into the Country; which wou'd not only entirely prevent her being serviceable to us, but infallibly force me into the Arms of his Friend: For tho' my Father's Pride inclines to my Lord, yet his Tenderness to my Brother wou'd not suffer him to contradict his Purpose.

*Bast.* Do not defer my Happiness, *Constantia*——I'll be Father, Brother, Husband to thee; if thy Love does equal thy Expressions, what shou'd deter thee from my Arms? True Love requires small Subsistence, our Constancy shall brave all Turns of Fate, and spite of Malice we will bless each other.

*Const.* Duty commands me to try the gentlest Way; I wou'd avoid all Violence with a Father: but this be certain of, my Love; not even he shall alter my Resolves,

or bribe me to forego my *Bastion*; let him dispose of all his hoarded Wealth, that which my Uncle left me must be mine, and that with Love will be sufficient for us. If abandon'd by Friends in *England*, then we will seek for more in foreign Nations. Whilst I have thee, I never shall repine, or wish for ought beyond thy Power to give.

*Bast.* And my Ambition's bounded in these Arms,  
Every Good that Nature can bestow  
And every Charm is center'd sure in thee,  
This single Room to me contains all Joy,  
'Tis the wide World, and all I wish is here.

[*Embracing her.*

*Camilla's Maid within.*] Who's that gone up Stairs?

*Bel. within.*] 'Tis I, I dropt one of my Gloves above.

*Const.* Ah Heaven, I hear my Brother's Voice——If I am seen with thee we are ruin'd——Which Way shall I avoid him?

*Bast.* Ha! what shall we do?——humph! I have it; give me your Mask, and go you down the Back Way, leave me to make my own Retreat.

[*Exit Constantia. He puts on the Mask.*

*Enter Belyil.*

*Bel.* Now for the Closet! Ha! 'Sdeath what Woman's that, that with such Care avoids me? it must be sure my Sister——ha, a Man too, nay then 'tis past a Doubt,——and *Camilla* must be privy to their Meeting; 'Sdeath, am I impos'd upon? But I will be satisfied.

[*Going, and Bastion turns quick upon him.*

*Bast.* No Passage this Way, Sir.

*Bel.* Mask'd! What are you, Sir? Some Ruffian come to rob the House, ha? I must and will pass this Way.

*Bast.* You neither must nor shall, Sir, if you go to that.

*Bel.* 'Sdeath, Sir, unmask and tell me so; I'll not dispute it with a Villain.

*Bast.* I am no Villain, Sir, yet shan't unmask, for some private Reasons; but if you'll suspend your Curiosity and retire, you shall have the Satisfaction of a Gentleman to-morrow where you please.

*Bel.* Damn to-morrow, this to thy Heart. [*Draws.*

*Bast.* That's your Mistake, Sir. [*Draws and drives him out.*

*Enter*

*Enter Camilla and Maid.*

*Cam.* You heedless Slut, why did you let him go up Stairs ?

*Maid.* He was half Way up before I heard him, Madam,

*Cam.* Ha ! what Noise is that ? Sure I heard the Clashing of Swords — I hope he did not meet the Colonel and *Constantia* — Again ! bless me, my Heart trembles as if my Life were going ; if I shou'd assist their Loves till I destroy my own now. Within there, fly and part 'em.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Part who, Madam ?

*Cam.* Any body you find engag'd.

*[The Servants cry Murder without.*

Ha ! Murder ! what shall I do !

*Enter Colonel Bastion.*

Colonel, is it you ? What's the Matter ?

*Bast.* I have not Time to tell you, Madam, but I beg you'd hide me somewhere, or 'tis impossible to escape *Belvil's* Knowledge.

*Cam.* Here, here, step thro' this Door into *Constantia's* Apartment, till the Hurry be over. *[Exit Bastion.*

*Enter Belvil.*

What Noise of Murder's that, *Belvil* ? You have not kill'd any body, have you ?

*Bel.* I suppose you know to the contrary, Madam ; for if my Sight deceive me not, the Spark return'd into your House.

*Cam.* What Spark do you mean ? I fear he has discover'd poor *Constantia*. *[Aside.*

*Bel.* Had not your Servants interpos'd, I shou'd have spoil'd his making Love for a Month perhaps ; but if I find him ——— *[Searches about.*

*Cam.* Find who ?

*Bel.* Ay, that's what I want, I wou'd know who he is.

*Cam.* Nay if you are ignorant of that, all's safe ——— This fiery Temper of yours, *Belvil*, is an excellent Qualification for a Husband ; are you jealous of every Man you meet ? What Insolence is this ? Must my House be search'd whenever you please ? I am my own Mistress, I hope, before Marriage, 'tis enough for you to lord it after.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* I scorn to insult an Enemy, much less a Mistress ; but where my Honour is concern'd, give me Leave to be as careful as I can.

*Cam.* Your Honour ! What mean you ? Can you suspect me of any Design again your Honour ?

*Bel.* Oh *Camilla* ! thou'rt no Stranger to my Meaning ; tell me, what close Design does my Sister drive in your House ? for I'm certain it was *Constantia* that you conceal'd within that Closet, and whoever this Fellow is, was with her : Confusion ! shall an obscure Rascal privately supplant my Friend, to whom my Word has pass'd ? No, if she refuse my Choice, by Hell she ne'er shall marry.

*Cam.* How ! *Belvil* ? wou'd you presume to prescribe your Sister's Fate, and wrest the Power of Heaven's Decree ? tho' I know nothing of *Constantia*'s Mind, I dare believe she scorns your base Description, she'll never wed below her Birth.

*Bel.* Then she does love it seems ! and you are in the Secret ! say, who is this mighty Gentleman ?

*Cam.* You are mad yourself, and wou'd have others so ; because I won't believe she loves below herself, does it therefore follow that she must love indeed ? I tell you again that I know nothing of her ; the Lady you saw was another Friend of mine, and she was undress'd, and beg'd she might not be seen, which was the Reason of her running into the Closet ; the Gentleman was a Stranger to me.

*Bel.* Methinks this sounds just like Invention, but I love too well to break with her, and she's but too sensible of that. [*Aside.*] Well, I will enquire no farther—'Sdeath, but the Mask——Why was he mask'd ?

*Cam.* Mask'd ! was he mask'd, say you ? doubtless he has had his Reasons for it ; every Man to his Way, you know.

*Bel.* If his Way lies not towards my Sister, Success to him ; if it does, let him look to't.

*Cam.* Envy'd Lovers often thrive the best :

*Let Men pursue their strictest jealous Care,  
We Women still can match 'em to a Hair.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Constantia's Apartment.**Enter Colonel Bastion.*

*Bast.* **H**ERE are so many People about this House, that I cannot possibly get out; and if *Camilla* shou'd have no Opportunity to apprize *Constantia* of my being here, she may be frighted: Ha! I hear somebody coming this Way, I'll step aside and listen, perhaps it may be she. [*Exit between the Scenes.*]

*Enter Florella and Lord Richlove.**Flor.* Softly, my Lord,*Bast. peeping.]* My Lord! What do I hear?*Flor.* The next is my Lady's Bed-chamber——you'll be sure to be civil——*Bast.* Damnation —— her Bed-chamber!*L. Rich.* Oh! you may depend upon that, Child.There *Florella.*[*Gives her Money.*]*Bast. Florella!* ha!*L. Rich.* Go, go, go, with me Success, Wench. [*Exit.*]

*Flor.* That I do with all my Heart, my Lord——Well, am not I a Jade now, to put a Man into my Lady's Bed-chamber without her Knowledge? But should not I be a Fool to refuse a Diamond Ring and two Broad-pieces? ay certainly——I have only drawn the Wine, she may chuse to drink——besides 'tis a Way to exercise her Virtue——nobody can boast of Honesty till they are try'd——I once thought myself Proof against Temptation, but the dear, bewitching Gold has caught me; and the best Way to reconcile it to my Conscience, is, not to be too inquisitive into the Reasons by which I rise. [*Exit.*]

[*Colonel Bastion comes forward.*]

*Bast.* 'Sdeath, introduc'd by her Maid! Hell and Furies, it cannot, surely, be by her Command; no, I dream, and this is an Illusion; *Constantia's* mine, wholly mine, chaste as the new-born Day, or Buds of Roses, ere the Winds have kiss'd 'em; this must be Treachery, the Maid's corrupted——Why did I not seize and drag her to *Constantia*? Hold, that might have furnish'd her with an Excuse, and help'd to deceive myself——for she may be false!

Who



Who can judge the Heart of Woman? — Here will I stay and wait the Event; Ha! she comes. [*Enter Constantia with a Candle.*] I tremble lest she shou'd be guilty. [*Exit.*]

*Const.* I admire I hear not from my Cousin — Pray Heaven he be well, and 'scap'd unseen by *Belvil*. O Repose! that Stranger to the Breasts of Lovers, when wilt thou return to bless me? An unusual Heaviness sits on my Spirits, as if some mighty Danger threatened me — If *Bastion's* safe, I care not what it be, for nought has Power to shock my Soul wherein he's not concern'd — *Camilla* promis'd to pass the Evening with me, I wish she'd come, I'll go into my Chamber, and read something in *Cowley*. [*Exit.*] [*Bastion comes forward.*]

*Bast.* She's gone: Now hold my Heart, and let my Ears inform me:

If Innocent, in her Defence I'll draw;

If not, my own Revenge shall be my Law. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *draws, and discovers Constantia reading:*  
*Lord Richlove enters softly behind her.*

*Const. reads.]* I try'd if Books cou'd cure my Love, but found, Love made 'em Nonsense all —

*L. Rich. reads over her Shoulder]* I apply'd Receipts of Business to my Wound, but stirring did the Pain recal —

*Const.* Bless me! who are you? [*Rising up.*]

*L. Rich.* One that adores the fair *Constantia*.

*Const.* Astonishing! my Lord *Richlove* in my Chamber? How got your Lordship Admittance here?

*L. Rich.* Love, Love, my Charmer; I find you know his Power, therefore cannot be surpriz'd at this Liberty.

*Const.* Insolence! Does this Action become a Man of Honour, my Lord? Leave me instantly — I command you.

*L. Rich.* This Action becomes a Lover, Madam, and he that loves like me, is unable to quit the Object of his Wishes — Thus low, upon my Knees, I ask your Pardon, for intruding on your Privacies, and beg you'd favourably hear what I have to offer.

*Const.* Your Proceeding wears so ill a Face, my Lord, you cannot hope, with Favour, to be heard — Coming like a Thief upon me, is not sure the Way.

*L. Rich.* The only Way I cou'd think of, Madam, to offer

offer you a Heart entirely devoted to your Service ; and with it all that I am Master of ; so well I love, you shall be Mistress of myself and Fortune.

*Const.* I thank your Lordship——But that you may not be deceiv'd, observe me well——Were you Master of the spacious Globe, and at your Feet the trembling World bow'd down, I shou'd contemn all Offers you cou'd make, and with the same Coldness hear your Tale of Love. I'm not dispos'd to marry.

*L. Rich.* How ! not dispos'd to marry ? Is there then a happy Man to whose Arms you'd fly without it ? I can dispense with Ceremony too, and be content to share with him your Favours. [Approaching her.]

*Const.* What mean you, my Lord ?

*L. Rich.* What did you mean, Madam, when you flew into my Bosom in the Garden to-night ? You did not design that kind Embrace for me. [Lays hold of her.]

*Const.* Stand off ! and touch me not——The Man that I mistook thee for, (for now I own I love) holds more Virtues than all thy Ancestors could boast ; and were he here, you durst not thus affront me.

*L. Rich.* Durst not——By all the Injuries of slighted Love, I would enjoy thee even before his Face. Nay, struggle not, proud Beauty.

*Enter Bastion.*

*Bast.* By Heaven she's spotless ! Oh my kind Stars ! This was a lucky Opportunity.

*Const.* Help, a Rape ! a Rape ! [Struggles with him.]

*Bast.* Ravisher, let go the Lady, and take thy just Reward from me. [Draws.]

*Const.* *Bastion* here ! [Accidentally throws down the Candle.]

*L. Rich.* Who are you, Sir, that dare to interfere with my Concerns ? [Draws.] I am glad the Light's out, my Business is not to fight here, but make my Escape, if possible——

*Bast.* I answer Questions thus, Sir ; where are you ?

*Const.* Ah, Murder ! Murder ! —— Defend my Love, ye Powers !

*Enter*

*Enter Camilla, with a Candle.*

*L. Rich.* Ha! a Candle! If you are a Gentleman, meet me in the Street immediately, and there I'll give you Satisfaction. [Exit.

*Bast.* I'll follow you——

*Const.* Not for the Universe——

[Going.

[Stops him.

*Cam.* What's the Matter here? Was not that my Lord?

*Const.* It was——Ha! the whole House is alarm'd, what shall I do? If *Bastion's* found I am undone.

*Cam.* Here, here, Colonel; this Door, you know, secures your Retreat back into my House——

*Const.* As you prize my Life, do not follow him; an Hour hence I'll quit this House, and thro' *Camilla's* meet thee; be ready to receive me.

*Bast.* Be certain of it; till when, thou Charmer of my Soul, farewell. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Roger, Belvil, and Servants.*

*Sir Rog.* What's the matter, Daughter?

*Bel.* Did I not hear Murder cry'd, *Constantia*?

*Cam.* Yes; and had you been a little quicker, might have seen the Cause; by what Contrivance I know not, but my Lord *Richlove* was here in your Sister's Chamber.

*Bel.* My Lord *Richlove* in my Sister's Chamber!

*Const.* And with foul Intentions too——Oh Sir, if you esteem me as a Sister, or you, Sir, as a Child of yours, relieve me from his Brutal Passion.

*Sir Rog.* Brutal Passion! you amaze me, I am sure he told me his Love was honourable.

*Bel.* Told you, Sir? Why has he declar'd his Love to you?

*Sir Rog.* Why, yes, *Belvil*, I must confess he did ask my leave to court her——And I cou'd not refuse a Man of his Birth and Fortune rudely.

*Bel.* 'Sdeath! then you encourag'd him!

*Sir Rog.* Not absolutely encourag'd him——But if she cou'd have lik'd him——He's a Lord, you know!

*Bel.* Damn his Title——

*Const.* But less honourable than a Footman; he drag'd me round the Room, and vow'd Revenge upon my Virtue; my Cries brought *Camilla* to my Aid, at sight of whom

whom he fled, or Heaven knows what I had suffer'd from his Violence.

*Sir Rog.* Say'st thou so ! 'Od I'll banish him my House.

*Bel.* Confusion ! banish him the House ! I'll banish him the World, if I can meet him. [Exit.]

*Sir Rog.* And I'll send him Word so this Moment— Attempt the Honour of my Daughter ! [Exit.]

*Cam.* *Belvil*, methinks, left the Room abruptly ; I wish the Consequence prove not fatal.

*Const.* I hope he will not find him—

*Cam.* Pray Heav'n he may not. Which Way got my Lord in, think ye ?

*Const.* I cannot guess— Nor by what Miracle *Bastion* came to my Relief.

*Cam.* I can unriddle that part, I let him in thro' the little Door, to avoid *Belvil's* seeing him— You'll excuse me, dear *Constantia*, I am under some uneasiness for *Belvil*, and must endeavour to clear my Suspicion. [Exit.]

*Const.* Success attend thee— Here is no Safety left for me, I'll take Security in my *Bastion's* Arms.

His constant Heart shall all my Fears remove,

And now my Duty shall give place to Love. [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

*Enter Timothy.*

*Tim.* What a cursed shambling Life is this of a Footman ? Faith I think those honest Gentlemen perfectly in the right that have forsworn the Livery, and set up their Coaches— E'gad my Legs are fall'n away to Catsticks— I was forc'd to have the Waist-band of my Breeches taken in a Quarter of a Yard— Sure Love is catching, for I am grown a mere Skeleton, and in a few Days more I shall be taken for my Master— 'Tis a little hard tho', when I say I want my Dinner, he replies, I have no Stomach yet— and when I say I am dry— he says, there is Tea in the Pot, drink that, 'twill quench your Thirst— and when I am so sleepy I can't stand, he sends me upon the Scout— Here I'm to watch the opening of that Door— for it seems this Night he is to carry off his Mistress— Wou'd he had her once, for this cursed Life is very contrary to my Appetite— Suppose now I shou'd be catch'd

catch'd by some of the Family——and have my Nose cut off——or any of the Neighbours shou'd observe me sauntering about here, and mistake me for a Thief, and send me to *Newgate*——or some drunken Fellow stumble upon me, and break my Bones——'Od, methinks, I feel a Cudgel about my Ears already.

*Enter Le Front.*

*Front.* My Lord bid me watch dis Door for a Shentleman's coming out, begar me believe it is some Rival——

*Tim.* [*Seeing him.*] Ah! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred——oh, oh, oh.

*Front.* Vat de Divel Noife is dat? I see nobody but myself, mafoy——

*Tim.* Humph, ha,—I was mistaken, I think I see but one—I hope he's a Christian—I have a good mind to speak to him——I'll give him wondrous good Words—Pray, sweet Sir, do you want any thing hereabouts?

*Front.* Ha! vat de Divil is dat to you?

*Tim.* Nay, don't be angry, gentle Sir, I, I, I, I, ask you for no harm, indeed not I.

*Front.* You ask me for no Harm, begar you be one impertinent Fellow, to ask me vat I do want; suppose I do want nothing, vat den, ha!

*Tim.* Why, if you have no very great Business, Sir, I shou'd be extremely oblig'd to you, if you wou'd do me the Favour to quit this Street, Sir, because I have some small Affairs here——not of my own, I assure you, if they were you shou'd command me, but they are my Master's; now, Servants you know, Sir, must obey Orders.

*Front.* Now you must know, Sir, I have Business of my Master's too, therefore must stay, Sir; and if you will take my Advice, go yourself——begone——run.

*Tim.* Gently, good Sir, gently——I cannot run, for I am lame of one Leg.

*Front.* Dis Fellow is one dam Coward, mafoy——Me vill exalt a me Voice. [*Aside.*] Mortblue, me vill make a you lame of de toder Leg too, if you don't leave dis Street presently——

*Tim.* I do intend to leave the Street, Sir, for I cannot carry it away upon my Shoulders.

*Front.*

*Front.* A pox take a your Pun, I hate a your dam Scoundrel Wit begar.

*Tim.* Why, Sir, with Submission, you are but a Servant yourself; you told me so just now.

*Front.* A Servant! Begar me be de Gentleman to you — Me be de French Valet de Chambre to one Lord, and you be one Skipkennel mafoy in de Livery; the Frenchman scorn de Livery, as much as de Irish do de Trade.

*Tim.* 'Egad I'll try the Courage of this French Son of a Kickshaw—may be he loves Fighting no more than I do, and if the worst comes to the worst, that the Dog shou'd be stout, I can but run away at last. [*Aside.*

*Front.* Garfoons, why don't a you go, Sir? — What be you studing for, ha! Fripone?

*Tim.* I am thinking, Sir, that a French Valet makes the best Pimp in the World.

*Front.* Pimp! Pimp a yourself begar—de French a Man never pimp—No, he taste always—Parblue, de English Lady be tout jour at de Frenchman Service.

*Tim.* I thought it was something, indeed, that scatter'd the Pox about so plentifully — Are not you a Surgeon too, Monsieur *Ragout*?

*Front.* Yes, Sir, every Frenchman is by Nature a Surgeon, Barber, and Dancing-master, mafoy. [*Cuts a Caper.*]

*Tim.* A Dancing-master! Ha, ha, ha! I thought as much, for I have seen your Countrymen caper away before the Allies many a time; and hark ye, Monsieur! if you don't march off, I shall play you such an English Courant, of slap-dash, presently, that shan't out of your Ears this Twelvemonth. Faith he's as great a Coward as I am; I'll keep my Ground, if I can, till my Master comes.

[*Aside.*]

*Front.* You play me a slap-dash! Begar you had best be civil—Jerniblow, 'tis like a your *English* a Fashion—talk of the slap-dash to de Gentleman \_\_\_\_\_

*Tim.* A Gentleman! How dare that Gentleman talk saucily to another Gentleman, better than himself?

*Front.* Oh parblue! a Gentleman Footman!

*Tim.* Sirrah, there are Gentlemen Footmen in my Country, that keep such Scoundrels as you to wipe their Shoes; and I have a good mind to rip up your Paunch, and make a Fricasfy of your Puddings, ye Dog.

*Front.*

*Front.* Begar me was mistaken in dis Fellow; I must give him good Words, masoy, or de *English* Beife and Pudim will be in my Guts, begar. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Lord Richlove.*

*L. Rich.* Who are you talking with, *Le Front*?

*Front.* Ah! parblue, your Lorship come a *propos.*

*Tim.* So! here will be no staying for me I find: Who the Devil is this Lord?

*Front.* Here be one lousie Footman dat vill stay here in spight of my Teeth, masoy.

*Tim.* A nitty Son of a Whore, who does he call lousy? this Dog wou'd have murder'd me now——What shall I do? If I stay not, my Master will beat me; and if I do stay, this Lord will cut my Throat. [*Aside.*]

*L. Rich.* Hark'e Sirrah, who are you, that you won't leave this Place?

*Tim.* Who! I not leave this Place, Sir! I'll leave it with all my Blood, Sir, this Minute; the Devil watch for *Timothy.* [*Exit running.*]

*Front.* Begar me be very glad he is gone. [*Aside.*]

*L. Rich.* Well, have you seen anybody come out of this House, *Le Front*?

*Front.* Not one Soul me Lor——but me Lor——have a you fa la la la [*Sings a Minuet*] dance a de Minuet vid de Lady, me Lor? you understand me.

*L. Rich.* No, I was prevented; I believe by the Man I saw in the Garden.

*Front.* Did not your Lorship kill him?

*L. Rich.* No, 'tis him I expect here.

*Front.* Why, where did your Lorship leave him?

*L. Rich.* In her Chamber.

*Front.* Ha, ha, ha! a very good Jest masoy, me warrant he is better employ'd, dan to come to fa, fa, wid your Lorship——he will have de duel vid de Lady first parblue——me Lor, take a my Advice, make use of de Stratagem, fight like de King of *France*, politickly; and when he comes out, let your Lorship's Footmen seize him, and make a one Eunuch of him to supply *Valentini's* Place in de Opera me Lor, begar dat vill revenge your Lorship very well.

*L. Rich.* Away, Blockhead! I scorn to take Advan-

'age of him——If he's a Gentleman he shall have fair Play for his Life, therefore begone and leave me, I hear somebody coming; I'll observe. [*Exit between the Scenes.*]

*Front.* Vid all my Heart masoy, me no love Fighting since Wounds were in Fashion, de Devil rides Post upon de *English* Sword, quite thro' de *Frenchman's* Body, begar. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Colonel Bastion.*

*Bast.* I left my Man hereabouts; where can he be?  
*Tim, Tim,*——he's either gone to stuff his Guts now, or fallen fast asleep——sure *Constantia's* not come out.

*L. Rich.* [*Peeping.*] Who can this be? he seems as if he waited here for somebody; perhaps 'tis he I want.

*Bast.* What's that? Sure I heard a Noise; *Tim*, hift, *Tim*; where are you, Sirrah?

*L. Rich.* Ha! I'll answer to the Call, and try what I can discover——Here, Sir, here.

*Bast.* Here, you Rascal! where have you been lurking? Have you seen *Constantia*, Sirrah?

*L. Rich.* No, Sir, nobody has appear'd yet——'Sdeath, *Constantia!* it must be him.

*Bast.* Have a Coach ready at the Corner of the Street to convey her hence, and then you may sleep to Eternity, Sirrah.

*L. Rich.* To convey her hence! Lucky Discovery; I may spoil your Design perhaps.

*Constantia above in the Balcony.* [*Hift, hift, are you there my Love?*]

*L. Rich.* and *Bast. together.*] Yes my Angel, make haste, I'm ready to receive thee.

*Conf.* I come, I come. [*Exit.*]

*Bast.* How now, Saucebox; who bid you answer?

*L. Rich.* He that dares return your Saucebox; Villain, have I caught you! [*Lays hold on Bastion.*]

*Bast.* Are you there, my Lord?—I am ready for you; tho' I wish you had ta'en another Time. [*Flings from him.*]

*L. Rich.* So do I, because now I wait to carry hence *Constantia*; you heard her say she was coming.

*Bast.* But not to you; have at you, the Justice of my Cause shall light my Sword to find a Ravisher's Heart.

[*Draws.*]

*L. Rich.*



L. Rich. And Love shall guide my Arm to disappoint thy Joys. [Draws.]

Bast. Come on, I am not used to fear. [They fight off.]

Enter Le Front.

Front. Sa, sa, sa, sa, me no like a dat Musick: If my Lor should kill a dat Gentleman now—why den far him well—but if dat Gentleman shou'd kill a me Lor, why if me had his Estate, he might go to de Devil, begar.

Enter Constantia.

Const. Where are you, my Life?

Front. Ha! what's dat? de Lady call me her Life, she take a me for somebody—parblue, and she shall find a me somebody too; de French a Man be very good for de Lady.

Const. Where are you, my Dear? [Groping about.]

Front. Here, here, my Dear. [Softly.]

*[She runs into his Arms, he kisses her eagerly.]*

begar she kiss a purely.

Const. Now we'll part no more.

Front. No more? dat is too long mafoy; me please a you for one, two, tree Hours very well—but for ever!—Me beg a your Pardon for dat, Madam.

Const. *[Flings from him.]* Ah! who are you, Sir?

Front. Me be one very pretty Playting for de Lady.

Const. I ask your Pardon, Sir, I was mistaken—What Wretch's Hands have I fall'n into? Sure I did hear Bastion's Voice?

Front. Mistaken—begar you must not be mistaken, Madam, for you have make a me one very great Stomach for de Woman, and begar me vill no starve, and de Vistles so near me. [Lays hold of her.]

Const. Away, Scoundrel; that for your Insolence.

*[Strikes him a Box in the Ear.]*

Front. De Devil take your Mutton Fift, Jerney blue, me have a good mind to knock you down begar.

Const. In my Conscience I believe him—sure Bastion was here, if not he won't be long; I'll slip back into the House—pray Heav'n I'm not discover'd. [Exit.]

Front. De Devil how my Cheeks glow—you be one gran Salup, Mafoy, me will be revenge—What,

be she gon? Now pox take her, she is nimble at both Ends begar; de-*Englisch* be de dam uncivil Nation, here is nothing but de Foot, and de Finger——de *French* accost de Stranger, *Tout jour avec de Complesane com, sa Votreserviteur Monsieur tres humblement;*  
*De English Kick a de Breech, and slap a de dents.* [Exit.]

## A C T I V . S C E N E I .

S C E N E *continues.**Enter Belvil, solus.*

*Bel.* I Have drove from Tavern to Tavern, from Chocolate-House to Chocolate-House, but can hear nothing of my Lord *Richlove*; I fancy he is lurking somewhere about our House still——kind Fortune direct my Eyes to find him, then if Revenge forsakes me I'll forgive him.

*Const.* [*Peeping.*] Sure this is *Bastion!* and yet my Fears alarm me so I know not what I had best to do; if I again mistake, it may be dangerous, yet if it shou'd be him, and I not meet him, what cou'd he think? he wou'd conclude I lov'd him not, and that wou'd break his Heart; therefore I'll on, Inclination's an undaunted Guide. Hift, hift.

*Bel.* Ha! *Camilla's* Door open, and a Signal given! what Intrigue has she on foot? I'll return it however. Hift, here, here. [*Softly.*

*Enter Constantia.*

*Const.* [*Softly.*] Where, where have you been, my Dear? indeed it was unkind to make me wait so long.

*Bel.* Ha! so long! Damnation!

*Const.* Come, let us retire lest we be discover'd; if we shou'd, *Belvil* wou'd pursue thee to Death, and me to Ruin.

*Bel.* I can hold no longer: You have mistook your Man, Madam——but if your Ladyship will inform me who he is, I'll conduct you to him, perfidious Woman——

*Const.* Ah! my Brother! oh miserable me, what shall I say? Now I'm inevitably lost; sure some spiteful Planet

net reigns this Night, destin'd by Fate to overthrow our Loves \_\_\_\_\_

*Bel.* What, are you Thunderstruck? Is *Belvil's* Presence such a Terror to you? speak, who was I taken for?

*Const.* I, I, I, I, I, did, did, did, not, not, not —

*Bel.* Ha! thy Tongue is modest, and asham'd to utter the Foulness of thy Purpose — Was this thy Love to me, teacherous *Camilla*?

*Const.* *Camilla*! nay then there are some Hopes yet; his mistaking me for her, may favour my Escape.

*Bel.* If you learn to be tractable, one may endure you for a Husband! Ay, you wou'd make a Husband of me indeed, a tractable Monster, to fetch and carry, to jump over a Stick, or hold a Door — 'Sdeath, that I knew this lucky Villain, I'd thank him for my good Deliverance — What, are you dumb with Guilt? nay, thou may'st well be so: Oh Sex curst from the Original, I'm now confirm'd in my Opinion, that there never was a Woman true — Inclination, Vanity, Interest or Curiosity, has still prevail'd upon their fickle Natures, and he that trusts their faithless Vows, forfeits his Reason, and destroys his Peace.

*Enter Timothy drunk.*

*Tim.* So, now I have fortified my Courage with a Dram, I'll try if I can stand my Ground. [*Hickups.*] 'Egad methinks I cou'd fight an Elephant now; I fancy Cowardice is a kind of an Ague, and there is nothing like Brandy to cure it. [*Hickups.*]

*Bel.* Ha! who's here? pray Heav'n it prove your Lover, Madam.

*Const.* All the Stars forbid. [*Aside.*]

*Tim.* Who the Devil have we got yonder? I'm afraid, honest *Tim*, thy Master is here before thee; and if so, *Tim* Boy, thou wilt be swingingly corrected — odds my Life there's two things, I'll see what they are, I'm resolv'd.

[*Goes up to Bel.*]

*Const.* I am ready to sink with Apprehension, if 'tis *Bastion* I'm undone for ever. [*Aside.*]

*Tim.* So, so, then you are here, Sir, I'm glad on't with all my Blood \_\_\_\_\_

*Bel.* Are you so, Sir? This is some Scout, I perceive.

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*Const.* 'Tis *Bastion's* Man; oh that I cou'd speak to him.

*Tim.* But, but, but, how did you escape my Lord, and all his Regiment of *Frenchmen*? Afore *George* I had like to have been pink'd out of my Life.

*Const.* Ha! my Lord! I wish *Bastion* is not murder'd.

*Bel.* My Lord! wou'd I had met his Lordship: Confusion! What Dog is this?

*Const.* Kind Fortune bring me some Relief. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* Is this your Creature to convey you to the Arms of your Gallant, Madam?

*Tim.* Madam! ho, ho, have you got her then, od that's rare i'faith: I wish you much Joy, Madam; I'm just come from drinking your Health in, in, in, right *French* Brandy, or the Rogue has cheated me damnably.

*Bel.* Rascal, Pander, Villain, [*Beats him.*] Sirrah, whose Scoundrel are you?

*Const.* Ah! poor *Tim*! but I shall take the Opportunity, and not stay to part you. [*Exit.*]

*Tim.* Zounds what *Tartar's* Mouth have I popt into?

*Bel.* Speak, Hang-dog—Who do you look for? And what Business have you here?

*Tim.* I can never answer Questions in the middle of Blows, Sir,—for I have a Sort of an Impediment in my Speech, [*Hicups.*] which holds great Communication with my Shoulders.—

*Bel.* Have you so, Sirrah? then I'll break that Communication ye Dog; I'll make you answer me, Sirrah.

*Tim.* Castigation always shuts up my Mouth profoundly, Sir.

*Bel.* 'Sdeath, answer me to the Purpose, or I'll rip a Hundred Mouths in you. [*Draws.*]

*Tim.* Ay, if you do, Sir, I'll be hang'd if I shall speak at e'er a one of them—Ah Lord, a Sword! put it up good Sir, put it up, or I shall swoon away—when my Mother was with Child of me, she was frighted at a naked Sword, and I never cou'd endure the Sight of one since; oh, oh, oh, oh! I am very sick upon my Faith.

*Bel.* You cowardly Rascal! say then who did you expect to meet here?

*Enter Camilla.*

*Cam.* I cannot find *Belvil* for my Life, nor hear of him no where.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Why, why, why, I expect to find my Master here, Sir.

*Cam.* Ha! what's that?

*Bel.* And who is your Master, Sirrah?

*Cam.* 'Tis *Belvil's* Voice.

*Tim.* Why my Master is a Gentleman, Sir, I assure you.

*Bel.* A Gentleman, Sir! and has that Gentleman no Name? 'Sdeath don't trifle, Rascal. [Slaps him with his Sword.

*Tim.* Name! look ye there now, that Sword has frighted his Name quite out of my Head, upon my Soul, Sir.

*Bel.* Find it again ye Dog, or this Moment is your last.

*Tim.* Ah! Murder! Murder!

*Cam.* How's this? Murder——in the Name of Goodness what's the matter, *Belvil*? What are you doing to the poor Fellow?

*Bel.* Oh you can find your Tongue now, Madam, in behalf of your Emissary. [Turns to her.

*Tim.* Egad and I can find my Legs too; the Danger has frighted the Brandy quite out of my Head, and now my Courage lies all in my Heels. [Runs out.

*Cam.* My Emissary!

*Bel.* Yes, your Pander, the cursed Pander to your Inclination; but I'll be reveng'd on him however——Ha! what, is he gone? Confound him——but no matter, I'm not that Fool which you imagin'd——nor you the Woman I took you for; I'm not to be impos'd upon, Madam.

*Cam.* Sure you are distracted, *Belvil*——What Imposition do you mean? Was it an Imposition to prevent your murdering a poor Wretch?—or, when your Passion's up, must you discharge it upon all that comes in your Way?

*Bel.* No Evasions, Madam, can excuse you; you wou'd not have me think I dream't all this?

*Cam.* All what?

*Bel.* So! you are a Stranger to what's past, I warrant? you ran into my Arms without Design——Come, let's retire, if we're discover'd *Belvil* will pursue thee to Death, and me to Ruin——You did not say them Words neither——no, you are innocent of all——and who this Fellow is that got drunk with drinking your Health's as much unknown to you as the Cham of *Tartary*.

*Cam.* You are directly in the right on't, for I am a Stranger to all your Accufations.

*Bel.* Thou haft an Affurance beyond all Parallel.

*Cam.* I fufpect *Conftantia* was the Woman, and ſhe has miſtook her Brother for the Colonel, for that was certainly *Timothy* by his Cowardice : Pray, Sir, where did I ſpeak them kind Words ?

*Bel.* Poſitively that Queſtion has ſtruck me dumb—— and from this Moment I ſhall think it loſs of Time to converſe with you——

You can't by all your Cunning clear your Fame,  
Or e'er induce me to believe you more :  
Thus I cancel every Vow I made you,  
And with this Breath I drive the Tyrant Love away.

*Cam.* So incredulous ! ſo insolently bold !  
Then 'tis time to aſſume the Pride of Innocence,  
The ſtrongeſt ſureſt Guard my Sex can boaſt.  
Know, Ingrate——

I equally ſcorn your Love, and baſe Aſperſions ;  
You think yourſelf commiſſion'd to be rude,  
And Nature form'd you for no other End  
But to inſult and ruin Womankind :  
Your flattering Oaths, and endless Perjuries,  
Are Tools you uſe to forward your Deceit.  
But when you think you have us in your Pow'r,  
You quit the Mask, and ſhow the Man all o'er :  
Happy is ſhe that truſts you not too far,  
Who can retreat, and pay you with Contempt.

*Bel.* Right Woman ! when no Excufes can be found,  
their beſt Sanctuary lies in Impudence. [ *Aſide.*

*Cam.* I ſmile to think of thy affected Freedom,  
And read the Weakneſs of thy purpos'd Thought.  
You, Coward like, now boaſt of what you'll do,  
But cannot act the faucy Scene quite out :  
Yes, I ſhall have you trembling at my Feet,  
Begging Forgiveness from my injur'd Heart,  
But I will uſe thee as thy Crime deſerves :  
As what I've ſaid was credited by you,  
Juſt ſo much Pity ſhall you find from me :  
I'll teach your haughty Temper to ſubmit,  
And all your Sex ſhall own a Woman's Wit.

[ *Exit.*  
*Bel.*

*Bel.* Arrogance we all know you have enough. Death and Hell, is it possible that she can deny her Falshood—and to my Face—just in the very Fact—she's the Epitome of Womankind—the very Quintessence of Treachery—Marry her! no, 'tis safer to accompany with a Crocodile—nor from this Moment shall my Sister see her—she that can cater for herself so well, is of dangerous Conversation—my Father shall lock her up this Moment, till my Friend arrives.

*Enter Colonel Merryman singing.*

*Mer.* When I was young, a Soldier and strong,  
'Twas Musick to hear the Drums rattle;  
But now I am old, and the Weather is cold,  
My chiefest Delight is my Bottle.

*Bel.* Ho, here's her Father stroling from the Tavern I suppose, I'll avoid him. [Going.]

*Mer.* Who's that, that wou'd avoid me? ha! I never flinch'd in my Life, old Boy—and faith I'll know who you are—[Lays hold on Belvil.] Ha! *Belvil*—why what, wou'dst thou shun thy Uncle, Boy? ha, the Devil's in these young Fellows when they are in Love—they hate the Company of everybody which are not infected with their Distemper—why what, thou camest out of my House now I warrant, didst thou not, ha?

*Bel.* No indeed, Sir, not I.

*Mer.* Come, come, young Man, don't lie for the matter—I am acquainted with your Pretensions, *Camilla* has told me all—she has ten thousand Pounds, Boy, that I can't hinder her of, and I shall leave her a Loaf when I die—and let her chuse for herself and welcome—but methinks, Kinsman, you might have made your Love known to me—why what, Man, Cousins may couple for all their Affinity—I don't take it kindly, *Belvil*, faith I don't—why what, cou'd not we have sinoak'd a Pipe, and crack'd a Bottle together, and settled Matters in order for the cracking my Daughter's Pipkin, ha?

*Bel.* I don't understand you, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Daughter upon my Word, Sir.

*Mer.* How! nothing to say to my Daughter! that's good, i'faith—a sly young Rogue this; why I tell thee she has let me into the Secret.

*Bel.* Ay, Sir, that may be—perhaps your Daughter may let more Men into the Secret, than either you or I may know of, old Gentleman.

*Mer.* Why what do you mean, ha? my Daughter let Men into her Secrets! you had best have a care what you say, young Man, do you hear?

*Bel.* Look ye, Uncle, I have this Secret to tell you, that I care not if the whole Town were acquainted with every Secret about her—for that I never intend to marry her; is as true as that I know her too well to make a Wife on.

*Mer.* Too well to make a Wife on! 'Sdeath ye Dog, you han't made a Whore of your Cousin, have you? Sirrah, Sirrah, if you have forc'd the Lines, e'en carry off the Baggage, you Rogue——Zounds, old as I am I'll have a Push with you yet; draw, Sirrah, by the Scars of *Hockstet* I'll not remember thou'rt my Brother's Son, but use thee like a *Frenchman*, Sirrah——

*Bel.* But I shan't forget that you are my Father's Brother, Sir, nor will I fight you—therefore pray let your *Hockstet* Fury cool—go home and lock up your Daughter, that's your best Security; I assure you I shall never force any Lines belonging to your Family, nor so much as make the least Attempt upon her Cover'd Way—and so farewell, Uncle. [Exit.]

*Mer.* Here's a Dog now! Zounds, he shan't carry it off thus—by the Fame of *Ramilly* I'll have Satisfaction, if I follow him to the *Indies*——Not attempt my Daughter's Cover'd Way——Bullets, Balls and Cannons, he shall make a Lodgment there in spite of all the Mines his Inconstancy can spring. [Exit.]

*Enter Colonel Bastion.*

*Bast.* A Pox of this secular Prince of Darkness, the Constable, there is no disputing with his Mirmidons; had it not been for his Authority, I shou'd have paid his Lordship for his untimely Attendance! A Curse of all Ill-luck, I fear *Constantia's* lost by this unlucky Accident! What can she imagine? She must conclude me all that's base, and think me most unworthy of her Love——Sure Fate takes Pleasure still to cross my Hopes, and render my Endeavours vain——All is silent as the Grave; not the least Whisper of a Voice! Where can this Servant of mine be? Death, I cou'd shake the Villain into Atoms, if I had him.

*Enter.*



Enter Le Front.

*Front.* No News of my Lor yet, begar.

*Bast.* Oh, are you come, Sirrah? — How durst you stir from your Post, ye Dog? [Beats him.]

*Front.* Post! Begar your Lorship post a me no where; what do you beat a me for? De Divil be in all de Folks to-night, I tink.

*Bast.* Ha! I have fall'n foul upon some Lord's Servant, it seems. [Aside.]

*Front.* I desire your Lorship discharge me; de Valet de Chambre can no digest a de Blow, masoy.

*Bast.* Prithee get thee about thy Business, and don't trouble me with thy Jargon; I thought I had struck my own Servant; I am sorry for the Mistake.

*Front.* What de Divil, are not you my Lor den? Pox take a your Servant — Parblue, my Lor shall know your gran Civility to his Gentleman.

*Bast.* Pray, what Lord do you serve, Poltroon?

*Front.* Poltroon! Begar me no like his Compliment — Me serve a me Lor *Richlove*, Sir; what have you to say to him! ha! Sir?

*Bast.* Nothing, Sir, only I beg the Favour of your Gentlemanship, to carry him that, and that, and that, Sir.

[Kicks him.]

*Front.* A very fine Present, begar.

*Bast.* And tell him, he sent them, that would have sent his Lordship to the Devil to-night, if he had not been prevented.

*Front.* Monsieur, begar me no like a de Message, you please to send a your own Servant, dat my Lor may return de Favour — Jerney blue, me hate a de *Engliss*, more den de *Turk*, begar.

*Bast.* Do you dispute it, Mungrel? Begone, or I shall give you twice as much.

*Front.* Me take a your Word for dat, begar, me no stay for de Prooffe.

[Exit.]

[Enter on the other Side Colonel Merryman.]

*Bast.* Who's this?

*Mer.* Where cou'd I miss this Rogue? — Od I'll find him e'er I sleep, if I die for't. [Runs against Col. Bastion.] Ho, ho, have I found you? Draw, you young Dog, draw,

draw, or I'll Spitlock you like an Eel, Sirrah; not attempt my Daughter's Cover'd Way, quotha?

*Bast.* 'Zdheart, who's this? 'Tis not sure *Constantia's* Father, what does he mean by Cover'd Way?

*Mer.* What's that you mutter? ha, Sir!

*Bast.* I suppose you mistake your Man, Sir, pray whom do you seek?

*Mer.* Whom do I seek? Why I seek *Belvil*, Sir *Roger Merryman's* Son, Sir——now if you be not him, I beg your Pardon.

*Bast.* I thought you were mistaken, Sir, I am not him I assure you, Sir——I think 'tis Colonel *Merryman*.

*Mer.* The very same, Sir——Who are you? ha! by your Voice you shou'd be Colonel *Bastion*.

*Bast.* At your Service, Sir.

*Mer.* What, my Hero! Why how dost thou do, Boy?

*Bast.* Pray what's the Occasion of your Quarrel with your Kinsman?

*Mer.* Hang him, he's no Kinsman of mine, but no matter for that——Thereby hangs a Tale, which you must not know, Sir.

*Bast.* I am not over curious, Colonel.

*Mer.* Shall we take a Bottle, my Boy?

*Bast.* Another Time, Colonel, but at present I'm engag'd.

*Mer.* Some Female Affignation——I warrant; well I am a Well-wisher to the soft Sex, tho' Age has cashier'd the Pleasure——Success attend thee. [Exit.

*Bast.* What can his Quarrel be with *Belvil*? Is he a Stranger to his Love for *Camilla*?

*Enter Belvil.*

*Bel.* So, I have drop'd this old drunken Fellow at last; I met my Lord *Richlove's* Valet with a Link before him just now, perhaps his Lordship mayn't be far off.

[*Perceiving Colonel Bastion, runs and catches hold of him.*  
Who are you, Sir, sculking so near this House?

*Bast.* Death, Sir, who are you that dare ask that Question?  
[*They struggle together.*

*Bel.* Nay struggle not, for I'll know who you are before you and I part. A Light, a Light, a Light there.

*Enter*

Enter Link-Boy.

Link-boy. Here, Master.

Bel. Colonel! is it you? I thought you had been on your Way to *Flanders* by this Time: Where have you been poaching?

Bast. Ha! *Constantia's* Brother! — The Coach does not set out till six: I came now from the *Rose*, where with two or three honest Fellows I have been drinking a Farewel to old *England*, and Success to the next Campaign. I had like to have had a Duel with Colonel *Merryman*, he took me for you: Pray, Sir, what Quarrel have you with one another?

Bel. The natural Antipathy Age has to Youth, I know of none else — he was in his Cups, I suppose.

Bast. But who did you take me for?

Bel. Not for him I assure you; so a good Journey to you, Captain. [Exit.

Bast. Thank you, Sir — he's gone into his own House — What can the Meaning of this be? I must endeavour to see *Camilla*; 'tis break of Day, an unseasonable Hour to visit a Lady, but the Impatience I am under of clearing myself to *Constantia*, will break in upon Ceremony at this Time — Oh Fortune, be thou once propitious, and give me full Possession of my Love, or make me lose the Memory of her Charms.

Link-boy. Where shall I light you to, Master?

Bast. No where; begone — ha! — [Exit Link-boy.] Colonel *Merryman* and Lord *Richlove* in Conversation! I'll wave Revenge for once, and listen to the Consequence.

[Withdraws.]

Enter Colonel *Merryman* and Lord *Richlove*.

Mer. Why here has been strange Mistakes, my Lord! Should you have carry'd off my Niece, say you?

L. Rich. Most certainly — If I had not been prevented, as I told you.

Mer. Who cou'd that Man be?

L. Rich. I wish I knew him, Colonel; I fancy it must be him her Brother designs her for.

Mer. He is not yet arriv'd, that I know of.

L. Rich. I think it very unnatural in *Belwil*, to force his Sister's Inclinations, even against a Father's Choice.

Mer.

*Mer.* Hang him, my Lord, he's a perfect Humourist ; I wish I cou'd plague him a little——I hope I may credit your Lordship's Assertion ? You say my Niece *Constantia* really loves you, my Lord ?

*L. Rich.* Upon my Honour, Colonel, she has met me in the Garden, admitted me privately into her Bed-chamber, and I was to have carried her off this Night——If I can deceive this old Fellow, and draw him over to my Interest, I may chance to carry my Design yet. [*Aside.*]

*Mer.* Nay ! if once a Woman admits a Man into her Bed-chamber, she has a Design of admitting him elsewhere that's certain——Well, give me your Hand, my Lord ; by the Honour of *Britain* I'll serve you if I can.

*Bast.* Say you so, old Gentleman ? [*Aside.*]

*L. Rich.* I thank you, Colonel ; but how shall I see *Constantia* ? for I doubt this last Accident has doubled *Belwil's* Care ; if I cou'd be introduc'd into the Family under some Disguise, we might find an Opportunity for her Escape.

*Mer.* Humph, Disguise, say you ? What think you of a *Grecian* now ? Od, your Lordship wou'd make a jolly *Grecian*, and you shall sell Perfumes, Wash-balls, Chocolate, and so forth — I promised my Niece some Chocolate, and you shall go from me.

*L. Rich.* I like the Contrivance ! But, Colonel, your Quarrel with *Belwil* may be an Obstacle in my Way ; suppose I shou'd meet with him, perhaps your Name wou'd not give me Admittance, what shall I do then ?

*Mer.* Right ! we must fend against that——Now I think on't, I'll introduce you myself——you are sure my Niece loves you, and that you have my Brother's Consent, my Lord ?

*L. Rich.* Most certainly, Colonel ; I hope you don't think I'd impose upon you ?

*Mer.* No Faith, my Lord, I hope you don't ; therefore away, get the Dress, and the rest of the Perquisites, and fear nothing ; I'll carry you into her Apartment, and leave you to make the Discovery ——

*L. Rich.* Let me come there once, and then——

*Mer.* Ay, and then there will be such Cooing and Billing, ha, ha, ha ! well, well, I have had my Day, as *Dryden* says ——and so speed your Love, I say. The very Thought

Thought of disappointing this young Dog's Design will give me equal Pleasure, my Lord, it will run through my Veins like the Joy of Victory: I'll expect you at my House, my Lord—Not marry my daughter! Zounds he shall sweat beneath the Fascines of Matrimony, before I have done with him.

L. Rich. I'll wait on you with all the Speed possibly I can, Colonel. [Exeunt severally.]

*Enter Colonel Bastion.*

Bast. Here's a Villain now; he has impos'd upon Colonel Merryman, and hopes to carry his Design by Treachery, but I'll counterplot your Policy; first let me inform the Ladies of this, then I'll take Care of your Grecian Lordship. [Knocks at Camilla's Door.]

Cam. [In the Balcony.] Who's at the Door?

Bast. 'Tis Camilla's Voice.

Cam. Colonel!

Bast. The same.

Cam. Stay, I'll come down this Moment. [Exit.]

Bast. Pray Heav'n *Constantia* may be with her: I know not why; but methinks a Heaviness hangs on my Heart, that almost choaks my Speech.

*Enter Camilla.*

Cam. Oh! Colonel, your Affairs wear an ill Face at present. Was not you to have met my Cousin to-night?

Bast. I was, but by an Accident I saw her not.

Cam. Nay, there were more Accidents than one, I can tell you: she fell into her Brother's Hands, instead of yours.

Bast. Unfortunate! Into her Brother's Hands?

Cam. But by her coming out of my House, he mistook her for me; and after she had made her Escape—

Bast. Blest Sound! Did she escape undiscover'd? By what Miracle?

Cam. I know not, but undiscover'd I am sure she did; for I coming by accidentally, met the Shock of his Fury, he still charging me with what had happen'd—and poor *Timothy* felt the Effect on't too.

Bast. Hang him, Rascal, no matter if his Bones had been broke, so that had been the worst.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* The Mistake has created an eternal Quarrel between me and *Belvil* ; his Passion wou'd not let him hear Reason, nor my Pride permit me to undeceive him.

*Bast.* I am unhappy every Way; can you forgive my being the unfortunate Cause, Madam ?

*Cam.* Let not that trouble you, Colonel; but think which Way to free *Constantia* ; for but now, as she was coming to me, her Brother surpriz'd her, and caus'd the Door between our Apartments to be nail'd up.

*Bast.* Mischievous Turn of Fate——This is an unforeseen Shock, what shall I do now? If I shou'd kill this Lord, it can't advance my Cause — nor give me Entrance to my Love——Something must be thought on to convey me into the House. I have Business of Moment to impart to you, and to my dear *Constantia* ; don't you think it possible to speak to her thro' the Door?

*Cam.* I believe it may, if you please to walk in we'll try : 'Tis broad Day-light ; Heav'n send the Day prove more propitious than the Night has done. [Exit.

*Bast.* From thence we'll take our Measures.

*I shall at least detect my Lord's Design,*

*And clear your Cause, whatever comes of mine.* [Exit.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Constantia's Apartment.*

*Constantia talking thro' the Door.*

*Const.* I'll observe my Cue, never fear it. Ha ! my Brother !

*Enter Belvil.*

*Bel.* How's this, talking thro' the Door ? —— Sister, if you valu'd your Reputation, you'd not take your Confinement ill, nor endeavour to hold a Correspondence thro' a Door, which I had Reasons for nailing up.

*Const.* Then you ought to have let me into your Reasons, Brother, and not make my Father's House a Jail to me.

*Bel.* Bating *Camilla*, you shall have what Company you will ; I lov'd her once——once did I say ! alas, I find I do so still, and therefore won't expose her ; but be assured there is a Cause, yes, and a just one too, for my Proceeding. I expect Sir *Philip* by the first fair Wind ; when you are marry'd my Care is over, and you'll have Liberty to

converse with who you please; then you may renew your Friendship, Sister, but not till then, I assure you.

*Const.* Then I'm afraid we have taken leave for ever.

*Bel.* How, *Constantia*!

*Const.* Nay, frown not, Brother, you cannot force my Will: What Privilege has Nature given you? Why shou'd you dictate to my Heart, or point the Man that shou'd reign Lord of me? I must tell you, Sir, this ungenerous Action makes me look with Stranger's Eyes upon you, and weakens much the Affections of a Sister.

*Bel.* Most heroically spoken ——— Now let me tell you something; this haughty Speech has such an awkward Air, that it seems to be but just acquir'd; let me advise you, give the Study over, for Passion in your Sex, is like Vanity in ours, very unbecoming, and rarely conquers nought but Fools and Cowards———Look ye, *Constantia*, I am positively resolv'd to have the Knight for my Brother-in-Law; now he has no Sister, and I none but you, then judge how the Alliance must come.

*Tim.* [*Within.*] Buy any *British* Cloth or *Holland*, *Kentins*, *Cambricks* or *Muslin*———buy any fine *Bone-Lace* within?

*Const.* Well, Brother, if Heav'n designs Sir *Philip* for my Husband, I must submit; if not, there will be some Way found to make you do so; then let Time decide this Matter. *Florella*!

*Bel.* With all my Heart.

*Enter Florella.*

*Tim.* [*Within.*] Buy any *British* Cloth within?

*Const.* Call that *Scotchman*, I want some *Muslin*.

*Flor.* Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Florella, with Timothy in a Scotch Pedlar's Habit, with a Pack upon his Back.*

*Tim.* 'Tis plaguy heavy, Heav'n send me fairly rid of it.

[*Aside.*

*Const.* Have you any very fine *Muslin*, Friend?

*Tim.* Yes in troth have I, Madam, the finest for yer Use in aw South or North *Britain*.

*Const.* Come into the next Room, and show it me.

*Tim.* Troth will I, Madam; he's no *Briton*, that wo not gang with a bony Lafs.

[*Exit Tim. and Const.*

*Flor.* Here's a Letter for you, Sir; a Porter brought it, but said it requir'd no Answer———I resolve to clear the Mistake

Mistake 'twixt him and *Camilla*, that I may get rid of him, in order to serve my Lord——for he is very generous, and the stricter he confines my Lady, the better for his Lordship, provided I can but secure *Belwil*; this Letter I hope will do't. [Aside.]

*Bel.* [Reads.] What's here! I wou'd not have you credit this less for coming from an unknown Hand, nor think yourself in the wrong if you ask *Camilla's* Pardon, for it was not she, but *Constantia*, that run into your Arms last Night. Ha! *Constantia*! Hell and Furies; has she then a Lover of her own? this jumps with what she said but now: How have I been impos'd upon? *Constantia*! if it be so, how shall I see *Camilla's* Face, or dare to approach that injur'd Maid? if it were not *Camilla*, she came out of *Camilla's* House, that I am positive of, and therefore she must be privy to the Intrigue: Now I fear my Suspicions were but too true, it was my Sister which I saw, and that Villain in the Mask was the very Man——oh that I knew him but——'Zdeath how am I confounded! hark ye, *Florella*.

*Flor.* It takes as I wou'd have it. [Aside.]

*Bel.* Do you know any Gentleman that makes Pretensions to your Mistress?

*Flor.* Mum! I'll play my Cards sure, no Confession in *forma pauperis*, he never sees, and therefore shall know no more than will serve my Turn——who I, Sir? not I indeed, Sir.

*Bel.* You lie——this Letter says there is a Man she likes.

*Flor.* Why, Sir, do you think my Lady tells me who she likes? some pitiful Mischief-making Villain has done this, to bespatter my Lady's Fame.

*Bel.* Ah! this Jade has all her Paces, true as Steel to her Mistress; there is nothing to be done this Way. I'll to *Camilla's*, own my Fault, ask her Pardon, and try by gentle Means to find the Truth: Go, bid him draw the Nails of that Door again——I'll make my Visit that Way.

*Flor.* Any way, so I am but rid of you. [Going.]

*Bel.* And do you hear, lock the Street-door and bring me the Key, I'll prevent her Elopement, except she leaps the Window. [Exit.]

*Flor.* The Key! which Way will my Lord get in then?

[Exit.]

SCENE



SCENE draws and discovers Constantia and Timothy uncording the Pack, from whence comes out Colonel Bastion.

*Tim.* Egad he has almost broke my Back—he is consumed heavy, considering he has not made a good Meal these three Months—Here, Madam, here's a charming Piece of Cloth for your Wear, here's Cambrick, Kentin and Callico for you, all in a Lot—oh wou'd you were in a Holland Wrapper together. [*They run and embrace.*

*Const.* Oh my *Bastion!* Do I hold thee in my Arms once more?

*Bast.* My Love, my Life, my dear *Constantia*, oh let us fly and tie that Knot, which keeps me ever here: Haste I conjure thee, by our mutual Love, let me convey thee hence this Moment now, else I fear thou never wilt be mine——

*Const.* Not thine! By the most sacred Ties of Love, I ne'er will be another's.

*Bast.* Alas, thou can'st not promise that —— Fortune seldom takes the juster Side, and faithful Lovers are not always happy: Then prithee suffer thyself to be carry'd out the same Way I came in, now before your Uncle and that Lord arrives. I have taken care of a Parson that shall make us one for ever.

*Const.* But how wilt thou get out then, undiscover'd?

*Bast.* I do not mean to do it; let me but secure thee, I'll stay on Purpose to confront that Villain, and see him punish'd as his Crimes deserve; then unsuspected still of loving thee, fly to this dear Bosom.

*Const.* Well, my Love, thou shalt be obey'd; tho' 'tis an odd way to be roll'd up in a Pack; but I have read that *Cleopatra* did so, and sure I do not love thee less than she did *Cæsar*.

*Tim.* So, now I am to have her upon my Back; egad that's quite wrong tho'.

*Enter Florella.*

*Flor.* The Colonel here! and as I live *Timothy* the Scotchman——I wonder'd indeed she wanted to buy Muslins of a Pedlar. [*Aside.*

*Bast.* Come be quick, my Love.

*Flor.* Ay, you may be as quick as you please, but the Street-door is lock'd up, and your Brother has taken the Key with him to *Camilla's*.

*Const.*

*Const.* To *Camilla's*! why, is he gone thither, say you?

*Bast.* Unlucky Turn.——

*Flor.* Yes, Madam; and thro' your private Door too. Somebody sent him a Letter, what was in it I know not, but when he had read it, he ask'd me if I knew of any private Admirer you had, seem'd in a great Fury, snap'd me up, when I told him I did not, with you lie, you do. But I had too much Concern for your Welfare, Madam, to betray the Colonel.

*Bast.* Too well I know thee, but 'tis not Time yet to clear Accounts. [*Aside.*

*Const.* We are certainly betray'd, and *Belvil* knows I love thee.

*Bast.* Then let him know it; I am a Gentleman, and scorn to quit my Pretensions, or disown 'em, tho' ten thousand Dangers threaten'd me.

*Tim.* Oh the Devil, I shall be pedlar'd, with a Pox to me, by and by I fear.

*Bast.* And yet I know not why, but I wish that thou wert safe out of this House, methinks.

*Const.* Hark, I hear a Noise, for Heav'n's sake don't let my Brother see you if possible; here, here, help, *Tim.* to make up his Pack again; *Florella*, shut that Door.

[*They seem to huddle up the Colonel, the Scene shuts.*

*Enter Belvil and Camilla.*

*Bel.* Nay, fly me not, *Camilla*, I own my Fault, and am convinced that I have done you Wrong.

*Cam.* Away, away, stick to your Resolution; you know my Cunning cannot clear my Fame, or e'er induce you to believe me more. Ha, ha, ha! sweet Sir, you see I have not given myself much Pain about it.

*Bel.* Nor do I expect you shou'd, *Camilla*. Passion has the same Power o'er the Minds of Men, that Clouds have over the Face of Day; it contracts the Prospect of our Reason, and makes our Judgment dark——but when the Storm is once discharg'd, each Faculty reduc'd, and Prudence takes her Seat again, our Thoughts return, and all our Senses cool, and we examine Matters with a different Air, and every thing has quite another Look; then if we have been to blame, 'tis no Shame to own it, but rather argues the Greatness of a Soul capable to distinguish right.

*Cam.* This Reasoning had been well six Hours ago.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Can it have lost its Value in six Hours? Will not this Posture satisfy your Pride, for only that can make you slight me now: Oh *Camilla*, I know thy Soul too well, to think six Hours can raze me from thy Heart. Thou art not fickle in thy Nature, no, thy Principles disdain that Part of Woman; by those then I conjure thee, tell what thou knowest of this Night's Mistake.

*Cam.* Rise, *Belvil*; you have cunningly found the Way to move me. By that honest Principle I swear you wrong'd me, I was not the Woman you surpriz'd.

*Bel.* Then I submit to whatever Penance you'll impose — but one thing more! Was not my Sister she? ha!

*Cam.* How comes he to guess at her? What shall I say? — I must not own it. [*Aside.*] I know not that, for when I came I saw no Woman.

*Mer.* [*Within.*] *Camilla*.

*Cam.* Ha! my Father! I wou'd not have you seen, till I have told him we are reconcil'd. Away, I'll follow you instantly, and tell you all I know of that Affair.

*Bel.* I shall expect my Angel with Impatience. [*Exit.*]

SCENE draws and discovers the Pack upon a Table, Constantia and Timothy by it.

*Enter Belvil.*

*Const.* My Brother! Oh lie still, my Love, or we are undone for ever. [*To the Colonel.*]

*Tim.* O wo's me, her Brother! oh, oh, oh!

[*Shakes and cords his Pack.*]

*Const.* Oh good *Tim.* don't tremble so, you'll betray all.

*Bel.* How now, Sister, have you not done chattering yet? I bring you good News, *Camilla* and I are Friends again, and she'll be here presently; I hope I have oblig'd you now. Here, who's there?

*Enter Florella.*

Take the Key and open the Street-door again.

*Tim.* Ah wou'd I were fairly out on't: What will become of me?

*Const.* Indeed you have rejoic'd me, Brother, I was sure my Cousin cou'd not merit your Displeasure.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Has this Fellow anything that's good? What does he sell? What ails him to shake and groan so?

*Const.* No, nothing worth looking on—— he has got the Ague, I think.

*Tim.* [*Getting his Pack.*] Aye, Sir, I have the tertian Ague; oh, oh!

*Bel.* Poor Fellow, set down thy Pack, and go to the Fire and warm thee.

*Const.* No, no, Brother, let him go to an Ale-house and warm him; go, go, away with your Trumpery.

*Tim.* Look ye, Madam, don't disparage my Commodities; I have nothing in my Pack but what any Lady may wear, by my Sol, Madam.

*Const.* Prithee, Fellow, don't prate to me, but begone.

*Tim.* Ise ganging as fast as I can, Madam. [*Reels against Belvil, who claps up his Hand to save the Pack.*]

*Bel.* Ha! 'tis a comical made up Pack as ever I saw, and feels odly, there may be more in this Pack than I am aware of. [*Aside.*] Poor Fellow, thou art but weak, why do you carry such a heavy Load? come, set it down, I'll buy something of thee out of pure Pity.

*Const.* Now I am ruin'd past Redemption. [*Aside.*]

*Tim.* Ah, methinks I feel a Sword quite thro' my Body. [*Sets down his Pack upon the Table.*]

*Bel.* Have you any good Lace for Ruffles?

*Tim.* Lace, Sir! I, I, I, I, I, I, I have—no—Lace, Sir.

*Bel.* What! have you any fine Holland for Shirts, then?

*Tim.* Holland, Sir? yes, Sir; no, no, now I think on't, Sir, I sold the last Piece I had at the next House. What will become of me? [*Aside.*]

*Const.* He certainly will find the Colonel! this Fellow's flammering will betray my Love? what shall I say or do to hinder it? [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* Why what have you then? this Concern has a Meaning. [*Aside.*]

*Const.* Indeed he has nothing that you will like, Brother.

*Bel.* That I believe. [*Aside.*]

*Tim.* No, Sir, I have nothing ye will like upon my Sol, Sir; when I have recruited my Stock Ise call again.

[*Goes to take up his Pack.*]

*Bel.* Sirrah, I say I'll see what you have; now you are a Rogue,

a Rogue, I believe, and don't come honestly by your Goods, so are asham'd to shew them; open your Pack, ye Dog.

*Tim.* Ah, *Tim*, thou art a dead Man. [*Aside.*]

*Bast.* Give me Liberty instantly, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Throat.

*Const.* Ah! [*Scrieks.*]

*Bel.* As I suspected! Villain! [*Beats him.*] have you brought Rogues into my House to rob me?

[*Bastion jumps out and draws.*]

*Bast.* Sir, I suffer no Man to correct my Servant; I believe you know I am no House-breaker, and am ready to give you what Satisfaction you please.

*Const.* Oh hold, you shall not fight. [*Interposes.*]

*Bel.* Colonel *Bastion*! no! you have softer Wars for him, I suppose: Confusion! is this your going for *Harwich*, Colonel?

*Bast.* Had I not stay'd to have been serviceable to your Family, I had been gone, Sir.

*Bel.* Serviceable to my Family! which way, Sir? by debauching my Sister? hark ye, Sir, I desire you'll give me an Account of this by and by in *Hyde-Park*. [*Puts up his Sword.*]

*Bast.* If I convince you not that my Design was honourable, and what you'll thank me for too before I leave your House, I'll not fail to meet you. [*Puts up his Sword.*]

*Bel.* On that Condition I am cool.

*Tim.* Egad I'm all of a Sweat, I'm sure, and shall never be cool, I'm afraid.

*Enter Colonel Merryman, Lord Richlove like a Grecian, and Le Front like a Salop Man with a Pot.*

*Bast.* Now, *Belvil*, let me intreat you to step with me into the next Room. Madam, you have your Cue.

*Const.* Ay, ay, I warrant you.

*Bel.* What do you mean, Colonel?

*Bast.* Suspend your Curiosity but a Moment, and you'll know——Come along, Sirrah. [*To Tim.*]

*Bel.* Well, for once I will.

*Tim.* What the Devil's to be done now? [*Exit Bast.*]

*Bel. and Tim.*

*Mer.* There she is, my Lord; to her, to her, Man, show, show her all your fine Nicknacks. Odso, here's my Daughter and her Father, but I'll take them off presently.

*Enter Camilla and Sir Roger.*

Niece, I promis'd you a Present of Chocolate, I met a *Grecian*

*cian*

*cian* here that has extraordinary good he says, so I have brought him in; take as much as you will, Girl, I'll pay for't, or any thing else he sells.

*Const.* Let me see, what have you ?

*Mer.* Take him into the next Room, Niece, I don't desire to see what Conscience you Women have, but I'll pay for as much as you'll buy, Niece.

*Const.* I thank you, Uncle : Well, come in here then.

[*Exit Const. and L. Rich.*]

*Cam.* What, mayn't I see what he has got too ?

*Mer.* No, no, no, there's nothing for you to see, Child, therefore do you stay here; come, I'll treat your Brother and you with some Salop.

*Sir Rog.* Salop, what is that Salop ? I have often seen this Fellow fauntering about Streets, and cou'd not imaginé what he sold : What is it made of, you ? [*To Le Front.*]

*Front.* Meo speako Engliso nono.

*Sir Rog.* What the Devil does he say now ?

*Mer.* Why he tells you he speaks no *English* ; he's an *Italian*.

*Cam.* Excellent——I'm afraid he'll change his Tone by and by : Come, give me a Dish.

*Front.* Senior, expleco meo whato sheo wanto.

*Mer.* Uno dasho de Salopo. [*Le Front fills Salop.*]

*Sir Rog.* This *Italian* is very vowelly, it runs much upon the o methinks.

*Cam.* No Fool like the old one.

*Const.* [*Within.*] Help, help ! a Rape, a Rape !

*Sir Rog.* Ha, what's that, a Rape ? what the Devil, has the *Grecian* fallen foul of my Daughter ?

*Mer.* How's this ? I'm surpriz'd.

*Front.* Ohde Devil baul her, I shall sound away, begar.

*Enter Belvil dragging in Lord Richlove, the Colonel with Constantia, and Timothy.*

*Bel.* Come along, Villain; if you're so warm, here's a Pump hard, by shall cool you.

*L. Rich.* Have a care what you say, Sir, I am not a Person to be treated ignominiously.

*Bel.* My Lord *Richlove* ! I am glad I have met you ; tho' you deserve below a Scoundrel, yet I'll do you the Justice that belongs to your Quality.

*Sir Rog.* Hark ye, Brother, have you ta'en up Pimping before

before the Peace? Methinks you might have found some other Family to have given Handfel to your Trade.

*Enter Florella.*

*Mer.* Look ye, Brother, don't be faucy; if your Daughter admits a Man into her Bed-chamber, and offers to run away with him, it is to be suppos'd Handfel may be given without a Pimp.

*L. Rich.* So, the Devil won't bate me an Inch I see.

*Bel.* How's that, Sir?

*Bast.* I must clear the Colonel, he has been impos'd upon; but here's one can tell best how his Lordship came into the Bed-chamber, since she show'd him the Way.

*Flor.* So, my Business is done.

*Bel.* Your humble Servant, Mrs. Bawd? this House has no farther Business with you; go, troop. [*Gives her a Kick.*]

*Flor.* Then some other shall, Sir.

*Bast.* His Lordship may set you up for his Use.

*L. Rich.* I am so confounded I know not what to say.

*Cam.* How does your Lordship sell Chocolate a Pound? Ha, ha, ha!

*Mer.* Zounds, I never had such a Trick put upon me in my Life; he told me that my Niece was in Love with him, and that he had your Consent, and *Belvil* only oppos'd him——my Lord, old as I am, you and I must talk this Business over behind *Montague* House, we must faith.

*Const.* Let me advise your Lordship to practise the Rules of Honour and Honesty more, or resign that Title which ought to inherit both——Well may the Vulgar break in upon the Laws, when they can plead Custom from the Great: People in your Sphere, shou'd set Precedents for Virtue, and not give Examples of Debauchery and Vice; the higher Men are plac'd, the more their Actions are in view; and those that scorn the poor Plebeian State, shou'd scorn their Crimes much more.

*Bel.* I'll meet your Lordship half an Hour hence at *Tom's*, from whence we'll take Coach to a convenient Place; you understand me. [*Aside to L. Rich.*]

*L. Rich.* Yes, and will meet you too, Sir; so damn your Family. [*Exit.*]

*Cam.* Hark ye, Friend, why don't you cry your Salop?

*Front.* De Devil take her Jest, begar me must beg Pardon. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Me be de very good Family

in *France*, but de *pavre* Refuge for Religion, mafoy, must do any ting for Bread, me be de *Valet de Chambre* to dat Divil of a Lord, but if you will forgive me, I will be your Footman, begar.

Sir Rog. So, you can speak *English* now, Sirrah.

Tim. A Footman, ye *French Dog!* ———speak one contemptible Word of a Footman, Sirrah, and I'll beat your Furmity Kettle about your Ears.

Mer. Well said, Tim.

Sir Rog. No, no, let him alone, we'll think of a Punishment for him, I warrant you.

Front. Me wish me were in *France*, begar me never give *England* the Honour of my Presence more.

Bel. Colonel, I now own myself oblig'd to you, and thank you for this Discovery: And, Uncle, I forgive you, and ask your Pardon for any ill Manners I might be guilty of last Night: *Camilla* and I are reconcil'd, and I only want my Friend Sir *Philip* to compleat my Happiness. I would gladly have my Sister marry'd on the same Day.

*Enter Servant.*

Serv. A Letter by the Post for you, Sir. [*Gives a Letter.*

Bel. [*Looks on the Letter.*] 'Tis Sir *Philip's* Hand; I hope it brings News of his Arrival.

Bast. I hope not.

Const. I dread the Consequence.

Bel. What's this! *Dear Friend; I trust to that Name for Pardon*—————*of an Action which I am guilty of*—————*I am marry'd*—————*Damn him, marry'd!*—————

Cam. What puts you out of Humour, *Belvil?*

Bel. No new thing, Madam: The Falseness of a Friend, that's all; my Knight's marry'd.

Cam. The best News I have heard this Twelve-month.

Const. O blest Sound! I told you, Brother, if Heav'n design'd it not, there wou'd be Ways found to cross it.

Sir Rog. Is this your honourable Friend, *Belvil?* Ha, ha! we have both been mistaken I find; therefore by my Consent, my Daughter shall chuse for herself for the future.

Bel. With all my Heart, I'll never concern myself about her more; I wou'd only ask one Question, Sister; did not you mistake me this Morning?

Const. I did indeed, Brother, and for this Gentleman; I take you at your Word, Sir, and crave your Blessing.

[*Kneels with the Colonel.*



*Bast.* We want but that to make us truly blest.

*Bel.* So! there's a Turn I ne'er suspected \_\_\_\_\_

*Sir Rog.* This is something quick, methinks \_\_\_\_\_ but take her, and bless you both.

*Mer.* Well said, Brother; he's a Man of Honour, faith, and my Niece has made a good Choice: Nephew, give me thy Hand—by every dead *Frenchman* I am proud of thy Alliance.

*Bast.* And I look upon this Day the happiest of my Life, if *Belvil* will accept me for a Brother.

*Bel.* Yes, yes, Colonel, since I see how things have been manag'd, you have my Consent among the rest.

*Cam.* Now you oblige me truly, *Belvil*—Cousin, I wish you Joy. [Salutes Constantia.]

*Const.* I wish you the same, *Camilla*.

*Front.* Noble Colonel, me shou'd be very glad to be your Gentleman, mafoy.

*Tim.* Zounds, ye Dog, wou'd you supplant me that have undergone the Slavery of the Courtship, and now the Harvest of Matrimony is ripe, wou'd you eat the Fruits of my Labour? 'Tis my turn to be Gentleman, Sirrah, and I'll quit it for ne'er a *French* Son of a Whore in *England*—that has no more Courage than he has. [Aside.] Therefore strip, Sirrah, strip, the best Man take it. [Begins to strip.]

*Bast.* Hold, hold, we'll have no domestick Broils; you are grown as stout as *Hercules*. But come, *Tim*, your Quarrel shall end in a Song. [Tim. sings a Song.]

A S O N G designed to have been sung by *Mr. Pack*, in imitation of the *Irish*, who was prevented by a Cold.

**D**E A R Brother dost bear the joyful News,  
Our Master's caught i'th' Conjugal Noose;  
Wanton young Cupid so well play'd his part too,  
That *Cælia's* bright Eyes soon shot his Heart thro':  
Then O'w la wa let us be merry,  
O nily wa let us be merry,  
Ya hony Lee let us be merry,  
And drink the Bride's Health in racy Canary.  
Ya hony Lee, &c.

Fill t'other Glass, the 'Groom's Health take too;  
Why shou'd we sleep since we must wake too?  
Oh this Liquor falls short of those Charms  
That our Master will taste in *Cælia's* bright Arms.

*For Ow la wa* there will be Kisses,  
*O nily wa*, and sweeter Blisses,  
*Ya hony Lee*, their Eyes are rowling,  
 At each Kiss one takes t'other's Soul in.  
*Ya hony Lee*, &c.

*When Night's gone*, and the Day is breaking,  
 The blushing Bride's in woeful taking;  
 The World will know what she's been doing,  
 And nine Months shew the end of Wooing:  
*For Ow la wa*, there will be puking,  
*O nily wa*, and dismal looking,  
*Ya hony Lee*, this comes of Kissing,  
 And yet they long to taste the Blessing.  
*Ya hony Lee*, &c.

*But when Granee the Bantling produces*,  
 The Bride well again for Conjugal Uses,  
 Then, then, she minds not the whole World's Sneering;  
 Marriage is lawful, she minds not their Jeering.  
*But Ow la wa*, if Spouse proves naughty,  
*O nily wa*, of Wenching faulty,  
*Ya hony Lee*, what a Peal she'll ring him,  
 And how many Kisses must wipe off his Sinning!  
*Ya hony Lee*, &c.

*Mer.* Very well.

*Sir Rog.* What think you of a Dance now?  
 Some of my Servants play on the Violin.

*Mer.* Away with it then ——— [A Country Dance.

*Bast.* Now my *Constantia*, Fortune smiles upon us, and gives me all in giving thee.

Even Honour, Glory, Conquest, centers here,  
 And Fame itself submits to powerful Love.  
 Be ev'ry gen'rous Man like me carest,  
 Still love like me, and still like me be blest.

*Cam.* *May ev'ry brave Defender of our Isle*  
*Be thus rewarded for his warlike Toil;*  
*And after Sieges, Winter Camps and Storms,*  
*May some kind Female take him to her Arms.*

[Ex. Omnes.]



THE  
CRUEL GIFT:

A  
TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

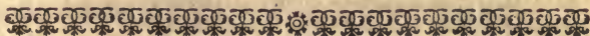
THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

*DRURY-LANE,*

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.



# PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. SEWELL. Spoke by Mr. WILKS.

**T**HIS Play (*I wonder how the Thing could hold!*)

*Is, if I reckon right, two Winters old;*  
*It should have courted you the last hard Frost,*  
*But you in Ice and Politics were lost,*  
*Two slipp'ry Things. Some know it to their Cost.*  
*The prudent Mother, therefore, with good Reason,*  
*Wean'd not this Child before a better Season:*  
*Well pleas'd she sees the Madness of the Age*  
*Spent in an impotent successless Rage.*  
*From civil Life transfer your Horrors here,*  
*And give to Tragedy its proper Sphere.*

*Our Woman says, for it's a Woman's Wit,*  
*(That single Word will gain us half the Pit)*  
*This is her first Attempt in Tragic Stuff;*  
*And here's Intrigue, and Plot, and Love enough.*  
*The Devil's in it, if the Sex can't write*  
*Those things in which They take the most Delight:*  
*If she has touch'd these Scenes with artful Care,*  
*Be kind, and all her smaller Failings spare;*  
*The Ladies sure will ease a Woman's Fears,*  
*For common Pity's Sake, the Men for Theirs.*

*On Hopes like these her Tragedy depends,*  
*Not on confed'rate Clubs of clapping Friends,*  
*Dispos'd in Parties to support her Cause,*  
*And bully you by Noise, into Applause.*  
*If she must sue, she scorns those vulgar Arts,*  
*But gain by nobler Means would win your Hearts;*  
*Tell you she wears her Country in her Breast,*  
*And is as firmly Loyal, as the best;*  
*Then bid your Hearts their kindest Pray'rs convey,*  
*And meet your coming Monarch on his Way;*  
*Who, from one peaceful Journey, brings us more*  
*Than our long List of conqu'ring Kings before;*  
*For ne'er did Britain's Hopes so highly tour,*  
*Or promise such a glorious Stretch of Power,*  
*As on that Day, which shall to Council bring*  
*The bravest Senate, and the Greatest King;*  
*Who's rip'ning Schemes shall distant Nations rule,*  
*Make Tyrants tremble, and Divans grow cool:*  
*To Britain's Ensigns then, as They decree,*  
*The World shall strike by Land, as well as Sea.*

# EPILOGUE.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

Spoke by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

*WELL, — 'twas a narrow 'Scape my Lover made;  
That Cup and Message — I was sore afraid —  
Was that a Present for a new made Widow,  
All in her dismal Dumps, like doleful Didq!  
When One peep'd in — and hop'd for something good,  
There was — O Gad! a nasty Heart and Blood,  
If the Old Man had shew'd himself a Father,  
His Bowl should have inclos'd a Cordial rather,  
Something to chear me up amidst my Trance,  
L' Eau de Barbade — or comfortable Nants!  
He thought he paid it off with being smart,  
And to be witty, cry'd, he'd sent the Heart.  
I cou'd have told his Gravity, moreover,  
Were I our Sex's Secrets to discover,  
'Tis what we never look for in a Lover.  
Let but the Bridegroom prudently provide  
All other Matters fitting for a Bride,  
So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,  
To miss the Heart, does seldom disappoint her.  
Faith, for the Fashion Hearts of late are made in,  
They are the vilest Baubles we can trade in.  
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,  
With Hearts of Oak, so much of Old renown'd?  
How many worthy Gentlemen of late,  
Swore to be True to Mother-Church and State;  
When their false Hearts were secretly maintaining  
Yon trim King Pepin, at Avignon reigning?  
Shame on the canting Crew of Soul-Insurers,  
That Tyburn-Tree of Speech-making Nonjurors;  
Who in New-fangl'd Terms, Old Truths explaining,  
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd Double Meaning.*

*O! wou'd you lost Integrity restore,  
And boast that Faith your plain Fore-fathers bore;  
What surer Pattern can you hope to find,  
Than that dear Pledge your Monarch left behind!*

# E P I L O G U E.

See \* how his Looks his honest Heart explain,  
 And speak the Blessings of his future Reign!  
 In his each Feature, Truth, and Candour trace,  
 And read Plain Dealing written in his Face.

\* His Royal Highness was present at the Author's Benefit, 1716.



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>King of Lombardy,</i>	— — —	Mr. Mills.
<i>Duke of Milan,</i> disguis'd like an Hermit,	—	Mr. Roman.
<i>Lorenzo,</i>	{ General of Lombardy, private- ly married to <i>Leonora,</i> —	{ Mr. Booth.
<i>Antenor,</i>	{ Prime Minister of State, Father to <i>Learchus,</i> — —	{ Mr. Quin.
<i>Learchus,</i>	{ Keeper of the Royal Fort, in Love with <i>Antimora,</i> —	{ Mr. Ryan.
<i>Cardono,</i>	{ Friend to <i>Lorenzo,</i> and his Lieutenant-General, —	{ Mr. Walker.
<i>Agonistus,</i>	Friend to <i>Learchus,</i> — — —	Mr. Wilks.

### W O M E N.

<i>Leonora,</i> Princess of Lombardy,	————	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Antimora,</i> in Love with <i>Learchus,</i>	————	Mrs. Porter.

Embassadors, Captain, Guards, Ladies, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, the City of Verona in Lombardy.



T H E  
C R U E L G I F T.

---

A C T I.

S C E N E *the Street.*

*Enter Antenor and Learchus.*

*Ant.* **A**WAY, 'tis all Romantick ;  
The lazy Virtue of some dreaming Hermit  
Far be Ambition from their homely Cells :  
But what hast thou to do with ill-tim'd Honesty ?  
Observe me well, and treasure in thy Soul  
The experienc'd Wisdom of thy Father ;  
Let Interest be thy bright unerring Guide,  
The secret darling Purpose of thy Heart.  
Believe me, Boy, she reigns Supreme below ;  
Honours and endless Pleasure wait around her :  
When she commands, smile on the Man thou hatest,  
Carefs him to inevitable Ruin.  
From foolish Pity guard thy well-taught Mind ;  
To Women leave the fond Deceiver Love ;  
That Bar to Glory, and to great Revenge.  
Think not of Friendship more than of a Word,  
Which, once gone forth, is lost in idle Air.

*Lear.* Is this the Language of Paternal Love ?  
Forbid it, all good Men, that I should think so.  
You mean to prove my Soul, and 'tis most just ;  
For many wear the borrow'd Mask of Goodness ;  
But I was made in Scorn of Artifice ;  
Superior Virtue is my awful Goddess,  
My pleasing Motive, and my wish'd Reward..  
Whether she leads me to the active Field,  
Or the more dangerous Court, she guides my Life :

Fame, Honour, Wealth, when by her Hand bestow'd,  
 With grateful Joy submissive I'll receive them ;  
 But offer'd by the World in lieu of her,  
 With Scorn I'd throw them back, as empty Trifles,  
 Unworthy of an honest Man's Regard.

*Ant.* Dull Moralist! hast thou no Taste of Pow'r ?  
 No Thirst of Glory ? No ambitious Longings,  
 To raise thy Soul, and bear thee up to Empire ?  
 And canst thou let *Lorenzo* tour above thee ?  
 Call to Remembrance all thy noble Ancestors,  
 Who all fell Victims to the Rage of his.  
 Consider this ; then think if thou art injur'd  
 Enough to prompt thee to a great Revenge.

*Lear.* Far be the Thought of Vengeance from my Soul ;  
 I view with equal Justice Friends and Enemies :  
 Pride may perhaps pronounce This, Weakness in me.  
 No Matter what the haughty Mind suggests ;  
 I'd rather wear the name of Good than Great.

*Ant.* Why, this is finely said.

*Lear.* For *Lorenzo*, since my Royal Master,  
 Whose great undoubted Right has Power to give,  
 Bestow'd on him the Honours which I wore ;  
 Long may they flourish with him : Who shall dare  
 Blame you in giving or resuming Favours ?  
 Then ought we, Sir, t' impose on Majesty,  
 What in ourselves we would not bear ?

*Ant.* Go on, go on, pursue this darling Vapour,  
 Unthinking to what Precipice it leads ;  
 Extol *Lorenzo*, dwell upon his Praise,  
 And help to swell the popular Applause.  
 Forget the Conquests that have crown'd thy Valour,  
 The numerous Wounds thou hast sustain'd in Battle  
 For this insulting, this ungrateful King !

*Lear.* Wore not my Sword the freedom of my Country ?  
 Wounds lose their Smart in such a glorious Cause :  
 He who for Interest, or for base Revenge,  
 Should in a private Quarrel sell his Foe,  
 Deserves the Scorn of every good Man for't.  
 But he who would enslave his native Land,  
 Give up the reverend Rights of Law and Justice,  
 To the detested Lust of boundless Tyranny,  
 Pollute our Altars, change our holy Worship,

Deserves



Deserves the Curses both of Heaven and Earth;  
 And, from Society of human Kind,  
 To be cast forth among the Beasts of Prey,  
 A Monster far more savage.

*Ant.* Excellent!

*Lear.* For me——

I know no Glory, but my Country's Good;  
 Nor Anger bear 'gainst any, but her Foes;  
 But all her Enemies are mine: for her  
 I'd make this Body one entire Scar,  
 Ere I would see my Country made a Prey,  
 Or know the King, to whom I've sworn, distress'd;  
 And this I hold to be all brave Mens Duty.

*Ant.* Matchless Stupidity!

Art thou from me, from my strong Blood deriv'd,  
 And can thy ebbing Pulses beat so low,  
 So distant from the Vigour of my Soul?  
 But, Spite of Artifice, I see quite thro' thee;  
 Ill dost thou hide from me the hated Cause  
 Of this tame suffering, this Bastard Patience.  
 Deaf to Ambition, foolish Love betrays thee.

*Lorenzo's Sister, Antimora* reigns  
 The pow'rful Mistress o'er thy Heart and Fame;  
 Thy easy Mind, fond of the slavish Yoke,  
 Forgets her haughty Brother soars above thee.  
 I bad thee lift thine eyes to *Leonora*,  
 The beauteous Hope of this fair Kingdom.

*Lear.* Yes, that guilty Thought of yours undid me.  
 Oh! was it not, that finding your Ambition,  
 The angry King, to scatter all your Hopes,  
 Ruin'd guiltless me?

*Ant.* Well, I remember his ungrateful Rage,  
 Remember it with just Indignation;  
 And thou as soon might'st think to reconcile  
 Th' eternal Quarrel between Death and Nature,  
 As quench my eager Thirst of Vengeance.  
 Yet I disssembled well my Injuries,  
 And sooth'd the fiery King with so much Art,  
 The bold Proposal was mistook for Zeal,  
 To keep the beauteous *Leonora* with us.  
 'Twas thus the Monarch's Favour I regain'd,  
 His wanting this experienc'd Head for Council;

When that old Sophister *Alcanor* dy'd,  
I rose again Prime Minister of State;  
And now have in my View a brave Design,  
Of which thou art unworthy to partake.

*Lear.* My Want of Merit is my Pride in this;  
For where Revenge and Fraud are of the Party,  
I would not be admitted——

*Ant.* You wou'd not, Sir—  
But tho' Crowns and Pow'r want Charms to move thee,  
And Injury seems to have lost her pointed Sting;  
When thou shalt know that *Antimora's* given,  
A Pledge of Friendship, from her Brother's Hand,  
To his dear Fav'rite and Fellow-Warrior,  
I know thy Spirits will be all awake.

*Lear.* Ha!

*Ant.* Yes, that dang'rous Maid, who has mislead thee,  
For whom all filial Duty is forgot,  
All Wrongs forgiven, all Ambition quench'd,  
Must be *Cardono's* Wife——

*Lear.* I know *Lorenzo* loves the Man you mention,  
But that he is to wed fair *Antimora*,  
Is all a Dream, work'd up by waking Malice.  
'The Souls of Martyrs, mounting from the Flame,  
Are not more brightly spotless than her Faith;  
But you have Leave to say what'er you please,  
And I, unruffled will with Calmness hear you.

*Ant.* Go on, young Stoick, bless these Pair of Friends,  
Go, bend thy Knee to this young Fav'rite low;  
Resign thy Mistress to the other's Arms,  
And be renown'd for Patience!

*Lear.* When I do that, let Infamy and Shame  
Pursue and blot the name of Soldier from me.  
Give up my Mistress, quit the Maid I love!  
As soon I would give up my Post in War,  
Resign the Soul which animates this Frame,  
And to that latest Nothing be reduc'd,  
Where Love and Glory cease——But Oh! I rave;  
Her Brother's Pow'r, no, not the King's Command,  
Can shock her Faith——

*Ant.* Build not thy Hopes upon a Woman's Faith,  
But join with me, and greatly be reveng'd,  
I have the Means, *Lorenzo's* in my Snare;

Deep as the Grave I've trac'd his erring Steps,  
 And seen him safe within the Toils of Fate;  
 Once more I warn thee to throw off thy Love;  
 Wake from this idle Amorous Lethargy,  
 And shun that falling House, like Loss of Honour;  
 Exert thy Soul, and aid my great Design,  
 Or from this Moment thou'rt no more my Son. [Ex.]  
*Lear.* Wou'd I indeed were not, unhappy Thought.

*Enter Agonistus.*

*My Agonistus* ———

Oh! much I wanted thee, and thou art come  
 Even to share Misfortunes with thy Friend.  
 Thou kind, thou best Companion of my Youth;  
 Thou Partner in my Dangers, well I know thee.  
 Should Father, King, and ev'ry Star frown on me,  
 Thou wouldest not forsake me.

*Ag.* Much sooner shall this fertile Kingdom change  
 Her happy pregnant Soil for sterile Sand,  
 Than I forsake my Friend ——— Come, be not sad,  
 Thou wilt again regain thy Master's Favour.

*Lear.* Thou know'st me not ———  
 If thou dost think I in the least regard  
 Whom Fortune mounts upon her giddy Wheel,  
 Or o'er what Fav'rite she insulting drives:  
 A softer Care does all my Thoughts employ;  
 Love, *Agonistus*, is the fatal Source  
 From whence my Sorrows spring.

*Ag.* I've guess'd it long,  
 But knew not to what Fair your Vows were paid.

*Lear.* Now I will tell thee all th' important Story,  
 And ease my burthen'd Heart of half its Load.  
 Thou'rt well acquainted with that ancient Hate  
 Between *Lorenzo's* Family and mine,  
 And must remember to have heard at least  
 His Grandfather, when o'er-power'd by Faction,  
 From Court exil'd, pass'd many Years in *Venice*;  
 During which Time his Son, the Lord *Alcanor*,  
 Marry'd a beautiful *Venetian* Lady,  
 And he had Issue by her this *Lorenzo*,  
 And *Antimora*, of whom she dy'd in Child-bed.  
 Soon after this, his Father also dy'd.

*Alcanor*

*Alcanor* strait employ'd his Friends, t' obtain  
 Leave from the King for his Return to *Lombardy*.  
 The King gave Leave; he came, and liv'd obscurely,  
 In sullen Solitude, and haughty Privacy.

*Ag.* I do remember to have heard this Story.

*Lear.* In a lone ancient Seat *Alcanor* liv'd,  
 Hard by a Castle which belong'd to us;  
 'Twas there I first beheld fair *Antimora*,  
 And, gazing, catch'd and gather'd growing Love.  
 Bright as a *Sylvan* Goddess she appear'd,  
 And shot her beauteous Beams into my Soul.  
 In some Disguise I waited every Day,  
 Till in one happy Ev'ning I at last  
 Met her as she was walking forth alone;  
 With trembling Awe I ventur'd to approach her,  
 And on my Knees I begg'd that she would hear  
 The truest Passion that e'er warm'd a Lover.

*Ag.* And she consented ———

*Lear.* At first she heard with Caution, still objecting  
 Our Houses Hatred, and my prosp'rous Fate,  
 And charg'd me to suppress the growing Flame,  
 And fix my Choice on some more happy Maid,  
 Whose ample Fortunes, and whose equal Merit,  
 Might vindicate my Love ———

*Ag.* Thus Minds, form'd truly great, bear up their Port.

*Lear.* But still I press'd, and told the lovely Fair-one  
 My wakeful restless Agonies of Heart,  
 My eager Fondness, and my growing Fears,  
 The Pains of Doubt, and Horror of Despair,  
 With ev'ry Care which racks a Lover's Breast.  
 At length the Ardour of my fervent Vows  
 Drew from her snowy Bosom, unawares,  
 A pitying Sigh, and from her Eyes a Tear,  
 The rich Reward of many anxious Minutes.  
 At last she spoke, and bless'd me with this Promise:  
 If there be yet a smiling Hour behind,  
 That shall the Grandeur of our House restore:  
 You, who have lov'd me in this Ebb of Fortune,  
 Shall find a grateful Sense in *Antimora*.

*Ag.* She is indeed a Miracle of Goodness.

*Lear.* She gave me Leave to see her every Day;  
 But soon, alas! my Father's waking Jealousy

Discover'd where my constant Vows were paid,  
 And urg'd the King I might be sent Abroad.  
 The *Turkish* War concluded just before,  
 And *Lombardy* was by this Arm in Peace;  
 And 'cause no warlike Expedition offer'd,  
 I bore a peaceful Embassy to *Rome*.  
 Before I went, I saw the lovely Maid,  
 And told her all the Cunning of my Father,  
 With all the Trouble of my Soul at Parting:  
 She bid me go, and said it was my Duty  
 To serve my King in Peace, as well as War;  
 'Then breath'd a Sigh, and promis'd to be faithful.  
 'Twas thus we parted. Soon after I was gone,  
 Oh, *Agonistus*! fain I would forget it,  
 My Father all our Letters intercepted;  
 And, blinded with the daz'ling Lustre of a Throne,  
 Rais'd his ambitious Thoughts to *Leonora*,  
 And dar'd to ask her for my Services.

*Ag.* Unlucky Thought!

*Lear.* Oh! most abhorr'd Ambition!  
 For this my Father was displac'd from Court,  
 And Lord *Alcanor* drew again in Favour.  
 The *Tuscan* War about that time broke out,  
 When this *Lorenzo*, this young Rival-Warrior,  
 Had first the Honour to command our Forces;  
 He rose in Favour, while I set in Shame.

*Ag.* Swiftly he rose, as if the Goddess *Fortune*  
 Became enamour'd with his many Graces;  
 No sooner seen, but all her Smiles were on him.

*Lear.* For this I was recall'd, disgrac'd, upbraided, ruin'd,  
 And banish'd from the Sight of *Antimora*;  
 Beneath her Window, wet with baleful Dew,  
 All Night I lay, and told each Star my Grief.  
 She prais'd my Change, confess'd the Prince's Charms,  
 And all Access deny'd to wretched me;  
 Till Love, long tortur'd on the Rack of Grief,  
 Convinc'd her of my much-wrong'd Innocence;  
 She smil'd, and bid me hope a better Day;  
 But oh! what Day can I expect to see,  
 If what my Father told me now be true?  
*Cardeno* weds the beauteous *Antimora*;  
 But haste, my Friend, tell her *Learchus* dies,

Whene'er she makes that hated Rival happy:

*Ag.* I fly; but see the Friends appear.

*Lear.* Ha! how quick my Spirits move; I'm all on fire;  
What head-strong Rage does Jealousy inspire?  
This is the Court, safe from unhallow'd Strife;  
When next we meet, guard well that hated Life;  
Thou shalt dispute my *Antimora's* Charms,  
And through this Breast make Passage to her Arms. [*Exit.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Cardono.*

*Lor.* Was that *Learchus* parted hence?

*Card.* It was.

*Lor.* They say his Mind is rich in ev'ry Virtue;  
A Stranger to his Father's canker'd Malice,  
And of a friendly Nature; yet I know not,  
Something there is that whispers to my Soul,  
Beware that Race.

*Card.* Oh, most prophetick Thought!  
Teach *Antimora* to beware it too;  
Forgive my Fears; Lovers have watchful Eyes;  
Or I mistake, or he is much too happy.

*Lor.* The Error of thy Fondness, nothing more;  
She is the Daughter of Antipathy,  
Nurs'd up in Hate to that invet'rate House,  
And, like myself, unalterable.

*Card.* Fain, oh! very fain, would I believe thee;  
My Hopes are center'd in that blooming Maid,  
And Life, without her, is not worth my Care:  
Yet when I speak of my excessive Passion,  
To me she seems more cold than Mountain-Snow,  
And hears with Unconcern whate'er I say;  
But if, by Chance, some one *Learchus* name,  
A conscious Blush o'erspreads her Face, and strait  
She turns away, to hide the rising Joy.

*Lor.* Sure, my Friend, thou dost mistake her Looks;  
That bold Aspirer, most abhorr'd *Antenor*,  
Once dar'd to ask the Princess for his Son:  
Oh! were it but for that presumptuous Guilt,  
I'd sooner wed my Sister to Dishonour,  
To Misery, or Death, than to *Learchus*.  
But see! she comes! as I appointed her;  
I mean by gentle Means to aid thy Suit.

*Card.* The Powers above assist thee.

*Enter*

Enter Antimora.

*Ant.* *Cardono* with him! Oh! my boding heart. [*Aside.*

*Card.* Who can describe the Lover's painful Pleasure  
At the Approach of his enchanting Fair?

*Anti.* I come to know my dearest Brother's Will.

*Lor.* Come nearer, Sister; why dost tremble so?  
Hast thou a Cause for Fear, my *Antimora*?

*Anti.* I hope I need not fear, my gentle Brother;  
Whilst you are safe from War's destructive Rage,  
And bless me with your Smiles, I have no Fear.

*Lor.* Am I then dear to thee? tell me, my Sister.

*Anti.* Dear as my Life, my Virtue, or my Fame;  
You are the fondest, truest, best of Brothers.  
Tender and careful as a Guardian Angel:  
Since gracious Heaven took my Father from me,  
Thy kind Indulgence has supply'd his Care;  
That Providence may crown thy Hopes and Wishes,  
Is, each returning Morn, my first Request.

*Lor.* If thou wouldst have me credit these fond Accents,  
Which more, if possible, endear thee to me,  
Look on *Cardono*—on this suffering Youth,  
Who treasures all his future Hopes in thee;  
Pity his Sorrows, and prevent his Fate;  
And if no other Merit reach thy Knowledge,  
Remember that he is my Friend.

*Anti.* That speaks him of a noble Nature, Sir,  
And I shall still regard him with Esteem.

*Card.* Too weak a Cordial to my fainting Heart,  
That sickens with Despair. [*Aside.*

*Lor.* Esteem! Think, I prithee, what I owe him,  
And help me to discharge the mighty Debt;  
Oft in the Field he has my Life preserv'd,  
When, warm'd with Slaughter, I have rush'd too far,  
And plung'd myself amongst my thickest Foes,  
Hemm'd round with Death; and yet he broke thro' all,  
Resolv'd to rescue, or to perish with me.

*Anti.* Superior Virtue cannot miss Reward.

*Lor.* Thou must reward him, Sister; yes, thou must,  
If I have any Interest in thy Breast;  
If I have well obey'd our Father's Charge,  
And been a Father to thee; or, if thou

Hast

Hast not forgot his dying last Command,  
 Never to wed without my Approbation,  
 Then, if thou'dst know me happy, make him so.

*Anti.* Forbear, thou kind Protector of my Youth,  
 Forbear to wound thy *Antimora* thus ;  
 Nor vainly ask what I can never grant.

There was a Time you would have fought my Peace ;  
 Give me not Cause to think you love me less.

*Lor.* Thou'rt dearer to me than the Smile of Kings,  
 My Hopes of Glory, or immortal Fame ;  
 And therefore 'tis that I would place thee here,  
 Safe in the Arms of this deserving Man,  
 Who merits, and who fondly loves thee.

*Anti.* Think you, my Lord *Cardono*, this the Way ?  
 Use your Authority to gain your Wishes ?  
 Power may dispose of Life ; but rest assur'd  
 A gen'rous Mind can never be compell'd.

*Card.* Alas ! my Friend, your Kindness has undone me.

*Lor.* Take heed, my Sister, how you wake mine Anger,  
 Which will, like Light'ning, blast thy unwary Soul :  
 Is there a Form thy erring Choice prefers  
 To this brave Man ? My Rage will find him out,  
 And hurl a swift Destruction on his Head :  
 Nay, do not weep, Tears will avail thee nothing ;  
 Can it be possible thou shouldst forget  
 From whence thou art, and listen to *Learchus*,  
 The Son of that vile Parricide *Antenor* ?  
 Detested Thought !

*Anti.* Oh wretched *Antimora* !

*Lor.* Ha ! dar'st thou to sigh for him, degen'rate Wretch !  
 Then hear me, Madam, and observe me well ;  
 Teach thy fond Heart t'accept the proffer'd Good,  
 Or from thy Disobedience date long Woe ;  
 Affection shall give Place to vow'd Severity ;  
 Unseen, unnam'd, unpity'd, shalt thou live,  
 And waste the tedious Hours in vain Remorse ;  
 Nor will I ever hold Discourse with thee,  
 But to upbraid thy Weakness.

*Anti.* Oh ! my Brother ! my only Friend on Earth !

Recall those Words, those dreadful hasty Words,  
 And rather kill me any other Way.

[*Kneels.*

*Card.*



*Card.* Oh! hold *Lorenzo*, I can bear no more. [*Raises her.*  
Jealousy, Disappointments, and Despair,  
Are Joys to what my Heart this Moment feels;  
She must have Ease, whatever comes of me.

*Anti.* Where have you lost your wonted Tenderness?  
Think if our dearest Father now were living,  
And should impose such harsh Commands on you,  
Against your Inclination, charge you wed,  
Or if like me you lov'd where Tyes of Duty  
Make that Love a Crime, what would you do?

*Lor.* She touches me indeed—Prithee comply.

*Anti.* If *Antimora* may have Leave to plead;  
If I have yet a Place in your Esteem;  
If from your Breast you have not raz'd me quite;  
Give to my throbbing Heart a little Time  
To weigh the many Cares which hang upon it;  
And I must beg, that you, my Lord *Cardono*,  
No longer would insist upon his Power;  
Urge not a Cause, that may increase Debate  
Between the kindest, most united Pair  
That e'er one Mother bore.

*Card.* Severe Request; but I obey.

*Lor.* Take thy Desire, my Sister; but remember,  
That if you wou'd preserve a Brother's Love,  
Let not the Woman sway thee to thy Ruin.  
Go then, I say, and summon all thy Reason,  
Direct the Ballance with an even Hand;  
Consider, Duty, Honour, Gratitude,  
Are poiz'd against that Trifle, Inclination.  
Then let impartial Judgment guide thy Choice;  
Tear from thy Virgin Breast th' inglorious Passion,  
If thou regard'st thy own, or Brother's Fame.

*Car.* Remember my Despair, for the same Breath  
Which makes him happy, gives me certain Death.

[*Exit Lorenzo and Cardono.*

*Anti.* What dire malignant Planet rul'd my Fate?  
Why was I born to love where I should hate?  
Where I should hate! No, I should all Things love,  
Such are the Dictates of the Powers above;  
Then what they teach, they surely will defend,  
On their great Care shall all my Hopes depend,  
To crown my Love, or give my Life an End.

[*Exit.* }  
*Enter*

*Enter Antenor, and bears her last Words:*

*Ante.* Curse on thy Brother, how I hate his Sight;  
Yet, like his evil Genius, I pursue him,  
I have alarm'd the King; that Work is o'er;  
And now th' Embassadors from *Tuscany*,  
Pursuant to th' Advice I sent that Duke,  
Bring with them Propositions for a Marriage,  
And with unweary'd Diligence attend  
And watch those Steps which bring his Ruin on,  
Between that Prince and *Leonora*.  
To-day they have their Audience of the King;  
Methinks it suits my Purpose well:  
But see, the King appears.

*Enter King.*

*King.* Where are thou hid, *Antenor*?  
When most I want thee, thou dost shun me most;  
I like it not.

*Ant.* What would my gracious Lord?

*King.* Thou hast convey'd a Sting into my Breast,  
Which still, the more I labour to draw forth,  
With double Anguish deeper points its Way.  
What dost thou know, that has so greatly mov'd thee  
T' instil the subtil Poison of Distrust,  
And stir my Nature up against my Child?

*Ant.* If my incessant Duty, careful Fears,  
Ever upon the Guard for you and Glory,  
Offend my Royal Master, I am silent;  
Forgive my Zeal, and I'll observe no more.

*King.* I know Ambition is thy darling Sin,  
'Bating that I do believe thee honest;  
Then leave these doubling Arts, and speak thy Purpose.  
Why dost thou sigh, and fold thy aged Arms,  
Expressive Signs of some approaching Mischief,  
Still warning me, in Whispers, as I pass,  
To observe the Princess *Leonora*?

*Ant.* This I have done:  
But if I am too loyal, too sincere;  
If Apprehension grows too swift in me,  
Give up the Charge you did intrust me with,  
To some more worthy of your Confidence;

Who

Who, when they have obey'd your strict Command,  
And learnt each private Motion of your Court,  
May cautiously discover what will please,  
And pass in Silence what you fear to know.

*King.* Tortures and Death! pierce me at once, and speak  
Whate'er it be, and rid my Expectation.

Some secret Plot against my Life and Crown.  
Much rather had I hear of brooding Treason,  
Of raging Pestilence, or blazing Cities,  
Prodigious Earthquakes, universal Ruin,  
Than ought which touches *Leonora's* Fame.

*Ant.* That I had dy'd, ere given the Secret vent;  
I beg your Majesty will urge no more  
This hated Subject.

*King.* Urge not my Temper! no, I charge thee do not;  
Thou hast rais'd my Curiosity so high,  
Or give me Ease, or Racks shall force it from thee.

*Ant.* What sad Destruction tears my aged Breast!  
Oh! think how much the Tale will wound you Sir,  
And let me keep the fatal Secret hid.

*King.* Speak, I command thee.

*Ant.* Oh, my tortur'd Soul! the Princess loves ———

*King.* Say'st thou! ha! whom does she love?

*Ant.* The fatal Secret trembles on my Tongue,  
And fears to fall ——— *Lorenzo*.

*King.* Ha! have a Care,  
I shall not credit this too easily.

*Ant.* Alas! great Sir, my Heart would dance with Joy,  
Could I but doubt the wretched Truth I tell,  
Which I shall ever mourn; but 'tis most certain  
Her Heart and beauteous Person are bestow'd  
On that selected Man ———

*King.* Traytor, 'tis false! I know thou hat'st *Lorenzo*;  
The ancient Quarrel 'twixt his Blood and thine  
Has made a Villain of thee ———

*Ant.* This I fear'd! Oh! hard Return for Loyalty!

*King.* If thou dost not prove this Accusation,  
Thy Head shall answer it.

*Ant.* Be it as you say.

If I discover not, near to the Bower,  
A Place thro' which at Midnight he's let in;

And

And sure the Purpose is not hard to guess.

*King.* Do this, *Antenor*, and my Heart is thine;  
My Pulse beats high, impatient of Revenge,  
And Speech grows painful, choak'd with Indignation;  
Down all my wild Resentments for a while,  
And let me see, and judge like Majesty.

Oh! *Leonora*; if thou'rt fall'n so low,  
To hold thy nightly Revels with my Slave,  
There's not a Rack thy Crimes can make me feel,  
But I will double it upon you both:

Ling'ring, unheard-of Torments you shall prove,  
And curse the fatal Sweets of guilty Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E *a Room of State. The King and Leonora seated on a Throne, attended by Antenor, Lorenzo, Learchus, Cardono, Agonistus, &c.*

*Embassadors at a Distance.*

*King.* MY Lords, I've in this Presence chose to hear  
What 'tis the Duke of *Tuscany* demands;  
Proceed, and let us know your Message.

*Emb.* Our Royal Master, much renown'd in Arms,  
(Witness the many Conquests he has gain'd,  
Tho' Victory of late declar'd for you)  
Charg'd us to say, Success is not insur'd;  
You cannot bribe the fickle Goddess; stay,  
She will not long forsake his vet'ran Bands,  
Choice harden'd Troops, unus'd to fly the Field:  
But yet to cultivate a Friendship with you,  
So firm and strict, it may to Ages last;  
Yet, even now, whilst ready Warriors wait,  
He offers Peace.

*King.* On what Conditions does your Master send?

*Emb.* Conditions, Sir! he did not term 'em so,  
But Supplication to your Royal Will,  
That this fair Princess, beauteous *Leonora*,  
Would, with your Leave, receive him for a Husband.

*Lor.*

Lor. Ha!

Emb. And join the long disputed Lands, in Peace,  
To these of Lombardy.

Ant. I see Lorenzo gathers up his Brows;  
This Proposal stings him to the Soul.

[Aside.]

King. Had he been Conqueror, thus he might have ask'd;  
But tell your Duke I have not yet forgotten  
His great Injustice to the Duke of Milan.

He took th' Advantage of the *Turkish* War,  
When all my Force was bent against the Infidels,  
To chase my Uncle from his Dukedom forth,  
And set a bold Usurper in his Stead.

These twenty Years he has an Exile been,  
He, and one only Son; nor know we where,  
Or to what Country, if alive, they're driven;  
By which my Daughter is become the Heir  
Of this my Kingdom; yet I'll not force her Will,  
But leave it free; and therefore she shall answer ye.

Lor. A thousand Blessings follow that Indulgence.

[Aside.]

Leon. Since I've my Royal Father's Leave to speak,  
I tell you, Sirs, that your Request is bold.

Your sinking Master, half subdu'd, demands  
Our populous Kingdom to recruit his own,  
And I must be the Passport to convey it.

There's more Ambition in his Eyes than Love;  
'Tis for my Dowry, not for me he sues.

Tell him I scorn his Offer, with his Crown;  
And when (tho' long avert it, gracious Heaven)

This happy Kingdom shall devolve on me,  
I will defend it with my utmost Strength,  
To this small Tract of Earth, whereon I stand,  
Ere give a Nation to a vanquish'd Foe.

He should have been the Monarch of the World;  
His conqu'ring Legions drawn around our Walls;  
His batt'ring Cannon playing on the Town,  
And dreadful Famine raging thro' the Streets;  
Our trembling Maids and Matrons drown'd in Tears,  
Ere this Way made Proposals for a Peace.

Lor. The Musick of the Spheres dwell in her Voice,  
And everlasting Love upon her Tongue.

[Aside.]

Emb.

*Emb.* Is this the Answer we must carry back?  
And does your Majesty approve this Scorn?

*King.* I do; so tell your Duke from me.

*Emb.* Then once again prepare for Battle, Sir;  
You'll find our Master strong enough to cope ye,  
And make you well repent this haughty Port.

*King.* Let him come on again, we'll vanquish him;  
Go, bring your boasted Squadrons to the Field;  
I've not a Man but glows with eager Courage,  
To meet, and chase them o'er the bloody Plain.

*Emb.* Your boasted Valour frights us not, great Sir,  
But spurs us to the Field. [Ex. *Embassadors.*]

*King.* Now let me embrace my brave Defenders;  
*Lorenzo,* thou art welcome to my Arms;  
Nature in thee has shewn a Prodigy;  
In War thou'rt fierce, in Peace the Child of Softness;  
One would imagine Envy's self might spare thee.

*Lor.* The mighty Favours which you heap upon me,  
My Royal Master, fill my Soul with Gratitude.

*King.* But wherefore keeps *Learchus* from our Presence;  
Is there not Room in Hearts of mighty Kings  
To hold the Worth of all deserving Men?

*Lear.* I attend your Majesty.

*King.* Come near, *Learchus,* thou hast serv'd me well,  
And though of late thou hast not fought my Battles,  
For secret Reasons from thy Charge remov'd,  
I love thee still; and to confirm I do,  
I make thee Governor of the Citadel  
And Royal Fort.

*Lear.* My Life shall answer for th' important Trust:  
Will *Antimora* come? [To *Agonistus.*]

*Agon.* She answer'd me, in Tears, she would.

[*Aside to him.*]

*Ant.* The King seems greatly pleas'd, and wisely hides  
The Purpose he intends.——short are your Joys,  
Ye false ones! [Aside.]

*Leon.* The King, my Lord, is lavish in your Praise;  
But where should grateful Monarchs cast their Smiles,  
If not on Heroes that have serv'd them truly?

*Lor.* I plead no Merit for my Service, Madam;  
I owe my Prince's Bounty this Applause,

If I see thee not this Night, my Laurels fade,  
And certain Death ere Morning will o'ertake me.

[*Aside to Leonora.*]

*Leon.* We are observ'd, the Passage shall be open.

*Ant.* By their Eyes I know the Appointment's made;  
That Whisper told the Hour — Did they but know  
How very fatal I shall make their meeting,  
Their Inclination would grow cool upon't.  
It joys my Soul to think I shall undo them.

*King.* Meet me here some Moments hence, *Antenor*;  
And now let all withdraw but *Leonora*. [Exit.]  
Daughter, methinks this Day you're doubly mine;  
Your Words contain'd whate'er my Heart could wish;  
In thee alone I treasure all my Hopes,  
And have in thee forgot thy Mother's Loss.  
And well, I think, thou wilt deserve this Fondness:  
Say, wilt thou not, my Child? Surely thou wilt,  
And ne'er be justly cast from out my Breast.

*Leon.* Alas! what means my Father? Why this Caution?

*King.* You have this Day disdain'd a Sov'reign Prince;  
Let no mean Choice disgrace so just a Pride,  
And sully all thy Virgin Fame at once;  
But, like my Child, like thee, apparent Heir  
Of our fair *Lombardy*, support thy Grandeur.

*Leon.* My Heart beats fast at the Alarm of Fear. [Aside.]

*King.* I do remember thou hast often told me,  
Thy Heart burnt only with the Fire of Greatness,  
And Love no Converse held within thy Bosom;  
And that my Glory fill'd each Thought of thine,  
And bore thee up to Empire.

*Leon.* Wherein have I betray'd more Weakness, Sir?  
And why am I accus'd of Disobedience?

*King.* Do I accuse thee, *Leonora*? No:  
I warn thee only of degenerate Love.  
Cou'd I accuse, I should not argue thus;  
Thou know'st my Temper is compos'd of Fire,  
Tho', like the Steel, when unprovok'd, 'tis cool;  
But if the Flint of Disobedience strikes,  
Fierce Sparks fly out, and threaten Ruin round.

*Leon.* Do not I guard the Actions of my Life  
With all that duteous Care which you directed?  
Do not I wait my Royal Father's Will,

Deny Access to all the shining Court?  
 Except in publick, and by your Command,  
 I never see the Heroes of our Age.

*King.* Pray Heaven it prove so.

[*Aside.*]

*Leon.* Within the Bower, by yourself assign'd,  
 Do I not pass my Time amongst my Maids,  
 Nor once appear, but when you call me forth?

*King.* All this I know, at least I think I know it.

*Leon.* Think! grant, Heav'n, I'm not betray'd! [*Aside.*]

*King.* But do not trust to secret Management;  
 For Kings have many Eyes, and watchful all,  
 As those bright Lamps of Heav'n, that wake for ever;  
 They can, tho' all the Curtains of the Night  
 Be drawn, and solemn Darkness reigns around,  
 Discover every Action of their Court.

*Leon.* 'Tis so! and we are certainly undone.

[*Aside.*]

I cannot guess what 'tis my Father means,  
 Or what the Purport of your Words intend.  
 If any Villain has traduc'd my Fame,  
 And render'd me suspected to your Majesty,  
 Give me to know my vile Accuser's strait,  
 And let the Wretch confront me instantly.

*King.* If thou art innocent, as I hope thou art,  
 Then thou hast nought to fear.

*Leon.* If I am innocent! Oh my throbbing Heart  
 Flutters and leaps as it would force my Breast,  
 And must portend some Mischiefe.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Antenor.*

Ha! now I no longer am concern'd to know  
 Who has created all these Doubts within you;  
 For here, here comes the subtle working Mole,  
 That heaves your Breast, and breaks the Plain of Nature,  
 Purely for Mischiefe, and his own Revenge;  
 That you refus'd his Son, still galls his Soul;  
 The Viper seem'd but to have lost his Sting,  
 Till he had wound himself into your Bosom,  
 Where he at once might strike your tenderest Part.

*Ant.* Alas! what have I done, my gracious Princess?

*Leon.* Go on, vile Politician, I defy thee;  
 Spread all thy Nets, and magnify Suspicion,  
 Till it appears as great as thy own Villainy,



In a most hideous, most gigantick Form,  
 To fright the World from thy Society;  
 From thy own Bowels spin the pois'nous Thread,  
 That may entangle Innocence and Honour:  
 My spotless Fame shall break thy Cobweb Arts;  
 My Virtue all thy treacherous Plots confound,  
 And, like a Bolt of Thunder, strike thee to the Ground.

[Exit Leonora.

*Ant.* I soon shall calm this guilty Rage,  
 Has then my Royal Lord inform'd the Princess  
 Of his Suspicion, that she's thus provok'd  
 Against the humblest Servant of his Will,  
 And threatens to destroy me?

*King.* If what thou hast declar'd be honest Truth,  
 Thou canst not fear, thou hast a King thy Guard;  
 But take thou heed, be careful in the Proof;  
 Thou seest she does defy thee.

*Ant.* Her Passion shews her Guiltiness the more;  
 It is the Nature of the Sex to do it:  
 They think to screen their Faults with empty Clamour,  
 And stop our just Resentment with their Noise;  
 But if your Majesty discover'd aught  
 That may instruct her to prevent our Purpose,  
 Then I must fall a Sacrifice indeed.

*King.* Thou'rt safe from that; proceed, and say  
 Hast thou learnt more since last I saw thee?

*Ant.* This Night I know they meet, I've plac'd a Spy,  
 Who is to give me Notice when they're met;  
 And then——

*King.* They then shall part for ever.

*Ant.* Please you to walk towards the Laurel-Grove,  
 Where I have order'd this old Spy to meet us.

*King.* Thy Words add but fresh Fuel to my Flame:  
 Lead on, and let me view at once my Shame,  
 And with his Blood wash off th' inglorious Stain.

[Exit.

*Enter Learchus meeting Antimora in Tears.*

*Lear.* Why dost thou dress those beauteous Eyes in Tears?  
 Why does thy Bosom thus with Sorrow heave?  
 Where are the Gates of soft consenting Love,  
 To breathe new Life, and wake my dying Hopes?

*Anti.* Alas! *Learchus*, Fate's become our Foe,

And now the fatal Warrant's issu'd forth  
To blast our Loves, and part our meeting Souls;  
Else, why should such a faithful Pair as we,  
So often be obstructed in our Happiness?

*Lear.* Oh! much I fear; my Father spoke too true. [*Aside.*  
What means my Love? has there some new Misfortune  
Sprung up to intercept our promis'd Joy?

*Anti.* Is not thy Father fond of Wealth and Power,  
And deaf to all thy tender Sighs of Love?  
His cruel Nature never will forgive,  
Nor will my Brother bear to hear his Name;  
But what is worse, far worse than that, this Day  
He has commanded me to love his Friend;  
And, Spight of all Objections I can make,  
He grows, like Fate, inexorable.

*Lear.* Oh! *Antimora!* Love's become enrag'd  
At thy too tedious, thy too long Delay,  
And this Way takes to mar our promis'd Joys,  
And thus revenge the Breach of his Command,  
For disobeying his first eldest Law.  
Why throw we not this Tyrant Duty off,  
And from bless'd *Hymen's* Torch light up that Flame,  
Which only can expire with our Lives?  
To humble Plains let us from Courts retire,  
Serene and quiet as the first kind Pair,  
Before Ambition taught the Way to Sin.

*Anti.* Nay, even there our cruel Foes would find us out,  
And, Time, perhaps, might change thy Nature too,  
When thou should'st find thy Father's Hate incline  
To banish thee for ever from his Breast.  
Then thou would'st turn thy Eyes upon this Face,  
And scornfully disdain what now allures thee,  
And to some Rival, fairer in thy Eyes,  
Sacrifice thy *Antimora.*

*Lear.* Why dost thou seek for Words to wound my Soul?  
Is there, throughout this spacious Globe of Earth,  
Another Woman I would change thee for?

*Anti.* Oh! thou dost flatter me, alas, in vain;  
We were not born to make each other happy.

*Lear.* Art thou not proof against thy Brother then?  
Say! must I be supplanted by *Cardono*?

*Anti.*

*Anti.* Witness these streaming Eyes, with Sorrow full;  
This faithful Heart, which pants to every Fear,  
No other he shall e'er possess this Breast:  
No, my *Learchus*, thou art Lord of me;  
My Vows to thee, Death, only Death shall break.

*Lear.* O Transport!

*Anti.* If I have wish'd or had one Moment's Care,  
Or any Hope, but once to be thy Wife,  
Deprive me, Heaven, of all your Blessings here;  
Let endless Wailings and eternal-Shame  
Surround and blast my Fame and me for ever.

*Lear.* O! Words to heal, and charm Despair away,  
And Vows as faithful as a dying Saint:  
But these, my Love, do but increase my Pain:  
To know thee true, and not to know thee mine,  
Is plunging me at once in greater Misery.  
Oh! say, thou secret Ruler of my Fate,  
Why am I kept thus ling'ring on the Rack?  
If, by your hard Decrees, I am to lose  
This beauteous Pattern of your wond'rous Skill,  
This lovely, faithful Partner of my Heart,  
In Mercy double all your Store of Curses,  
Then hurl them down on this devoted Head,  
And at one Stroke dispatch me.

*Anti.* Cease to offend those awful Powers, from whom  
We only can expect to find Redress:  
With Patience wait for me as I for thee;  
Some lucky Minute may perhaps appear  
To bless our Hopes, and consummate our Vows.  
Oh! were our House's Quarrel but compos'd,  
We then might be most happy.

*Lear.* I could curse all that keep those Feuds awake  
Did not my Duty hush me into Silence.

*Anti.* Be calm, my Love, and trust my Virgin Vows;  
Trust thy own Heart, and our united Souls;  
Time and our Constancy, shall conquer all.  
From Age to Age by ev'ry faithful Pair,  
The Story of our Passion shall be told,  
And Lovers quote it, to express their own by.  
But prithee go, lest Envy should betray us:  
Soon as the Princess to her Privacy

(As 'tis her Custom every Day) retires,  
I'll meet thee here again.

*Lear.* Wilt thou, my Love, my dearest *Antimora*?  
Angels protect and guard my lovely Maid;  
Still bless her Days with circling downy Joys,  
And crown with balmy Slumbers all her Nights;  
Dress all her Dreams with tenderest Thoughts of me,  
And let 'em whisper to her faithful Heart  
How much *Learchus* loves her.

*Anti.* May gracious Heaven upon thy Head show'r down  
All those choice Blessings thou hast begg'd for me;  
May Joys attend thee, lasting as thy Flame,  
Great as thy Worth, and glorious as thy Virtues.

*Lear.* O! matchless Excellence!  
One kind Embrace, one fragrant Kiss bestow!  
Oh! Joy supream! O perfect Bliss below!  
Oh, *Antimora*, should I more receive,  
Should Fortune give me all thou hast to give,  
My Strength wou'd fail, and I want Power to live.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E *the Princess's Apartment.*

*Enter Leonora and Lorenzo.*

*Leon.* **H**A! *Lorenzo!*  
Why hast thou rashly disobey'd my Message?

*Lor.* What means my Love?

*Leon.* Saw'st thou not my Page? I sent him to thee,  
And in my Letter warn'd thee not to come;  
I fear we meet in secret now no longer.

*Lor.* I saw him not; but whence proceeds this Fear?

*Leon.* *Antenor*, that old subtle lurking Villain,  
This Day has hinted something to the King,  
And tho' in outward Form I bore it off,  
I with Confusion shudder'd all within:  
None but the holy Man, who join'd our Hands,  
Whose Faith undoubted knows our secret Loves;  
And yet I tremble lest we are betray'd.

*Lor.* Be calm, my Love; we must, we are secure;  
Come to my Arms, and lose all Thoughts of Fear.  
'Twas I discover'd first this hidden Cave,  
This secret Passage to this blissful Bow'r,  
Hew'd by these Hands alone, at Dead of Night,

Not

Not trusting any other with my Purpose;  
 Whilst Love, propitious to our mutual Wishes,  
 Bless'd my Endeavours, and inspir'd my Strength.  
 Thus unperceiv'd by the malicious World,  
 I steal to lovely *Leonora's* Bosom,  
 And gather there what Kings request in vain.

*Leon.* Oh! Youth belov'd! thou Darling of my Soul?  
 Thy Words would charm, and lull my Fears asleep,  
 Were there not something more than common in them.

*Lor.* Oh, my fair Princess! by our Loves I swear,  
 The happiest Moments of my Life, are these;  
 These which I pass with beauteous *Leonora*.  
 Thou art the Guardian Angel, that defends me  
 Thro' all the various Dangers of the Field;  
 The Mem'ry of these Kisses fire my Soul;  
 And fond Desire of seeing thee again,  
 Gives true *Herculean* Courage to my Arm.  
 Ye dull Philosophers that place Delight  
 And mighty Pleasure in any thing but Love,  
 My *Leonora's* Form ne'er fill'd your Eye,  
 Nor shot her Beams of Light into your Soul.  
 Oh! thou art fairer than the Poets feign  
 The Queen of Love, in her most artful Dress;  
 Thy very Smiles are Graces waiting round,  
 Upon thy Lips the little *Cupids* hang,  
 And bask and wanton in thy Eyes by Turns.

*Leon.* My dearest Lord, my faithful Husband, cease  
 These lavish Raptures which thy Love inspires.  
 I that have listen'd to thy Voice all Day,  
 With equal Transport clasp'd thee in my Arms,  
 And bounded ev'ry Wish within thy Bosom,  
 Now shrink and tremble at this fatal Meeting,  
 For something boding hovers o'er my Heart,  
 And checks the wonted Joy thy Presence brings.  
 Be gone, my Love, and endless Blessings wait thee.

*Lor.* Unkindly urg'd; why wilt thou push me from thee?  
 Pleasure forsakes me, when I quit these Arms.  
 In Council or in Camp, my Soul's with thee,  
 And my charm'd Tongue can scarce forbear thy Name;  
 For Love and *Leonora* fill my Mind.  
 Thou'rt all the Subject that my Thoughts pursue;  
 Oh! that I could hold thee thus for ever,

Not all the Wealth that *Indian Mines* produce,  
Should bribe me to forsake thee.

*Leon.* Thy excessive Passion will undo us ;  
Prithee, no more—I do conjure thee leave me.

*Lor.* Oh ! thou hast rais'd me to such Height of Bliss,  
That when my Soul is summon'd hence by Fate,  
To taste the promis'd Joys of Paradise,  
It cannot sure be more transported there.

*Enter King and Antenor above.*

*Ant.* Now let your Majesty believe your Ears.

*King.* I cannot ! they are false—Confound the Traytor ;  
'Tis Magick sure——'Tis not *Leonora*.

*Leon.* Hark ! heard you not a Voice ? Sure 'twas my Name.

*Ant.* Speak lower, Sir, or you will lose your Prey.

*Lor.* Thy Fears alone invade thy Ear, my Queen.

*King.* Ha ! his Queen ! His Head shall answer for the  
Treason.

*Lor.* Unbroken Silence reigns around this Place,  
And nought intrudes, but murm'ring Sighs of Love.

*Leon.* Sure 'tis the Terror of the Night, I feel,  
Or else some boding Mischief threatens near :

Methinks I see *Antenor* waiting still,

The ready Instrument of Fate he stands.

I know not why, but still my Thoughts are on him ;

As if my Genius whisper'd me, Beware ;

For he alone will ruin all thy Peace,

And yet my dear Defender must be gone :

Nay, do not loiter then, but haste away,

When thou art safe, perhaps my Fears may cease.

*Lor.* And wilt thou drive me from these Arms so soon ?

And dost thou think I can consent to leave thee ?

Love is not satisfied with Words alone ;

He would have kinder, softer Entertainment.

*Leon.* When did I beg for parting till this Hour :

Something there is that whispers to my Heart,

This Meeting will be fatal to us both ;

And yet thou'lt stay and pull our Ruin on.

*Lor.* Haste thee, auspicious Regent of the Night,

And sudden bid the friendly Shades return,

When on my Bosom thou shalt lose these Fears.

*Leon.* Perhaps they spring but from this Day's Alarm,

If so it prove, forgive a Woman's Weakness.  
 Away; open the Cave, descend, and leave me;  
 If nothing intervene to cross our Wishes,  
 To-morrow Night I will again expect thee.

*Lor.* Death only can deprive that Expectation;  
 Farewel, thou fairest, best of all thy Kind.

[*Opens the Trap, and descends.*]

*King.* Well hast thou said; Death shall prevent thy Hopes.  
 Haste then, *Antenor*; thou who know'st the Passage,  
 Go, take my Guards, and seize th' audacious Traytor.

*Ant.* I fly, my gracious Sovereign.

[*Exit King and Antenor.*]

*Leon.* Farewel! Alas! why did he say Farewel?  
 That was, methinks, unluckily express'd.  
 How apt is Nature, when the Fancy works,  
 To observe each trifling Word as ominous?  
 Why these unnecessary Doubts upon me?  
 Have I done aught to sully my fair Name,  
 Or taint my Virtue in this secret Choice?  
 In *Fame's* Record *Lorenzo* foremost stands,  
 The first of Heroes, yet surpass'd by none.  
 No conscious Blushes to my Cheeks can rise,  
 Which drag Repentance from a guilty Mind.  
 He is my Husband, and my Soul's at Peace;  
 That Thought supports me thro' all Storms of Fate,  
 No pois'nous Damp below can blast my Love,  
 Secure of just Protection from Above.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E *a Grove adjoining to the Bower.*

*Enter Antenor and Guards.*

*Ant.* Here plant yourselves, here, on this very Spot,  
 And from that Cave you'll instantly behold  
 Th' impious Traytor which you are to seize,  
 And bear a Pris'ner to the Royal Fort.  
 Be not surpriz'd when you behold the Man;  
 'Tis the King's Order, and you must obey;  
 The Crime is what deserves no good Man's Pity.

*Capt.* Our Bus'ness is not to dispute, my Lord.

*Ant.* Now, tow'ring Lord *Lorenzo*, thou shalt fall;  
 Thy better Fortune smiles no longer on thee:  
 The fatal Sisters have resign'd to me

The slender Thread which holds thy mortal Being ;  
 And like an Arrow thro' the yielding Air,  
 I fly with eager Haste to cut it—Yes,  
 Thou once remov'd, my Son again shall rise ;  
 When I have prov'd the haughty Princess guilty,  
 And in a Father's Breast difarm'd her Power,  
 She'll dare no more t'oppose my purpos'd Greatness.  
 Be ready, for the Mole begins to work—Seize him.

*Lor.* Ha ! Villains ! *[The Trap opens, and Lorenzo comes up ; they seize him.]*

*Capt.* Ha ! what do I see ?

Oh ! why to me gave you this Charge, my Lord ?  
 Wou'd I had dy'd, ere I had rais'd my Hand  
 Against the bravest, best of Men in War,  
 Set him free again.

*[To the Guards.]*

*Ant.* Your very Life shall answer his Escape ;  
 He dies, that dares to mention Freedom for him.

*Lor.* O, Traitor ! art thou there, thou subtle Fiend ;  
 Thou blackest trusty Instrument of Hell ?  
 Nay, then I know my Doom's irrevocable.  
 Now, Fellow-Soldiers, bear your General hence,  
 To darkest Dungeons, cruel Racks, or Death ;  
 His Sight is worse than all the Pains they bring.

*Ant.* Rail on, and see who thou canst wound with Words ;  
 All other Means are wanting to thee now.

*Lor.* No, thou'rt not worth my Breath ; and I disdain thee :  
 Come, my brave Warriors who so oft have been  
 My Country's Bulwarks, and her sure Defence ;  
 You, who at my Command have scatter'd Death  
 As thick as Corn from out the Sower's Hand,  
 And drove whole Armies o'er the bloody Plain,  
 Let not my Fate misguide your loyal Minds.  
 Tho' none can guard against a Villain's Arts,  
 Fortune can ne'er subdue a brave Man's Soul :  
 In Love and War, I've reach'd the topmost Summit,  
 And Ages hence I shall be read with Wonder ;  
 Whilst thou, the most detested of thy Kind,  
 Shalt be with Horror mentioned—Lead on.

*Ant.* Stay, I command you, till this Wretch shall know  
 To me alone he owes this Turn of Fate.

'Twas I that watch'd your Midnight Steps, and found  
 That dark Conveyance to your wanton Sports.



*Lor.* Hold, Monster! Hell-hound; for thy Life I charge thee,

Touch not a Fame thy Mother never knew;  
Nor thy whole Lineage of the Female Race,  
E'er since the first created Maid appear'd;  
With Care correct thy bold blaspheming Tongue,  
Lest from the Root I tear the Viper out,  
And make thee curse thou e'er hadst Use of Speech.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! away with him, and do as I commanded.

*Enter Antimora.*

*Anti.* What horrid Noise invades this peaceful Place?  
I promis'd here to meet the lovely Youth.  
What do I see? my Brother seiz'd! Oh, say  
What fatal Mischief wrought this sudden Change!

*Lor.* Where shou'd the fatal Mischief be! but there?  
Has Hell a more malicious Fiend than he?  
Yet in thy Bosom thou wilt hide his Faults,  
Embrace his Blood, that gives thy Brother Death.  
Go, hang upon the Neck of his aspiring Son,  
And kneel for Blessings from th' infectious Sire.  
Forget my Choice, thy Family, and Name,  
And be th' adopted Child to him I hate;  
But from this Moment see my Face no more.

*Anti.* O, Brother? oh my tortur'd Soul!

*Ante.* My Son! Perdition seize him in that Hour  
He dares to disobey the Charge I gave;  
Never to think of ought belongs to thee,  
I'd rather see him on the racking Wheel,  
Impal'd, or dead, before my aching Eyes,  
Than wedded into any Blood of thine.  
Away with him,

And at your Peril lodge him in the Dungeon.

*Lor.* Yes, *Leonora*, I will die for thee,  
Without a Groan give up this Puff of Breath:  
But when I think what Horror, what Despair  
Will rend thy Breast, for thee alone I fear. [*Exit guarded*]

*Anti.* Barbarians hold! O! let me speak but to him.  
He's gone, and will not deign to look upon me.  
What sudden Star has clouded all thy Glory?  
Our Family is grown the Sport of Fortune,

That, like a Ball, she tosses to and fro :  
 This Morning view'd him the Support of Kings ;  
 This Evening shews he wants Support himself.  
 O! the uncertain Favours of a Court !  
 Let me think—What, is my Brother seiz'd by him  
 Who gave *Learchus* Being ?——And shall I  
 Stay-here, and listen to his am'rous Tale ?  
 No, *Antimora*, arm thy tender Breast  
 With Resolution, and fly hence for ever ;  
 And let thy Fame and Brother fill thy Soul :  
 But oh ! th' Experiment is hard to make, —  
 'To hate *Learchus* for his Father's Sake !

*Enter Learchus.*

*Laer.* My Ears the Echo caught of sad Despair ;  
 What of *Learchus* ? What of Hate, my Love ?  
 Methinks those Words from *Antimora's* Tongue,  
 Blast, like the Northern Wind, the op'ning Buds.

*Anti.* No, Hate and thee, *Learchus*, are become  
 Inseparable Partners from this Moment ;  
 For oh ! there stands a Bar between our Loves,  
 That from each other severs us for ever.  
 Be banish'd then both from my Eyes and Heart ;  
 'Tis owing all to thy insidious Father,  
 By whom my dearest Brother is betray'd.  
 Curse, curse, *Learchus*, curse the fatal Hour,  
 When the soft Passion took Possession first  
 Of our too easy Breasts, by Fate forbidden :  
 Curse the rebellious Thought which first inclin'd,  
 And made us listen to each other's Vows.  
 But oh ! ten thousand Curses on the Cause,  
 Yes, multiply them ; Heav'n, and fix 'em all,  
 All on thy Father's Guilt, which parts us now ! [Exit.

*Lear.* I am astonish'd ! Stay, my Love—she's gone,  
 And left me in such Labyrinths of Thought,  
 My Senses all seem wilder'd !

*Enter Agonistus.*

*Ag.* My Lord, why stand you musing here alone,  
 When all the Court's in Hurry and Confusion ?  
 Your Father has discover'd to the King  
 Some horrid Treason by *Lorenzo* done,  
 For which he's sent a Pris'ner to the Fort.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Say'st thou! a Pris'ner! then I know the Cause  
Of *Antimora's* killing Grief. Away,  
And let me learn the Story of his Crimes. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Princess's Apartment. She is  
discover'd reading.

*Leon.* Here have I met a Tale so mourn'd by *Ovid*,  
So tenderly express'd to move our Pity,  
Where *Canace*, by her Father's dread Command,  
Presents the Dagger to her tender Breast.  
Ha! why am I alarm'd at this?—Her Guilt  
Is what my chaster Bosom never knew;  
And yet methinks I feel a Fear upon me.

Enter Lady.

*Lady.* O! pardon my Intrusion, Royal Madam,  
The King denies without to hear us speak,  
But with a fullen clouded Brow demands  
To see you instantly——

*Leon.* He does not use to treat me thus; but go,  
Call in my Women, and leave free the Passage.

Enter Ladies, and stand behind her. Then the King and  
Guards.

*King.* Guards, wait without.

*Leon.* My Royal Father!

[Rises.]

*King.* Dismiss your idle Train;  
This is a Scene of Life for us alone,  
And where you'll find there's no Attendance wanted.

*Leon.* Whatever, Sir, you purpose to relate,  
Your Daughter yet has never learn'd to fear.

Ladies, withdraw——

[Exeunt Ladies.]

*King.* And art thou then so harden'd in thy Crimes?  
Oh! let my Heart forget a Father's Fondness!  
Let softer Pity fly to suff'ring Saints,  
Nor once invade the Conference we hold.

*Leon.* I cannot guess the Tale you mean to tell,  
But by your Aspect know it must be dreadful.  
Oh! all ye Powers who see, and rule this World,  
Give me, in this severe Extremity,  
My Father's Soul, to stand my Father's Charge.  
My Mother's Purity's already mine!

*King.*

*King.* Ha! dar'st thou name thy Mother, vile Contagion?

She was all Virtue.

*Leon.* O! do not look so fiercely on your Child,

[*Kneels.*]

The only Relict of thy once lov'd Queen ;  
But turn your Eyes, and see mine drown'd in Tears ;  
Those Eyes which you've so often kiss'd, and swore  
They wore the dear Resemblance of my Mother ;  
Which to preserve from that Destroyer, Grief,  
You cou'd forego the gay Delights of Empire.  
Oh ! with that Temper now, that former Fondness,  
Hear, and forgive the Errors of my Youth.

*King.* Blast me, ye Powers, if ever I forgive !  
No, I will punish thee as thou deserv'st ;  
Remove the Cause that led thy Soul astray,  
And shew thee what it is to love a Slave.

*Leon.* Unhappy *Leonora* !

*King.* I'll have, for ev'ry Kiss the Traytor gave thee,  
By which he stain'd the Glory of his King,  
His Flesh by Morfels torn with Pincers off,  
And make a Passage for his lustful Blood,  
To wash those Spots away.

*Leon.* Avert it, Heav'n ! On me wreak all your Ven-  
geance ;

On me, on me your Daughter, let it fall :  
But spare the Man which I first taught to love ;  
If not for me, oh ! for your own Sake spare him !  
Spare your Defender, for your Kingdom's Sake ;  
Let him not fall, (by whom we're all in Safety)  
A Victim to a Politician's Malice.

*King.* Perish that Kingdom with thyself and me,  
Whene'er I save a Traytor from the Stroke.

*Leon.* Oh ! Royal Sir, revoke those killing Words,  
And call his Services to your Remembrance ;  
The glorious Victories which your Arms have won,  
Under the Conduct of my Lord *Lorenzo* :  
'Twas he that sav'd your Cities from your Foes,  
And made the Laurel flourish on your Brow :  
Remember too, how much you lov'd him for't ;  
Your Praise it was that drew my Eyes that Way,  
And your Esteem created one in me.

*King.*

*King.* Away, and loose thy Hold! why dost thou hold me?

Think'st thou to sooth me with thy Eloquence?

*Leon.* Oh! 'tis the subtle Malice of *Antenor*;

He looks with envious Eyes upon him,  
Because you plac'd him in his Son's Command,  
And dash'd his Hopes, that durst aspire to me.  
What Trains of Mischief proud Ambition brings!  
Hate, Envy, Jealousy, and Death spring from it.  
It breaks all Ties of Blood, all mutual Faith,  
And even levels Liberty with Chains.  
Oft in the Crimes of one ambitious Man  
Have many guiltless Nations been involv'd.

*King.* Well hast thou describ'd that curst Ambition  
Which rais'd the Viper that my Smiles had form'd,  
To wanton with the Honour of his King:  
But he shall suffer long convulsive Pangs,  
And vainly ask us for the Stroke of Grace.  
If, as thou say'st, that thou dost live by him,  
Then when he ceases to diffuse his Warmth,  
Thou, like some puny Insect, must expire,  
And, dying, curse the Author of thy Shame.

*Leon.* Oh, do not think my Fault exceeds Forgiveness!  
My Soul's not conscious of a Crime 'gainst Virtue;  
I challenge Envy for a seeming Cause,  
That my fair Innocence would blush to own.

*King.* Audacious Wretch! have I not seen thee wanton?  
Loll on his Bosom, and devour his Kisses?  
Confusion! dar'st thou talk of Virtue?

*Leon.* Alas! the only Place for *Leonora*,  
Is in her faithful Husband's Arms.

*King.* Ha! what say'st thou?

*Leon.* He is my Husband; yes, my wedded Husband;  
Remember, Sir, you left me free to chuse;  
Then, what I chuse, do not unkindly kill:

*King.* Patience, good Heaven, or I shall kill her too;  
I wou'd not spare him now, to save my Crown;  
No, this Confession does but wing his Fate;  
Off, or I'll spurn thee from me.

*Leon.* Go on, go on, and satisfy your Rage; [*Rises.*  
Try all the Racks *Antenor* can invent,  
And all that Majesty incens'd can form,

And see with what a Constancy of Mind  
I am prepar'd to meet your Indignation.  
I feel my Spirits gather to my Heart,  
And man it out with Courage for the Tryal.  
The Ardour of my Flame can ne'er abate,  
'Tis chaste and holy as the *Vestal* Rites ;  
And if you rip this Breast that heaves with Love,  
You'll find his Image fit triumphant there.

*King.* So, brave ! but wherefore does my Vengeance  
loiter ?

Soon shall thy boasted Constancy be try'd.  
Yes, Trayt'refs ! I will teach thy Disobedience  
What 'tis to wound the Fondness of a Father,  
And make the Heart drop Blood that doated on thee.

*Leon.* Kill me this Moment.

*King.* I disdain the Proxy ;

He, he, for whom thou hast abandon'd Duty,  
Betray'd a Parent, and disgrac'd a Throne ;  
He shall return the fatal Stroke upon thee.  
Hug his Idea, dwell upon his Memory ;  
For dearly hast thou bought him — at the Price  
Of Honour — of thy Father — of a Crown. [Exit.

*Leon.* Oh dreadful Resolution !

Hear me, Father ! oh, hear me but one Word !  
He's gone, he's gone, and with him all my Hopes.  
Now, ye malicious Stars your worst prepare,  
Unite your pois'nous Force and fix it here.  
Let want of Thought my too much Thought destroy,  
Let me for Refuge into Madness fly,  
At once unknowing both of Pain and Joy.  
But oh ! I rave and waste my idle Breath ;  
Fain I'd preserve him from inglorious Death.  
To save my Husband, I will hazard all,  
Or bravely perish with him in his Fall. [Exit.

*Enter Antimora and Learchus.*

*Anti.* Stay, my *Learchus*, I was looking for thee.  
Canst thou forget the Transports of my Grief,  
And all which it produc'd, when last I saw thee ?

*Lear.* Ask thy own Heart, my Love, when thou would'st  
know

The most important secret Thought of mine;  
For there I treasure all my Good or Ill.

*Anti.* I'm calm and gentle now, as heretofore;  
No Fire my Eyes, nor Rage my Heart contains;  
My Tongue no Curses vent against thy Father:  
Nay, if thou wilt but answer my Request,  
I can forgive the Injury.

*Lear.* What can the Ruler of my Fate intend?

*Anti.* Oh! if thy Love but equals half my Woe,  
Thou wilt be kind, and ease my aching Bosom.

*Lear.* Is it in me to give thy Sorrows Ease?  
And dost thou, canst thou doubt of my Compliance?  
My Heart springs forth to be instructed how,  
That I may leave ev'n Thought behind to serve thee.

*Anti.* Thus then, my Brother, by the King condemn'd  
To suffer in Extremity of Torments,  
Th' *Idea* wounds my Heart beyond Expression,  
And only thou canst save me from Despair.

Wilt thou! oh! wilt thou promise me Relief,  
Now when I beg it in extremest Need?

[*Kneels.*

Remember once thou wast a Suppliant too,  
Low at my Feet, as I am now at thine;  
I pity'd thee, and wip'd thy Tears away.

*Lear.* O! rise, my Love, and rack my Soul no longer,  
But tell me quickly what this Boon can be,  
That thou dost ask at such a Distance of me;  
This Ceremony, and this Expectation  
Makes it painful to me.

*Anti.* Thou, only thou, canst ease thyself and me;  
Then mark me well, my Brother is thy Pris'ner,  
Let him escape, and I'm for ever thine.

*Lear.* O, *Antimora!* thou hast shock'd my Duty.  
But have a care, make not a Villain of me;  
Do not thou press me to betray my Trust;  
Who forfeits Honour, will be false to Love;  
And well I know thou ne'er wou'dst love me after,  
Tho', hurry'd now with Fondness for thy Brother,  
Thou'dst have me do what thou thyself wou'dst blame,  
And hate me, even whilst thou thank'dst me for't;  
There is but this one thing I cou'd refuse thee.

*Anti.* Wilt thou deny my first Request, *Learchus?*  
And wilt thou dare to mention Love hereafter?

*Lear.*

*Lear*, Send me to Lions raging in their Den,  
 Long Time pent up, and rav'nous for their Prey;  
 Command me to encounter Hosts of Foes,  
 Tho' certain Death attends on ev'ry Side,  
 And see how readily I will obey thee;  
 But what concerns my Country or my King,  
 Love even wants Temptation to betray.

*Anti*. Under this feign'd Allegiance thou wouldst hide  
 Thy ancient Hatred to my Brother's Name;  
 But I have found thee out thro' all thy Turnings,  
 And here I cancel all our former Vows;  
 Be every Thought of thee torn from my Breast,  
 And Enmity eternal grow between us;  
 This Hand, on which thou hast so often swore,  
 And kiss'd, and breath'd thy false pretended Flame,  
 I'll give to him that sets my Brother free,  
 And rack myself, to be reveng'd on thee. [Exit.]

*Lear*. Was e'er Condition so forlorn as mine?  
 At once fond Love and Duty tear my Bosom.

Love bids my Heart obey without controul,  
 But Duty checks my Love, and awes my Soul:  
 Of these two great Extreame which shall I take,  
 Shall I my Mistress or my King forsake?  
 To both I would be faithful, did I know  
 What Method I could take to make me so.

Direct me, Heav'n, amidst these Doubts that rise,  
 Which to preserve, and which to sacrifice. [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to the Princes's Apartment.*

*Enter Leonora and Cardono, discoursing.*

*Leon*. If *Antimora's* Passion fails to move,  
 And bring *Learchus* over to our Interest,  
 Thou mayst have Hope, *Cardono*, to succeed;  
 For she has vow'd to see his Face no more,  
 If he denies to set *Lorenzo* free.

*Card*. My Friend and you command whate'er I can,  
 But I despair of *Antimora's* Love;  
 Nor will I poorly ask it on such Terms;  
 To free *Lorenzo*, none would hazard more;  
 If in the Field I saw his Life beset,  
 My own, for his, should offer at the Ransom;

But



But to attempt his Rescue here, is fruitless,  
 When under Sentence by the King's Command,  
 And guarded by his most inveterate Foe ;  
 'Twould plunge us all in certain Death at once,  
 And not relieve, but bring his End on faster.

*Leon.* Then will you tamely stand, and see him die !  
 His Death conspir'd to feed a Traytor's Pride !  
 And will you nothing dare, to save your Friend ?  
 Can you forget who led you forth to conquer,  
 And stood the Danger equal with the meanest ?  
 Has he not gain'd immortal Honours for you ?  
 And made the Name, the very Name of *Lombard*,  
 More formidable than once the *Romans* were,  
 And can you now refuse to lend him Succour ?

*Card.* Oh, Royal Madam ! think with what Concern  
 I hear your Words, and know my Friend's Distress !  
 Think you I need these Arguments to rouse me !  
 No, I only want the Means to set him free,  
 And not the Will to do it.

*Enter Antimora.*

*Leon.* See where the mourning *Antimora* comes,  
 Like Lillies weeping with the Morning Dew,  
 Which, tho' it wets, yet sullies not their Beauty :  
 I fear, alas ! to ask thee what Success.

*Anti.* For me, most gracious Princess, nought remains,  
 Not the least Gleam of Comfort now appears :  
 My Hopes are dead, as soon will be my Brother :  
 Where shall I hide me from the fatal News,  
 Or how support me under it ?

*Leon.* That both you and I must leave to Providence :  
 But say, suppose that I should find a Way,  
 With Lord *Cardono's* Help, to free *Lorenzo*,  
 What wouldst thou contribute to his Liberty ?

*Anti.* O most ador'd of Princes, let me kneel, [*Kneels.*  
 And bless you for this Supposition only.  
 If aught in me could aid the glorious Work,  
 Tho' 'twere to lance these Veins, and let out Life,  
 If I deny'd, may Heav'n deny my Prayers,  
 When in my last Extremity I make 'em. [*Rises.*  
 But oh ! I know what 'tis that you would ask,  
 And therefore make the Offer of myself.

Hear

Hear me, ye Powers, and curse me if I fail,  
Whoever gives my dearest Brother Freedom,  
The holy Priest shall give him *Antimora*;  
Yes, I am his, and I will love him too,  
At least, I'm sure I shall not love another.

*Card.* Let Death attend in all those hideous Forms  
That Tyrants study to afflict Mankind with,  
I'd rush thro' all for such a glorious Prize;  
Love and Friendship now surmount all Danger,  
My Princess, Mistress, and my Friend, are Names  
That give to Resolution double Strength:  
Propose the Manner, and conclude it done.

*Leon.* Behold the Signet of the King, *Cardono*;  
Tho' how procur'd, imports not how to know;  
This gives you Admittance to *Lorenzo*;  
Six trusty Slaves whom I have bought to serve me,  
All resolutely bold, and bent for Action,  
Wait without, and ready for the Enterprize:  
The Officer who guards the Fort this Day,  
I also have brought over to our Interest;  
His Soldiers are by this prepar'd with Wine,  
To let you pass unheeded thro' the Fort;  
If any others should resist, these Men,  
At your Command, will soon dispose of them.

*Anti.* So may you prosper, as your Cause is just,  
And be rewarded as your Soul desires.

*Card.* Such a Reward would make a Coward brave;  
But if Success should crown our rising Hopes,  
Where can *Lorenzo* safely lie conceal'd  
From the quick-sighted Eye of Power and Malice?

*Leon.* Below the Postern Gate you'll find a Boat,  
That ready waits to pass him o'er the *Adige*,  
Where I have order'd Horses to attend him,  
By which he may escape to *Rome*.

*Card.* Enough.

Now, Madam, Death or *Lorenzo's* Liberty;  
Remember, *Antimora*, what you swore. [Exit *Cardono*.

*Anti.* I do, and will observe it faithfully.

*Leon.* Look down, ye Angels, with propitious Smiles;  
You, whose Business 'tis to guard the Innocent  
Thro' all the Mazes of this treach'rous World,  
And give a just Account of mortal Actions.

Look down, I say, and bless us with Success,  
 And seal the Vow that here I make before you;  
 That if it e'er shall be my Lot to reign,  
 And fill the Throne of my great Ancestors,  
 Each Year I'll dedicate this Day to Heaven,  
 And all the Realm shall pay its Thanks with me.  
 Religion is the best Support of Power,  
 And honest Men are still its best Defenders.

*Anti.* Forgive me, Heaven, if, for my Brother's Sake,  
 I wish she were already on the Throne.  
 How natural is it to prefer those Things  
 That touch us nearly, Spite of Education?  
 For tho' I have been ever taught to love,  
 And pay a strict Obedience to my Sovereign,  
 Yet now I feel that Nature's eldest Law  
 Pleads strongly in me for my Brother's Life:  
 And oh! this Day, if young *Cardono* prospers,  
 I give a fatal Proof of my Affection.

Now to the Postern, where I'll wait to see  
 What Destiny allots for him and me:  
 If Life, I care not how my Lot is cast,  
 Since all my Joys are in my Brother plac'd;  
 But if a Blank, and Death these Hopes succeed,  
 At once I'm from my Vow, and all my Sorrows freed.

[*Exit.*]

*Leon.* *Lorenzo* is a Pattern for Posterity;  
 It matters not from whence, or whom he sprung,  
 Since he has all that forms the Godlike Hero.

The Man, tho' ne'er so meanly born in Blood,  
 Who, next his Soul, prefers his Country's Good;  
 Who more than Interest, does his Honour prize,  
 And scorns by secret Treachery to rise;  
 Who can the base and gilded Bribes disdain,  
 Prevent Reflections on his Prince's Fame,  
 And point out glorious Virtues for his Reign:  
 That Man should be a Monarch's chiefest Care,  
 And none but such should Royal Favours wear.

}  
 [Exit.]

## A C T IV.

*Enter King and Antenor.*

*King.* **I**N Spite of all my Wrongs, my Anger cools;  
Nor can I now resolve to let him die;  
His Father's Merit melts me into Pity;  
The Lord *Alcanor* was an honest Statesman,  
And you must own *Lorenzo* well has serv'd me;  
Both these plead strongly in a generous Mind.

*Ant.* Curse on his Services.

[*Aside.*

What says my Royal Master?  
Does not our Laws pronounce it Treason, Sir,  
For any Subject who shall dare to wed,  
And mingle with your Blood, without your Leave?

*King.* Thou should'st not urge this hated Theme,

*Antenor.*

Thou may'st remember 'twas thy own Ambition.

*Ant.* I do, with Shame, remember it; yet sure  
The Diff'rence of the Guilt is vastly great.  
I humbly ask'd, and much repented for it;  
He seized the Prize, and never ask'd at all;  
And glories in the Theft; nay, braves you too;  
Nor once petitions for his Life or Freedom.

*King.* The Present will from me be greater then;  
Mistake me not, I shall not pardon him;  
No, he shall live an Exile, far from hence,  
And never see my *Leonora* more:  
That, to a Lover's Punishment enough.

*Ant.* Think but on the Consequence of Banishment;  
When Nature's Law shall summon you away,  
Who then shall wear your Crown, but *Leonora*?  
Think you not then she will recall her Husband?  
Yes, sure, she will, and make him Partner with her.  
O, Royal Sir! consult your Subjects Safety;  
For sure that Day must fatal be to *Lombardy*.  
What strong Alliance can be form'd by him,  
That is not purchas'd with our Laws and Treasure?

*King.* Dismiss your Fears, for I'll dissolve the Mar-  
riage,  
And give her to a Prince that shall defend ye.

Enter Agonistus.

*Agonistus!* why such Confusion in thy Looks?

*Ago.* O pardon, mighty Sir, the News I bring;  
*Cardono*, by your Signet, was admitted  
To pay his Visit to the Lord *Lorenzo*.

*King.* Ha! say'st thou! by my Signet! But go on.

*Ago.* Accompany'd by six Men in Livery,  
One of which being tall, and well proportion'd,  
*Lorenzo* quickly chang'd his Habit with him.

*King.* Ha! and did he escape?

*Ant.* Answer the King that Question instantly.  
Oh! Vengeance! Vengeance! have I lost thee? [*Aside.*]

*Ago.* I know not, Sir, what happen'd since I came;  
*Cardono* seeing him that kept the Door

Too curiously observe *Lorenzo*, stabb'd him;  
When soon his Shrieks alarm'd your Son, my Lord,  
Who call'd the Guards, but not a Man would stir:  
Some slept so soundly, that we could not wake 'em;  
Whilst others swore they'd set the General free.

'Twas thus! when brave *Learchus* bad me haste  
To tell your Majesty, and beg Assistance.

*Ant.* Oh monstrous! unheard of Treachery!

*King.* Fly, take our Guards,  
And crush this infant Treason in its Birth: [*Exit Ago.*]  
What! durst *Cardono* cross our Royal Will,  
And stir our Soldiers to rebel against us?

*Ant.* Well had it been, yes, wondrous well for Man,  
If Nature ne'er had form'd his Female Mate;  
Love poisons oftener than it gives us Joy.

*King.* Curse on the fond, deceitful, softening Passion!  
How glorious had my *Leonora* stood,  
But for bewitching and destructive Love,  
Which chills, and quite enervates all it reaches!

Enter Captain.

How now! what News bring'st thou?

*Capt.* The dronish Citizens pretend to arm,  
And gathering Crowds, fill all the Streets with Noise,  
And cry aloud, Death, or *Lorenzo's* Freedom.

*King.* Let them go on! yes, let the Slaves aspire  
To seize my Crown, and make *Lorenzo* King:  
But they shall find I was not born to fear;

No,

No, could the Villains animate like Heat,  
 And every Breath produce whole Legions arm'd,  
 My Soul would dart a Fire thro' my Eyes,  
 That shou'd to Ashes turn the new-born Trayto  
 I'll to the City frait, and face these Rebels.

*Ant.* Not for the Universe.

Can such a Cause be worthy of your Arms?  
 No, when base *Plebeians* offer to rebel,  
 Whips and Chains should bring them back to Duty;  
 Whilst Majesty, serenely unconcern'd,  
 Beholds the Traytor's Fate.

*King.* Have I for this with Toil and Care secur'd  
 Freedom and every thing that's dear unto them?  
 And do th' ingrateful Wretches thus repay me?  
 But I will teach them what they owe their King,  
 And sweep the bold Conspirators from Earth.

*Ant.* Rebellions in their Infancy are quell'd,  
 And to Obedience soon reduc'd with Ease;  
 Lop but the Head, the rest will soon disperse;  
 The giddy Pop'lace are in Ignorance led,  
 And all unskill'd in what they undertake;  
 When once the faithful, loyal Sword is drawn,  
 They drive, like idle Dust, before the Wind.  
 Now is your Time to fix your Sway unbounded;  
 The Godlike Rule, and Right of ev'ry King;  
 Let all those pop'lar Heads, that cry for Liberty,  
 Whose Aim has been to curb the Power of Princes,  
 Be term'd Abettors of *Lorenzo's* Treason,  
 And rid you of a factious Crew at once.

*King.* Thou prompt'st me well, thou Oracle of Rule;  
 Mercy ill suits with such a vip'rous Brood.

[*Trumpets and a Shout without.*]

*Enter Agonistus.*

Welcome; this Shout betokens thou hast conquer'd,

*Ago.* We have, great Sir;  
*Lorenzo* is secure, his Friends all seiz'd,  
 His Sister *Antimora* too we found  
 Near to the Postern, full of Expectation;  
 Her Words betray'd her of the Party.

*King.* To Prison with them all; thy Message gives  
 Thy King new Life, my *Agonistus*.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* It is not safe for you to spare one Man;  
 Nay, ev'n the Traytor Sister ought to die;  
 What, durst a Woman 'midst the Rout appear,  
 T' inflame the Mob, and countenance Rebellion?  
 Let her too share her Brother's Fate, great Sir,  
 And crush at once the vile insidious Race.

*King.* Yes, my Inciter to Revenge, she shall;  
 She shall be punish'd for the heinous Fault:  
 But we will think of her hereafter.

*Ant.* Ha! hereafter.

No, I resolve to make sure Work on't now;  
 Now, whilst Fortune sets Revenge before me. [*Aside.*]

*King.* Haste thou, *Antenor*, and draw out our Soldiers;  
 March them with Speed to this rebellious City:  
 Proclaim all Traytors that you find in Arms;  
 And those who shall refuse to lay them down,  
 Discharge the Fury of our Cannon on 'em.

*Ant.* Great Sir, I will; but first let me intreat  
 To have the Pris'ners instantly dispatch'd:  
 'Tis Policy to let their Deaths be sudden.

*Lorenzo* dead, Rebellion soon will die.

*King.* It shall be done; thou counsell'st well, *Antenor*;  
 I've no Remorse, *Lorenzo* dies.

Yes, I will crush this vile infectious Root,  
 And so prevent the Growth of future Branches.  
 Haste, *Agonistus*; with this Signet haste,  
 And tell *Learchus* 'tis our instant Pleasure,  
 That all th'Abettors of *Lorenzo's* Treason  
 Do suffer in the common Road of Justice.  
 But let not him by Axe or Wheel expire;  
 My boundless Wrongs do boundless Rage inspire,  
 But rip his Breast, and to our Daughter bear  
 His HEART, just panting with a Lover's Fear.  
 Tell her, from me the much-lov'd Present came;  
 The Part in which she treasur'd all her Fame:  
 Bid her to that repeat her guilty Vows;  
 'Tis all the Comfort that her Crime allows. [*Exit:*]

*Ant.* Bear to our Son these Orders, *Agonistus*;  
 Charge him to see them executed strait. [*Exit Agonistus.*]  
 Captain a Word——

You are no Stranger to my Son's fond Passion  
 For this vile Trayt'ress, *Antimora*;

And lest for Love he should betray his Duty,  
 And save his Minion from the destin'd Stroke,  
 Hast thou, and say it was the King's Command  
 That Lady shou'd be Pris'ner kept with thee;  
 And, when she's in thy Power, dispatch her.

*Capt.* It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* O the exulting Joy of great Revenge!  
 This Moment gives me more substantial Pleasure,  
 Than all the Years I in a Court have pass'd.  
 Now all my noble Ancestors look down,  
 And aid with Smiles this mighty Undertaking.  
 'Tis worthy of that Enmity you bore,  
 That I at once involve the hated Race,  
 And crown my Wishes in the Sister's Fall.  
 How I applaud myself for this brave Deed,  
 My Foes confounded, and *Learchus* freed,  
 From guilty Love, to Empire shall succeed.

S: C E N E *changes to a Prison.*

*Lorenzo bound, meeting Cardono wounded.*

*Lor.* Alas! *Cardono* wounded! Oh my Friend!  
 Oh, wherefore wouldst thou be so kindly cruel,  
 To interpose thy friendly Offices  
 Between a Monarch's Power, and my sad Fate?  
 Thy Rashness has undone thee.

*Card.* Call it not Rashness—

Our Souls in Friendship's Bonds are link'd so strongly,  
 Our Bodies needs must share each other's Fate:  
 But oh! see who comes here; this killing Sight  
 Unmans thy Friend, and sinks him into Woman.

*Enter Antimora.*

*Lor.* Ha! art thou come t' insult our Misery?  
 Hast thou obtain'd from thy *Learchus* Leave  
 To glut thy Eyes with Vengeance on his Rival?

*Anti.* Oh, my dear Brother! cease to upbraid me;  
 I own the Justice of offended Heaven,  
 And hate myself for disobeying you.  
 Thus on my Knees I beg you to forget  
 The former Weakness of your mourning Sister,  
 And with this fav'rite Youth, this bleeding Friend,

[*Kneels.*]



Employ your best persuasive Eloquence  
 To gain his Pardon; for these Wounds he wears,  
 (Oh fatal Accident!) were given by me;  
 To save your Life, I left no Means untry'd,  
 Which made me rashly swear to wed the Man  
 That shou'd from Death preserve and set you free:  
*Cardono's* Love unthinkingly obey'd me.

*Card.* Do not repent the first Command you gave me,  
 Such a Command that Love can witness for me,  
 I never once regretted; I obey'd  
 To make thee mine, and free my Friend, I fought;  
 Two the most pow'rful Reasons Man can give.  
 Oh! had the Enterprize but met Success,  
 I shou'd have glory'd in this Action more,  
 Than when I drove my Foes in Fight before me;  
 The rich Reward for which I drew my Sword,  
 Will justify the Act to every Lover.  
 Yes, *Antimora*, by those Eyes I swear,  
 Had Fortune made thee mine but one short Night,  
 And Death with Torment waited in the Morning,  
 I'd live an Age in that small Space of Time,  
 And meet my Fate with more than manly Courage!  
 The Memory of thy Charms had so transported me,  
 My Soul had soar'd in Extasy of Bliss,  
 To yon bright Heav'n, insensible of Pain.

*Lor.* Oh, *Antimora*!  
 Thy fickle Sex is ever in Extreams;  
 How much thy Folly over-weigh'd Affection!  
 When last I press'd thee to accept this Youth,  
 Tho' thou didst know him dear to me as Life;  
 Yet now, when Passion, and the Woman work'd,  
 Thou offer'd up thyself, alas! my Sister.  
 Tho' I confess the Proof is wond'rous great,  
 Which here thou giv'st of thy Affection to me;  
 Yet must I tell thee 'twas misguided Zeal,  
 That taught thee rashly to ensnare my Friend.

*Card.* Oh, *Lorenzo*! cease, I beg thee cease;  
 Upbraid no more the dear, the trembling Maid,  
 Whom I am bound to bless for what she did;  
 Since, if it be thy Destiny to fall,  
 I would not live behind thee.

*Anti.* I cannot blame you for your chiding me;  
And I should merit more Reproaches still,  
Were not my Chains with equal Weight with yours;  
And now perhaps the fatal Order's given  
To cut us off together.

*Lor.* *Learchus* surely will be kind to thee,  
And save thee from the fatal Stroke.

*Anti.* O! do not think I have a Soul so mean,  
To live by him who gives my Brother Death.  
Tho' I confess I love *Learchus* more  
Than weary Pilgrims Rest, or Martyrs Heaven;  
Yet sooner wou'd I breathe infectious Air,  
Which bring Diseases, loathsome to behold,  
Than owe my Life to him when thou art gone.

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* Madam, you might have spar'd those Protestations,  
Since 'tis the Will of Majesty to cross  
All the fond Hopes *Learchus* ever had,  
And leaves his Wishes widow'd in Despair;  
For you must die.

*Lor.* Oh! inexorable Heav'n! curs'd *Antenor*,  
At once thy Malice reaches all that's dear,  
And doubles ev'ry Pang of Death upon me.

*Capt.* Guards, take hence this Lady.

*Card.* Villains forbear! where's *Learchus*? where's now  
His boasted Passion for this lovely Maid?  
Can he be tame, and see his Mistress die?  
Art thou the Screech-Owl, that proclaims her Fate?  
Had I a Sword, I'd send thy canker'd Soul,  
The Harbinger of her's, in Death.

*Capt.* Yours, my Lord, will do that Office better,  
Since the same Sentence waits on you.

*Anti.* Oh, forgive me! me, the unhappy Cause;  
And, Captain, one Request I have to you.

[*Runs to the Captain.*

Haste to *Learchus*; I conjure you fly,  
And beg him strait, by all our former Kindness,  
To interpose between this Youth and Death,  
And wreak his Father's Malice all on me.

*Card.* I scorn to take a wretched Life from him;  
One parting Kiss to wing my fleeting Soul,

And

And bear it upwards to the Bless'd above;

'Tis all the Recompence I'll ask thee now. *[Kisses her.]*

*Anti.* Oh! 'tis a poor Reward for Loss of Life;  
My Heart will burst with this Excess of Woe,  
And spare the Trouble of an Executioner.

*Lor.* Oh Heaven! hast thou in all thy Store of Curses,  
Pains more acute for Man, than what I feel?

Yet I would suffer more, if more cou'd be,  
So that my Sister and my Friend could live.

Let me embrace my Partners in Misfortune,  
And gather ye to me, as the feather'd Kind  
Gather their young Ones at th' Approach of Danger:

Like them defend you too while I am able,  
Till press'd with Odds, and over-power'd with Strength,  
To cruel Vultures fall a Prey together. *[All three embrace.]*

*Capt.* I must obey my Orders: Guards force her hence.

*[They lay hold of her.]*

*Anti.* Mayn't we have Leave to die together?

Oh! cruel Wretches, why d' ye pull me so?

*[She holds Lorenzo and Cardono, and struggles.]*

Take me not from the Sight of this bless'd Pair;

Oh! let my Eyes pursue these faithful Objects,

Till we set in Death together! But oh!

Their Strength prevails, and I must loose you both.

————— So when rising Floods

Bear from some Rock, in secret where they lay,

The *Halcyon's* Nest and all her Brood away,

The careful Mother hovers as they glide,

Hangs on the Wing, and flutters with the Tide;

Till at the last the Waves invading creep,

Fill her frail House, and sink it in the Deep,

With one shrill Note she shrieks her last Despair,

Starts from the Sight, and flits away in Air. *[Ex. torn off.]*

*Card.* O, my sick Soul!

*Enter on the other Side, Learchus, Agonistus, and Guards.*

*Lor.* Tortures worse than Death —————

I ne'er expected aught to thank thee for;

*[Seeing Learchus.]*

But find, *Learchus*, I am now mistaken.

I own the Favour of the highest Kind,

That thou to Death resigns my Sister up,  
Whose cold Embrace more glorious is than thine)

*Lear.* Ha! *[Whispers to Agonistius, who Exits]*  
Guards, execute your Orders! but a while  
Leave this my mortal Enemy with me.

*Card.* Farewel, my Friend, an active Life is done,  
*[They seize Cardono.]*

And I remove to Indolence and Ease,  
Where, if no Thought of thee and *Antimora*  
Have Power to invade beyond this Life,  
I shall be much more happy in the Grave.

*Lor.* If in the other World Souls have a Knowledge,  
Soon shall we meet, and there enjoy each other.  
My Heart, like thine's, with double Sorrows torn;  
Each Part is so great, it strikes the other dumb.

*Card.* Now lead me to that dreaded Nothing, Death;  
From whence the King, that cuts me off in Youth,  
Cannot by Crowns and Empires free himself.  
What, tho' he measures yet some rolling Years,  
And dies on downy Beds set round with Slaves,  
Within the Grave the Worms know no Distinction!  
But hear me, Heav'n, let no Distress befall him;  
May he ne'er want thy faithful Arm, *Lorenzo*,  
Left, when he thinks upon thy many Conquests,  
He should too late repent thy hasty End:  
Once more farewell.

*Lor.* A thousand Angels catch thy parting Soul,  
And bear it up to their blest Seats above,  
My Spirits faint beneath this Load of Misery,  
And long to lay the heavy Burden down.  
Why dost thou keep me here, insulting Man?

*Lear.* To satisfy myself, if Fame be true,  
That thou art Master of superior Virtues.  
Me thou hast held at hateful Distance still,  
And robb'd my Soul of what it most desir'd,  
Its fondest Wish, my *Antimora's* Love.

Then tell me now, by Honour, I conjure thee,  
In what *Cardono* merited above me?

*Lor.* Do not profane his Name; I charge thee, do not:  
Is there Comparison 'twixt him and thee?

*Antenor* was not Father to *Cardono*.

*Lear.* Unmanly dost thou urge my Father's Faults,  
And

And most unjustly charge his Crimes on me.  
I oft have wish'd our Houses Hate compos'd,  
And us'd Endeavours to have heal'd the Breach;  
But thou didst still deny the Means to do it.

*Lor.* This is no Time to think of past Designs;  
Nor will I hold Discourse of aught with thee.  
My Thoughts are fix'd on nobler Subjects far;  
My beauteous Wife, my *Leonora* now,  
And vast Eternity fill all my Mind.

*Lear.* Thy Wife! hast thou then wedded *Leonora*?

*Lor.* I have; there I will answer thee with Pleasure;  
Of what I have possess'd, you can't deprive me.

*Lear.* Oh! why am I to bear this hateful Message?

*Lor.* What Message is my Wife to hear from thee,  
To make thee sigh? It must be dreadful sure.

*Lear.* Dreadful it is, and staggers Nature in me;  
Tho' thou dost think me savage and remorseless,  
Yet I do tremble at the horrid Charge:  
Read there the Manner of thy *Death*, and where  
Thy faithful *Heart* must be dispos'd of.

[Gives him a Paper.

*Lor.* Oh, rich Repository for the *Heart*!  
That knows no Bliss beyond her virtuous Bosom.  
By all the Charms of *Leonora's* Person;  
By all those Joys I've tasted in her Arms,  
There's Height of Pleasure in the harsh Decree;  
Nor does my Nature feel one Pang for this:  
But how she'll bear it, Heav'n can only know.  
My Soul for her is touch'd with mighty Anguish;  
And thus forgetting all my Hate and Wrongs,  
I bend my Knee in Supplication down.  
Since thou'rt to be the Harbinger of Fate,  
Touch her, oh! gently touch her with my Fate,  
And say Death stole upon me unawares,  
And laid me down without a dying Groan,  
Whilst my last Words were, *Love* and *Leonora*.

*Lear.* Rise, my Lord,  
Tho' you regard me as your mortal Foe,  
Yet I will discharge this Trust most faithfully,  
Or any other you'll repose in me;  
And pray believe, that if my Power cou'd save you,  
You should not ask in vain.

*Lor.* I thank you, Sir; but Life I would not ask of thee;  
 But when thou dost present her with my *Heart*,  
 Tell her it was her Husband's last Request  
 She wou'd not grieve, nor vent one Groan for *me*,  
 Lest the dear Accent of her Voice o'ertake  
 My Soul, and draw it downward from Angelic Rest.  
 Yet one Thing more, if thou'lt vouchsafe to do it,  
 Close by the Grove that joins the Royal Bower,  
 Within a lonely Cell, an Hermit lives,  
 Whose holy Function sanctify'd our Loves;  
 I yesterday receiv'd this Packet from him,  
 With strict Injunction to deliver it  
 When next I was in private with the King.  
 What it imports, I know not; but the Man  
 Is greatly good, and was my Father's Friend;  
 To whom his latest Words commended me,  
 And bad me pay the self same Duty there,  
 That from my Infancy I'd paid to him.  
 Return these Papers back, I humbly pray thee,  
 And say, I beg, that, for my Soul's Repose,  
 He wou'd send up his pious Prayers to Heaven,  
 If Nature so permit *Antenor's Son*.

*Lear.* Still, wilt thou still repeat *Antenor's Son*?  
 Were I that Monster which thy Hate has form'd,  
 I shou'd rejoice to see thee fall with Shame;  
 But all the Powers above can witness for me,  
 With deep Concern I execute this Order.

*Lor.* Pardon me.  
 His Name is always upwards in my Thoughts,  
 And thence 'tis utter'd by my Tongue unheedingly;  
 But I forgive, and wish I could forget him:  
 Forget by whom my Glories are all fully'd;  
 My Death conspir'd, and all my Pleasures ended.  
 Fain I in Peace wou'd Life's Remains employ,  
 And as I bravely liv'd, wou'd bravely die.  
 Beyond the Grave no Enemy can come,  
 And I shall rest at quiet in my Tomb.  
 Death is a Debt we all to Nature owe,  
 No Matter then how soon or late we go:  
 But dying well, is what we should propose,  
 And leave to Heaven the Vengeance on our Foes.

## ACT V.

SCENE *draws, and discovers Leonora sitting on a Couch, her Women weeping round her.*

*Leon.* WHY do you weep? why do those Fountains flow?

Whilst I, for whom this mighty Grief is shown,  
Have not one Tear to mingle with your Sorrows.  
Leave this unprevailing Source of Woe, be gone!  
Eternally your Mistress bids Adieu;  
And thou, *Verona*, Mistress of this Kingdom,  
Whose crouded Streets with Acclamations rung,  
When e'er I deign'd to grace 'em with my Presence,  
Prepare thy sable Weeds to mourn me now;  
For the next Sight which draws thy People forth,  
Will be the Obsequies of *Leonora*.

*Lady.* Oh! who unmov'd can see your great Distress,  
And yet refrain from weeping!

*Leon.* Cou'd you, like *Niobe*, express Concern,  
And into weeping Marble be transform'd,  
You cou'd not add one Grain of Ease to me.  
Go then, and let my Fame be all your Care,  
That when this wretched Body is no more,  
No Calumny may rest upon my Name.  
My Lord *Lorenzo*, my renowned Husband;  
Yes, I'll proclaim in publick to the World,  
That he's my dear, my faithful wedded Husband;  
For his great Soul's adorn'd with Kingly Virtues.  
Away, deluded Thoughts of what has been;  
For oh! alas! I fear he is no more.  
Both Courage, Prudence, Fortitude, and Love,  
Center'd in him, and Honour kept the Guard;  
And this — deliver to Posterity,  
I glory more i'th'Title of his Wife,  
Than that of Princess, Daughter to a King;  
Nay, more than of that Crown my Father wears.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Madam, the Lord *Learchus* craves Admittance;  
He says he brings a Message from the King.

*Leon.* Admit him then, whate'er his Business be;  
The jarring Passions of my Soul are hush'd,  
And ev'ry warring Faculty is calm;  
The King and Fate can shock my Peace no more.

*Enter Learchus in Mourning, and one following him with a Cup.*

*Lear.* Before my Tongue disclose the fatal Message,  
That will, I fear, unhinge your Reason quite,  
Oh! let me kneel, and in this humble Posture,  
Obtain your Royal Pardon, for obeying  
The fatal Orders of the King your Father.

*Leon.* Rise, my Lord, and speak your Message.

*Lear.* Oh that were it not to be spoke by me.

*Lorenzo is* \_\_\_\_\_

*Leon.* Dead! There I help'd you forward — Why, 'tis well;

You see I faint not; then proceed, I pray;

Tell me, — come tell me how my Husband fell;

For all my Senses are to Hearing turn'd,

And I can listen to the fatal Tale:

But thou'rt his Foe, and will not do him Justice,

Nor speak the mournful Message of his Love.

Thou com'st to triumph o'er my endless Grief,

And satiate thy inveterate Hate on me.

*Lear.* This Task, this hateful Task, was not my Choice,

But forc'd upon me by the King my Master;

Yet when I wrong *Lorenzo's* Memory,

May Truth forsake my Soul, and Speech my Tongue,

The vital Blood that circles in my Veins,

Congeval to Ice, and stop the Springs of Life.

Your Husband fell most resolute and brave,

And your *Idea* open'd Heav'n before him.

Tell her, said he, *I charge her not to grieve,*

*Since he who falls a Martyr for my Love,*

*Still sinks with Honour equal to the Field;*

*And Death for her bring greater Pleasure far*

*Than a whole Age of Life without her Love.*

*Leon.* Oh matchless Constancy!

You see I do observe his last Request.

Tears are the Tribute which a Girl can pay,

'Tis too poor a Task for *Leonora's* Eyes.

When she would mourn a faithful Husband's Loss.



Inward, ye Fountains, turn your liquid Springs,  
 And round my Heart collect your baleful Streams,  
 Whilst Sighs suppress, augment the swelling Tide,  
 And raise it up to such Extremity,  
 Till one dire Groan the fatal Tempest breaks,  
 And Life and Grief at once rush out together;  
 Then I shall find my dearest Lord again.

*Lear.* My Heart, I fear, will fail me in my Purpose;  
 Oh most lamented Princess!

*Leon.* Ha! what, another Exclamation?  
 Then there is something sure remains behind;  
 Some dreadful, monstrous, matchless Scene of Woe,  
 Whose horrid Birth, even thou, *Antenor's* Son,  
 Seems fearful and unwilling to disclose.

*Lear.* There is indeed; oh! how shall I relate it?  
 Or where find Words of soft and gentle Sound,  
 To cloath the fatal Business of my Errand?

*Leon.* Ha! support me, gracious Heaven.

*Lear.* Within this Cup; oh! can I live to speak it!  
 The King presents you with your Husband's Heart?

*Leon.* Ah! [*Scrieks.*] Tyrant, Murderer, most inhu-  
 man Father;

Patience! oh Patience! whither art thou fled?  
 Fury, Distraction, aid my lab'ring Brain!  
 Start ev'ry Nerve, and burst ye throbbing Veins,  
 Diffuse your Blood, to quench his eager Thirst!  
 Oh barb'rous Rage! oh matchless Cruelty!  
 Hear me, just Heaven, and hurl thy Vengeance down,  
 Quick, blast the Authors of this cursed Deed:

Let Earth be barren, and the Sea be dry,  
 Each Tree consum'd, and ev'ry Herb destroy'd;  
 Let universal *Chaos* reign again,  
 And hide this Object in its sable Womb.

But why waste I my Time in fruitless Wishes?  
 My Husband chides me for this long Delay,  
 I come, my Love. [*Snatches at Learchus's Sword.*]

*Lear.* Forbid it, Heav'n, that you shou'd touch your Life!

*Leon.* 'Tis Hell forbids it; thou, the ruling Fiend;  
 Thou hast prevented me! Oh gracious Act!  
 From thee! from thee, who gave *Lorenzo* Death!  
 But Grief, like mine, will find a thousand Doors to let in  
 Death.

These Hands shall crush the Organs of my Life,  
And stop at once this Breath replete with Misery.

*Lear.* Fly, and acquaint the King with her Resolves;  
And beg his Presence, to allay the Storm. [*Ex. Attendant.*]

*Leon.* Oh, my *Lorenzo*!

For thy Death, curst be this fruitful *Lombardy*,  
May Rapine wake her Genius from Repose,  
And in her Cities place the Seat of Famine;  
May Tempests lay her stately Fabrics waste,  
And make her Desolation great as mine.

*Lear.* Royal Madam!

*Leon.* Interrupt me not with that detested Voice;  
Give me the precious Relick of my Love;  
'The noblest *Heart* that ever Man possess'd;  
Nor will I part with it, till Life forsake me;  
Nor when I die, for here I'll have it plac'd,

[*Points to her Breast.*]

A sacred Pledge, and Witness of my Truth;  
The surest Token for my Lord to know me,  
When in the other World we meet again.

[*Exit.*]

*Lear.* Upon your Lives guard her with strictest Care,  
And let no Means of Death be near her.

*Enter Agonist.*

*Ago.* My Lord, the King is coming hither.

*Lear.* 'Tis well; and are my Orders all obey'd?

*Ago.* Exactly; but see, the King appears.

*Enter King and Guards.*

*King.* Hast thou in ev'ry Part perform'd our Will?

*Lear.* I have, great Sir.

*King.* 'Tis well; I've sent *Antenor* to the City,  
To quell the Riots there; and that once past,  
I shall again possess my Crown in Peace.  
Those Drones, pretending to have Stings, appear,  
And in full Body would arraign my Justice.  
In vain the *Fox* wou'd wear the *Lion's* Skin,  
Without the *Lion's* Strength — But say,  
How does our Daughter bear her Minion's Death?

*Lear.* The Royal Dame, like *Roman* Matrons, bore,  
Unmov'd and calm, the mournful Tale of Death.

*King.* Then is half my Vengeance lost.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* But when I nam'd your *Present* of his HEART,  
Both Majesty and Reason quite forsook her,  
And wild Distraction shook her beauteous Fabric.  
She rav'd, and curs'd *herself*, and *all the World*;  
Then took the Relick of her much-lov'd Lord,  
And vow'd to part no more.

*King.* Thou dost revive me with this Story.

*Lear.* Oh, Royal Sir,

My Heart is swoln with excessive Sadness.  
Oh! could my Eyes, instead of Tears, shed Blood,  
They could not, sure, express the dreadful Scene,  
Which by your fatal Order was display'd.

*King.* Art thou so tender in thy Nature!

*Lear.* Oh! think upon the mourning Princess, Sir,  
That peerless Monument of loyal Truth,  
Whose Soul disdains to be out-done in Love,  
But vows to die for *Him*, as *He* for *Her*;  
Then ask your Heart, if all's at Peace within.

*King.* And art thou grown her Advocate, *Lorenzo*?  
*Antenor* will not thank thee for the Office.

*Lear.* My Father, even in his Height of Hatred,  
Would weep to hear the Sorrows which I saw.  
Oh, Royal Sir! what must your Subjects do,  
When that sad Day to *Lombardy* arrives,  
Wherein your Majesty must yield to Fate?  
Who will be worthy found to fill your Throne,  
When beauteous *Leonora* is no more?  
The Child unborn will curse that hasty Doom,  
By which you have destroy'd the noblest Pair  
That ever *Hymen* join'd in Nuptial Bands.

*King.* Name it no more, I do not care to think on't;  
I wish thy Father had but half thy Virtues.

*Lear.* *Lorenzo* gave a Packet to my Hands,  
Which he receiv'd, he said, from an old *Hermit*,  
With full Instructions for your Majesty.

*King.* Where is the Packet?

*Lear.* He did intreat I would return it to him;  
And I perform'd his last Request with Care,  
But the same *Hermit* waits without, to tell ye,  
With heavy Heart, the great important Story.

*King.* Admit him straight.

*Enter*

Enter Hermit.

What wou'd you, venerable Sir, with me ?

*Her.* These twenty Winters have I pass'd in Prayer,  
From Noise of Courts, and Bustle of the Great,  
Bound by a Vow to expiate my Sins,  
And save a Child which thou hast taken from me.  
*Lorenzo*, whom the Lord *Alcanor* bred,  
And still, for weighty Reasons, call'd his own,  
Was only Son to me ; his Hand I join'd  
Where Love, long since, had join'd his tender Heart ;  
Even to thy Daughter, the Princess *Leonora*.

*King.* Ha ! and dar'st thou justify this Treason ?  
Is the base Offspring of a dreaming Priest  
Worthy to rule, and mingle with my Blood ?  
I know you well ; all your Humility  
Consists in outward Form, a mere Disguise  
To cover Pride and bold Ambition with !  
Which still aspires to teach and govern Kings.  
But know, that Garb of Sanctity, grave Sir,  
Shan't awe my Hand from punishing a Traytor.  
Guards, seize him.

*Her.* Hold ! know'st thou this Face, my Kinsman, tell me ?  
Or has thy Memory lost the Duke of *Milan* ?

*King.* Ha ! the Duke of *Milan* ! O ! my Uncle !  
Why wou'd you, Sir, conceal yourself thus long,  
And draw this Load of Guiltiness upon me ?

*Her.* When he,  
Who now usurps my Dukedom, drove me out,  
From Court to Court, I sought in vain Relief.  
Yourself in War, unable to assist me,  
The Tyrant grew in great Alliance strong,  
And ev'ry Prince refus'd to shelter me ;  
One Ev'ning, as I walk'd alone in *Venice*,  
And melancholy musing what to do,  
Having receiv'd my Orders to depart,  
I met a Hermit, who call'd me by my Name,  
And told me all the Failings of my Life ;  
Then bad me enter holy Orders strait,  
And expiate my Sins in fervent Prayer.  
Full twenty Years, if this I well perform'd,  
My Son, he said, should wear a Regal Crown,  
And I shou'd be again restor'd to *Milan*.

But

But if, before that Term of Years expir'd,  
 I lag'd, or once repin'd at what I bore,  
 My Son and I shou'd perish -- Oh fatal Thought!  
 For now I have found th' ambiguous Prophecy;  
 The Crown he meant, was Martyrdom for Love.

*King.* Oh most unhappy Prince!

*Her.* This, when I told that honest Lord *Alcanor*,  
 He offer'd to receive my Son for his,  
 Who then was three Years old, and breed him for me;  
 Then bound himself by Oath to keep the Secret.  
 I strait took Orders, and finding him recall'd  
 I soon resolv'd to fix my Dwelling here,  
 And in a lonely Cell, hard by the Bower,  
 I liv'd unknown to all but Lord *Alcanor*.  
 My Friend, upon his Death-bed, charg'd *Lorenza*,  
 To pay the Duty of a Son to me;  
 But told him not how much he ow'd it to me.  
 The twenty Years being now expired quite,  
 I purpos'd to discover to your Majesty  
 The great important Story of my Life;  
 And, for which Purpose, to my Son I gave  
 The Packet which this Lord return'd me back.  
 But oh! my Soul, when most I hope for Comfort,  
 I am become most miserable!

*King.* Cease, cease to raise the Horror of my Guilt,  
 Except you wish to drive me to Despair;  
 Apply the Cordial of remaining Hope,  
 That you and *Leonora* will forgive me.

*Lear.* Help, help the Princess; see, she comes,  
 Mad with her Woes, and grasping still the Heart.

*King.* Open, Earth, and hide me from this Object.

*Enter Leonora, held by her Women.*

*Leon.* Off! off, Tormentors; off, and give me Way;  
 Am I a Princess, and dare you detain me?  
 Ha! the King! Oh! let me kneel before you,  
 For all the Storms of Life will soon be over.  
 Permit me to believe, that once I was  
 The only darling Pleasure of your Soul;  
 Commanded Slaves, who at my Nod still fled,  
 And were the very Creatures of my Will:  
 Inform me then how I have lost this Power,

That

That those who should obey, dare to controul me.  
 All that I ask, is to be rid of them ;  
 I want no Daggers, Asps, nor Poisons now ;  
 All several Blessings for a speedy Death ;  
 But only Leave to lay a Father's Present  
 Next my poor Heart, and sleep my Cares away.

*King.* Look up, my Child, behold thy Father mourns  
 Thy too unhappy worthy Husband's Fall.

Oh ! let my Penitence atone my Crime ;  
 See, *Leonora*, Nature is revers'd ;  
 A weeping Father kneeling to his Child.  
 Oh ! promise me that thou wilt live, my Daughter,  
 And we will all revere thy Husband's Mem'ry :  
 For him a Monument shall straight be rais'd ;  
 The *Parian* Marble, and *Corinthian* Brass,  
 And Gold from *India* shall the Pile adorn ;  
 And yearly all his Soldiers gather round,  
 To hear Orations in his Praise for ever,  
 Whilst I resign my Crown and Rule to thee.

*Leon.* Oh ! poor Temptation to a wretched Life !  
 What is a Crown, compar'd with what I feel ?  
 Can Crowns allay Extremity of Woe ?  
 Oh, no ! your Offers want that healing Power ;  
 And if your Sorrow's real, or only feign'd,  
 It matters not, since my *Lorenzo's* gone.  
 Since you have murder'd him by whom I liv'd,  
 Here, by this precious Relick of my Love,  
 Which you have in the purest Metal plac'd,  
 I swear, and witness all ye sacred Powers  
 That guide our Lives and pre-ordain our Fates,  
 Hear, and confirm my stedfast Vow. [Kneels.]

*King.* O hold, my Child !

*Leon.* No Sleep shall ever close these Eyes again,  
 Nor Food sustain this hated Life I wear,  
 Nor aught profane the Kiss upon my Lips,  
 Which from my Husband I receiv'd at parting,  
 Till from these Multitude of Woes reliev'd,  
 I re-enjoy my Love. [Rises.]

*Lear.* Oh, Madam !

Why will you punish all the World for one ;  
 For one rash Act committed by a Father ?

*King.* Oh ! that my Crown could raise him from the Grave !  
 With

With eager Transport I would lay it down.  
 With more Content, with more substantial Joy,  
 Cou'd I behold you in each other's Arms,  
 Than e'er the Scepter gave me.

*Her.* I wish thy Soul had been thus touch'd before;  
 Then my *Lorenzo*, then my Son had liv'd.

*Leon.* These are your Wishes, when Relief is past;  
 Why will you cruelly interrupt the Dying?

*King.* Why wilt thou wound me with thy Unbelief,  
 And rack me worse than e'er thy Husband was?  
 What Proof of my Repentance shall I give thee?  
 By all the Fruits of Earth and Lights of Heaven;  
 By that superior Light, the glorious Sun,  
 From which for ever let my Eyes be shut,  
 If they could e'er behold a Sight more pleasing.

*Lear.* Now is my Time.

[*Exit.*

*Leon.* In vain, in vain you use these Imprecations,  
 Since in my Breast they cannot make Impression;  
 For he, alas! is gone for ever from me.

*King.* Oh, my Child! why dost thou turn thy Eyes away?  
 And is thy Father then so hateful grown,  
 Thou canst not bear to look upon him?

*Enter Learchus and Lorenzo at the upper End of the Stage.*

*Leon.* Ha! see, see, ye Murderers, who comes here?  
 It is the lifeless Shadow of my Husband;  
 He's sent by Heaven to warn your guilty Souls,  
 Of endless Torture, for your barbarous Crimes.  
 See here my Love! I grasp the Substance still;  
 A tender Father's Present to thy Wife;  
 The best and richest Gift, when thou wert gone.  
 Oh! it has told me all! and bid me haste  
 To fly Oppression, and enjoy thy Presence.  
 And now I feel the happy Moment on me;  
 Life gives way, and I am coming to thee.

[*Faints.*

*King.* Support our Daughter.

*Lor.* Hold off; let me embrace the beauteous Mourner:  
 Oh! speak to me, my Dear; my *Leonora* speak:  
 Thy Soul is summon'd by thy Husband back.  
 Oh! leave me not to perish in Despair.

*King.* Ha! what do I see! *Lorenzo* living!

*Her.*

*Her.* My Son alive ! I thank thee gracious Heaven,  
And all that has been instrumental to it.

*Lor.* Oh, *Leonora* ! oh my beauteous Wife !  
Dash not my rising Joy at once, my Love ;  
Look up, my Fair ; 'tis thy *Lorenzo* calls.

*Leon.* Ha ! 'tis he, the very He ! Oh Transport !  
'Tis my real, my dear, my faithful Husband.  
Say how, oh ! how hast thou retriev'd thy Heart !  
Or art thou by some Miracle supported ?  
Thus will I hold thee fast within my Arms,  
From whence no mortal Strength shall wrest thee forth,  
Without the Life of *Leonora* with thee.

*Lor.* Oh, thou Excellence ! thou wond'rous Woman !  
How shall I requite thee ?

*King.* Proclaim it to the World, *Lorenzo* lives ;  
No more the Son of old *Alcanor* now,  
But Heir Apparent to the Crown of *Milan*.

*Lor.* What do I hear ?

*King.* Yes, thou'rt of noble Blood ; see there thy Father,  
Kneel to him.

*Lor.* Am I then, Sir, your Son ? Oh, pardon me  
If I enquire why thus you have conceal'd me,  
So long unknowing of my Duty ?

*Her.* Rise, my Son ; another Time I'll tell thee all ;  
May Heav'n shower its Blessings on you both.

*Leon.* Oh Extasy ! thy Father living still,  
Mine reconcil'd, and thy dear Life restor'd !  
The Joy's too great for mortal Sense to bear ;  
'Tis sure the Epitome of that above,  
Which Angels, in their sep'rate State, enjoy.  
There wants but *Antimora* and thy Friend,  
To make thee happy too.

*King.* If thou hast been so very good, *Learchus*,  
To preserve them too, thy King will thank thee.  
Embrace this Man, *Lorenzo*, for he sav'd thee ;  
And here the Hatred of your Houses ends.

*Lor.* I'm all Confusion ! Was I sav'd by thee ?  
Oh spare my Words, and read 'em in my Eyes !

*Lear.* I ask no Thanks ; the King has over-paid me,  
Since he forgives this only Breach of Duty.  
Come forth, my *Antimora*, now no more  
Bound by the Duty of a Sister's Love. [Enter *Antimora*.

And



And oh ! I wish I cou'd produce *Cardono* !  
I did my best to save him, tho' my Rival ;  
But notwithstanding all the Care I us'd,  
He expir'd of his Wounds.

*Lor.* Alas ! my Friend.

*Anti.* Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

[*Kneels.*]

*King.* Rise, fair *Antimora* ; I forgive thee.

*Anti.* Oh my ravish'd Senses ! tho' I no more  
Must call you Brother, yet methinks I feel  
The same transporting Joy for your Deliverance,  
As if you truly were my Brother.

*Lor.* Thou shalt be my Sister, lovely Maid ;

And the same fond tender Care I'll pay thee ;

And wish I really were thy Brother now,

To shew how much I prize this worthy Man.

Yet take her from my Hand, *Learchus*, and,

With her, take the Heart that thou didst kindly save.

*Lear.* The two great Blessings Heav'n or Earth can give  
me.

[*They embrace.*]

*King.* Now thou hast made me more than King, *Lear-*  
*chus* ;

And my Regards shall sound thy Praises forth,

And to the World proclaim thy matchless Virtue.

*Lear.* If my Delay of Duty had displeas'd,

I wou'd have offer'd up myself, great Sir,

And dy'd, to expiate my honest Fault.

Your Pardon, Royal Madam's what I want,

For all the Grief which I have caus'd in you.

I had no gentler Means to save *Lorenzo*

But by appearing to obey the King.

I us'd the Heart of him *Cardono* stabb'd,

To work my End, and raise a Father's Pity,

Hoping your real Distress might move the King,

And wake Repentance in his Royal Soul.

My Plot succeeded, and I'm happy in it.

*Leon.* Let tender Maids, who feel the Force of Love ;

For ever bless, and ever praise thy Name.

May'st thou ne'er ask of Heaven or Man a Boon,

But may it be with double Portion granted.

Come to my Breast, thou Partner in my Grief,

And witness, sacred Truth, how dear I hold thee.

*Enter*

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* The Citizens hearing *Lorenzo* lives,  
Laid down their Arms, and blest'd your Majesty ;  
But Lord *Antenor* was in the Buffle slain.

*Lear.* Alas ! my Father !

*King.* Let this fair Virgin recompense thy Loss,  
While all thy Father's Honours live again ;  
And with a better Grace adorn thy Brow.

But oh ! be warn'd by his unhappy Fate,  
What Dangers on the doubling Statesman wait !  
Had he prefer'd his King's and Country's Good,  
This public Vengeance had not fought his Blood ;  
But while the secret Paths of Guilt he treads,  
Where Lust of Power, Revenge, or Envy leads,  
While to Ambition's lawless Height he flies,  
Hated he lives, and unlamented dies.

*The End of the SECOND VOLUME.*











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